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THE
OXFORD SONG BOOK

VOLUME I

COLLECTED AND ARRANGED

BY

PERCY C. BUCK

LONDON
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CAPE TOWN SALISBURY IBADAN NAIROBI DAR-ES-SALAAM LUSAKA ADDIS ABABA
BOMBAY CALCUTTA MADRAS KARACHI LAHORE DACCA
KUALA LUMPUR SINGAPORE HONG KONG TOKYO

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INTRODUCTION

There are so many collections of English national and folk songs already in existence, and they are, in general, so well edited and arranged, that a newcomer must needs be armed with a justification. My reason for producing this book is a practical one. I find that schoolboys are (and I remember that undergraduates were) almost invariably appreciative of national melodies. The normal specimen of both classes—the plain unsophisticated type that is ' fond of music '—is never unresponsive to a fine melody, such as ' Down among the Dead Men.' And their appreciation is deep and abiding. For though a schoolboy may say that he prefers a ' rag-time '—such being just now in fashion—he will admit that he rates the old tune above any two-step, which latter was the fashion of yesterday.[1] That is to say, the love of a fine melody is a permanent possession even amongst those whose concern with music is desultory. It is amongst such persons that some of us have to spend our lives; and though teaching and catering for boys and young men of problematical musical ability may be, from the highest artistic standpoint, a somewhat humble occupation, it will certainly not be a barren one, if we can fill their minds with a store of noble tunes.

When, however, the pianist of limited attainments asks me for the music of such a song as that mentioned above, I can only provide him with a version on three staves—the top stave containing the melody for singing, the lower two providing a piano accompaniment. He is then confronted with the—to him—impossible task of reducing three staves to two, and selecting the notes to be played, by a mental process altogether beyond him. I have elsewhere tried to do something on a smaller scale for such a pianist; but in this book I have aimed at making it possible, by arranging the music easily on two staves, that wherever a few men or boys are gathered together and can produce between them one pianist of a mediocre ability, they should be able to sing in chorus almost all of the best songs of which Great Britain can boast. ' Not long ago '—as a musician of European reputation writes to me—' I attended a house-supper at my old school. There were about twenty songs in the course of the entertainment, which lasted, so far as I can remember, till past midnight; and there was not a single one of them which was not sheer nonsense. That is the kind of thing from which I want you to rescue us.'

In choosing the songs for this book, I have kept continually in mind the above exhortation. All the best songs which seemed to me suitable for such a purpose have been included, with the exception of some half-dozen (of which I chiefly regret ' Father O'Flynn ' and ' Speed, Bonnie Boat ') ruled out by copyright considerations; and I am particularly glad of the presence of the ' School Song ' of some of the leading Public Schools. But as such a book, compiled with such an end in view, should obviously not be antiquarian nor eclectic, but should rather show a tendency to the reasonably convivial, I have neither indulged in research nor displayed erudition, but have, as a lure, admitted some songs which possibly fall below the standard of the ideal.

---

[1] These words were written in 1914. An authority has just informed me that ' rag-times are " back numbers " now.'

I should like to express my gratitude for suggestions and help in various ways to Dr. Hadow, Mr. Cecil Sharp, Miss Townsend Warner, Mr. Frederick Page, and others; and to offer thanks to the following for permission to include arrangements of copyright songs :—

Messrs. Ascherberg, Hopwood & Crew, Ltd., for 'Wrap me up in my Tarpaulin Jacket.'

Messrs. Edwin Ashdown, Ltd., for 'Oh, 'twas in the Broad Atlantic.'

Messrs. W. Blackwood & Sons, for the words of 'The Massacre of Macpherson' from *The Bon Gaultier Ballads.*

Messrs. Cassell & Co., for 'The Elephant Battery' from *Scarlet and Blue.*

Messrs. Chappell & Co., for 'Drink, Puppy, Drink,' 'Goddesses Three,' 'The Lincolnshire Poacher,' and 'Yeomen of England.'

Messrs. Cramer, for 'All through the Night' and 'The Gentle Maiden.'

The Editors (Miss Lucy Broadwood and Mr. J. A. Fuller Maitland) and publishers (Messrs. J. B. Cramer & Co., Ltd.,) of *English County Songs*, for 'Richard of Taunton Dean,' 'Turmut-Hoeing,' and 'Twankydillo.'

The Editors of the *Scottish Students' Song Book*, for 'Camptown Races'; 'Clementine'; 'Come, Landlord, fill the flowing Bowl'; 'John Brown's Body'; 'King Arthur'; 'Listen to my Tale of Woe'; 'Massa's in de Cold, Cold Ground'; 'Old Folks at Home'; 'Poor Old Joe'; 'Uncle Ned.'

The Executors of Mr. W. Williams, for 'The Hunting Day.'

Mr. E. German, for 'Yeomen of England.'

Rev. S. Baring Gould, for 'Flowers in the Valley.'

Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co., for 'Forty Years On.'

Messrs. Methuen & Co., for 'The Cottage well thatched with Straw,' 'Widdicombe Fair,' and 'Flowers in the Valley.'

Mr. W. O. Moberly, for 'Floreat Rugbeia.'

Messrs. Novello & Co., for 'Carmen Etonense' and 'O No, John.'

Messrs. F. Pitman, Hart & Co., for 'Little Brown Jug.'

Mr. E. D. Rendall, for the Charterhouse School Song.

Mr. Cecil J. Sharp, for 'High Germany' and 'O No, John.'

Rev. H. F. Sheppard, for 'Flowers in the Valley.'

Messrs. Stockley, for 'The Hunting Day.'

Dr. E. T. Sweeting, for 'Dulce Domum,' as sung at Winchester.

Harrow on the Hill, 1916. PERCY C. BUCK.

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Songs of the West—Baring Gould. (Methuen)

The Fellowship Song Book—Walford Davies. (Curwen)

The Minstrelsy of England—Moffat and Kidson. (Bayley and Ferguson)

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FOREWORD TO THE PIANIST

It is usual, in accompanying a song or chorus, to play something before the voices begin, and also something between the verses. This is a commendable custom, for the introduction both establishes the key (thereby helping the singers to keep in tune) and also enables the more timorous to begin with some 'attack,' whilst an interval between the verses, however short, is often imperative in order that the performers may recover their breath. Such introductions and interludes are not provided in this book, but the pianist who finds difficulty in inventing them is advised to use for this purpose the music belonging to the last line of the words.

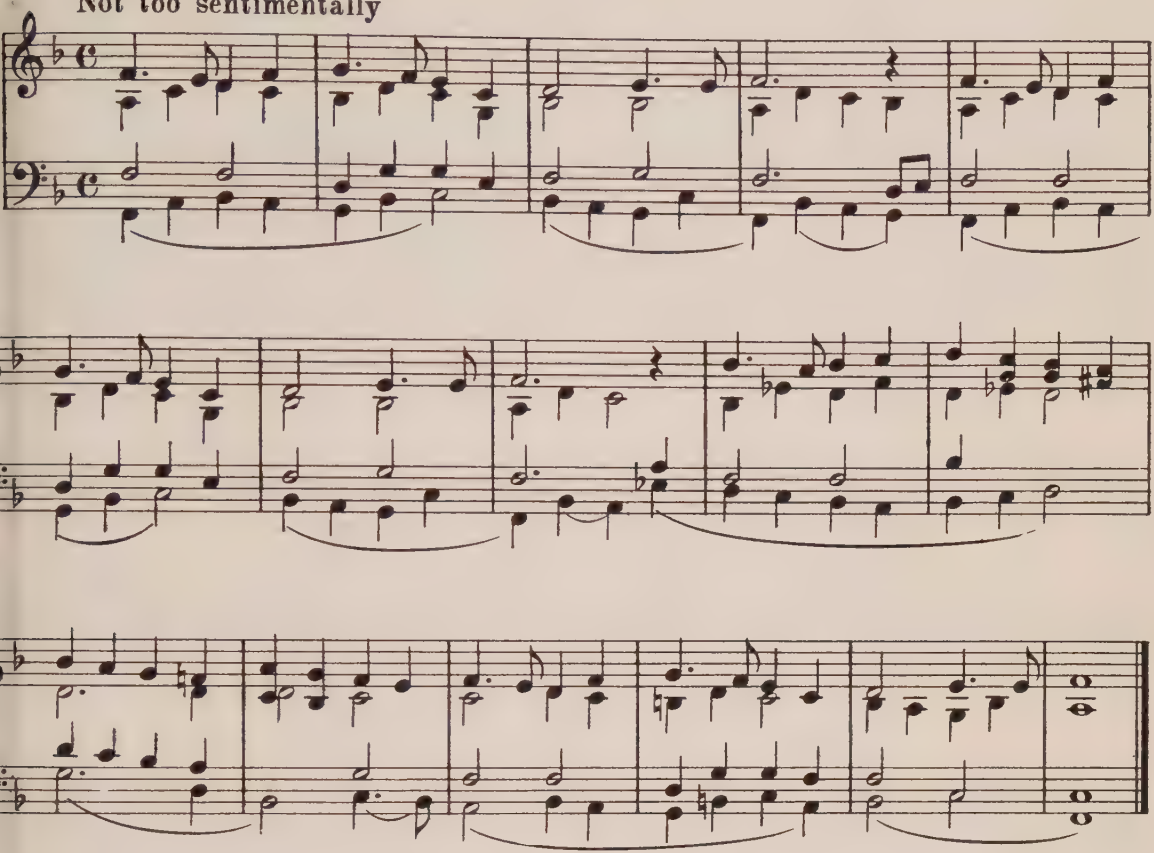
The slurs over notes of the melody are invariably intended to show that the notes included under the slur go to one syllable of *the words of the first verse*. In subsequent verses the singer must use his gumption in fitting in the text. The slurs in the left-hand part give a general invitation to play smoothly.

ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT*

rold Boulton

Old Welsh

Not too sentimentally



1

Sleep, my love, and peace attend thee,
All through the night;
Guardian angels God will lend thee,
All through the night;
Soft the drowsy hours are creeping,
Hill and dale in slumber steeping,
Love alone his watch is keeping–
All through the night.

2

Though I roam a minstrel lonely,
All through the night,
My true harp shall praise thee only,
All through the night;
Love's young dream, alas, is over,
Yet my strains of love shall hover
Near the presence of my lover,
All through the night.

3

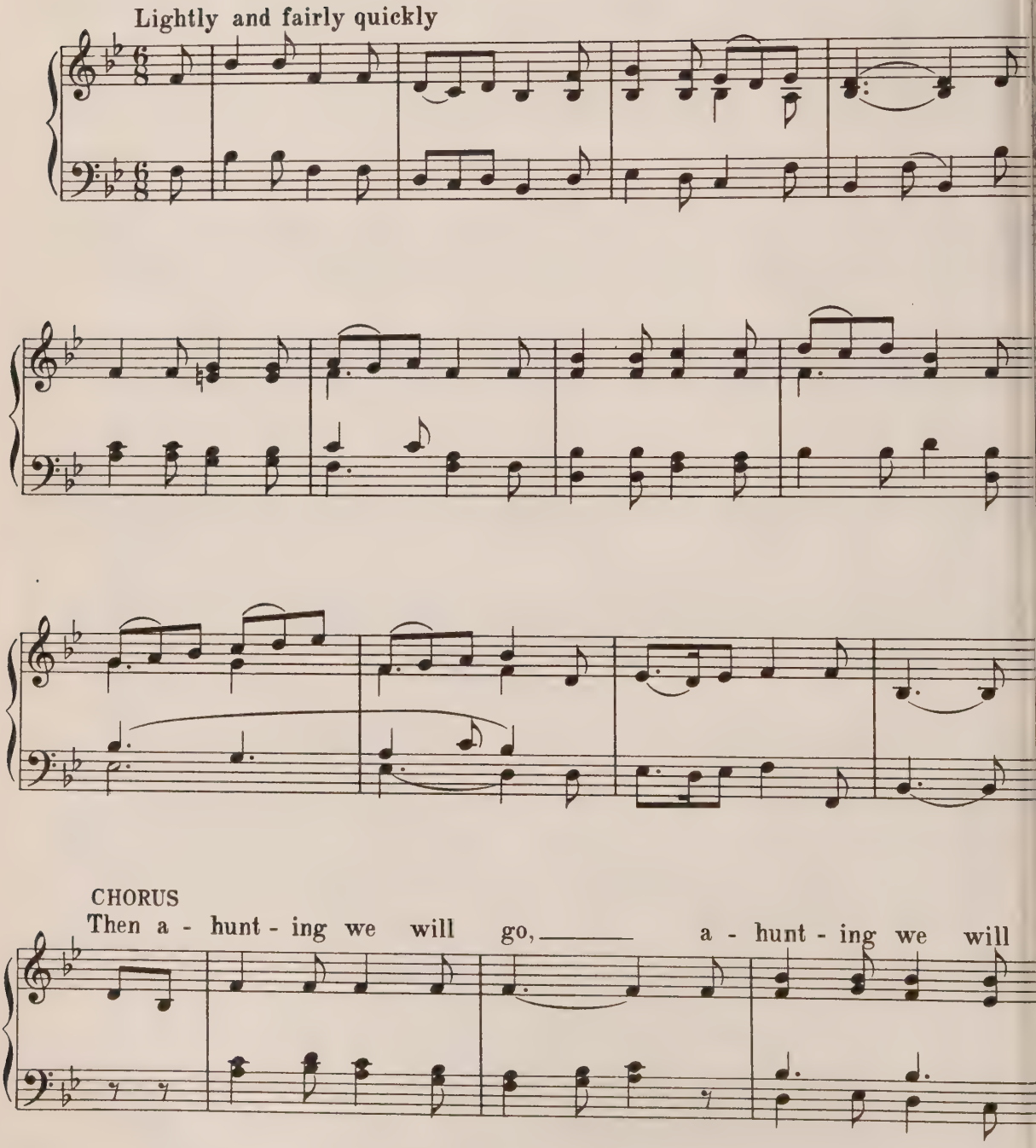
Hark! a solemn bell is ringing,
Clear through the night;
Thou, my love, art heavenward winging,
Home through the night;
Earthly dust from off thee shaken,
Soul immortal thou shalt waken,
With thy last dim journey taken
Home through the night.

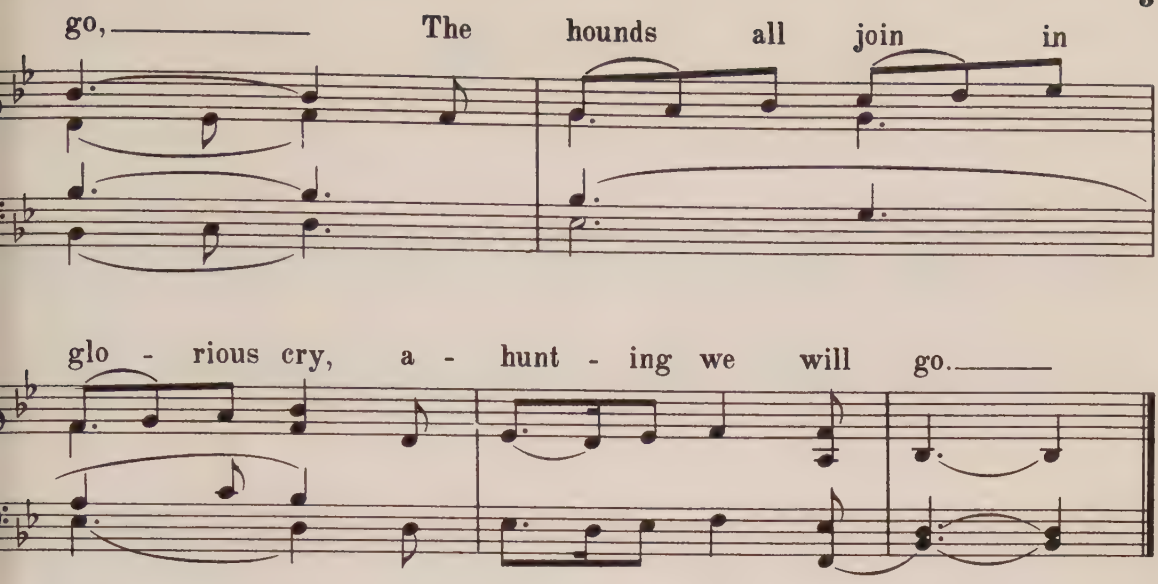
By kind permission of Messrs Cramer. When sung as a solo, the version published in *Songs of the Four ions* should be used.

A-HUNTING WE WILL GO

Fielding

Dr Arne





1

The dusky night rides down the sky,
And ushers in the morn;
The hounds all join in glorious cry, *(three times)*
The huntsman winds his horn:
And a-hunting we will go.

2

The wife around her husband throws
Her arms, and begs him stay;
My Dear, it rains, and hails, and snows,
You will not hunt to-day.
But a-hunting we will go.

3

A brushing fox in yonder wood,
Secure to find we seek;
For why, I carried sound and good,
A cartload there last week.
And a-hunting we will go.

4

Away he goes, he flies the rout,
Their steeds all spur and switch;
Some are thrown in, and some thrown out,
And some thrown in the ditch.
But a-hunting we will go.

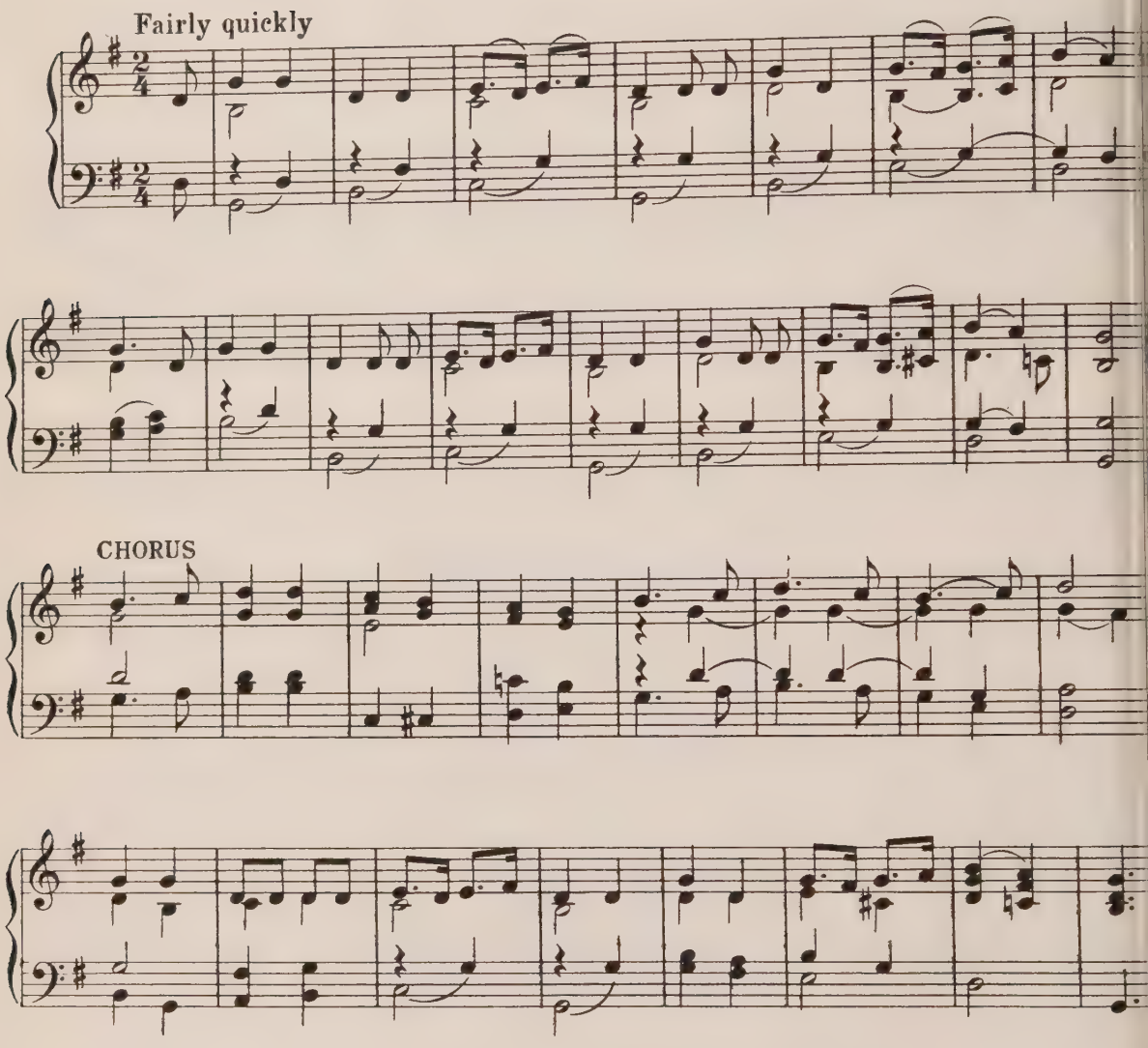
5

At length his strength to faintness worn,
Poor Reynard ceases flight;
Then hungry, homeward we return,
To feast away the night:
Then a-drinking we will go.

3 AMO, AMAS, I LOVE A LASS

John O'Keefe

"The Frog and the Mour



1

Amo, Amas, I love a lass
As a cedar tall and slender;
Sweet cowslip's grace is her nominative [ease,
And she's of the feminine gender.

Chorus Rorum, Corum, sunt divorum,
Harum, Scarum divo;
Tag-rag, merry-derry, periwig and
Hic hoc horum genitivo! [hat-band

2

Can I decline a Nymph divine?
Her voice as a flute is dulcis.
Her oculus bright, her manus white,
And soft, when I tacto, her pulse is.
Rorum, Corum, &c.

3

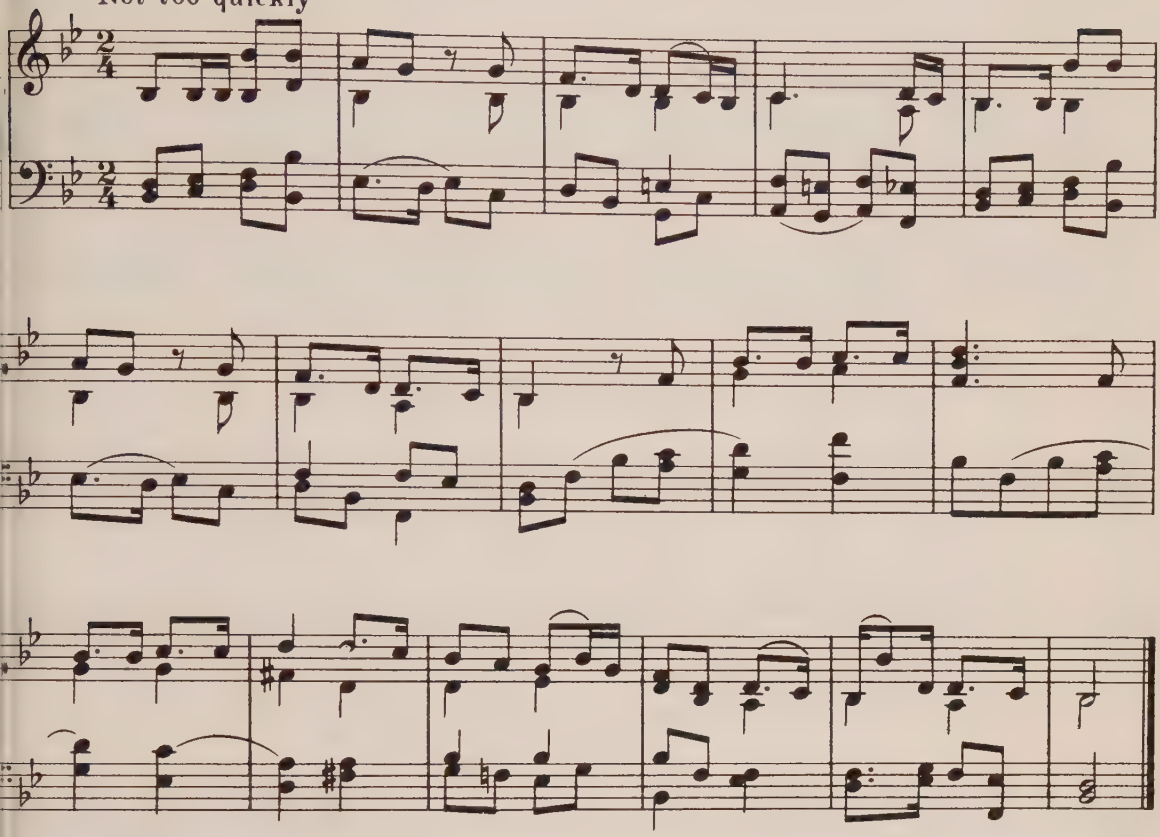
Oh, how bella my puella,
I'll kiss secula seculorum.
If I've luck, sir, she's my uxor,
O dies benedictorum.
Rorum, Corum, &c.

ANNIE LAURIE

known

Scottish

Not too quickly



1

Maxwellton braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew,
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gi'ed me her promise true–
Gi'ed me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

2

Her brow is like the snaw-drift,
Her neck is like the swan,
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on;
That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her e'e;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

3

Like dew on the gowan lying,
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet;
And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet.
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's a' the world to me;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

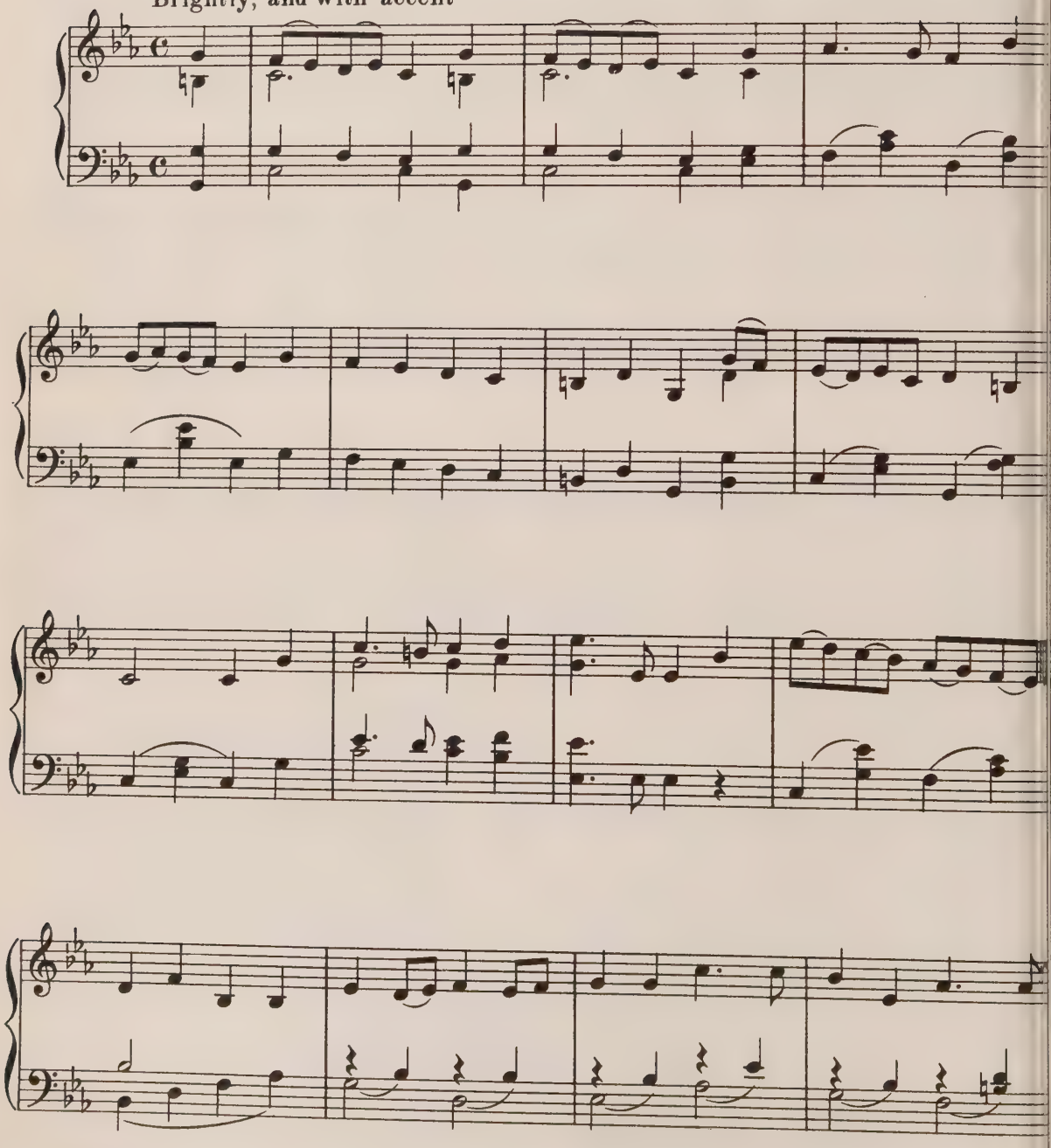
5

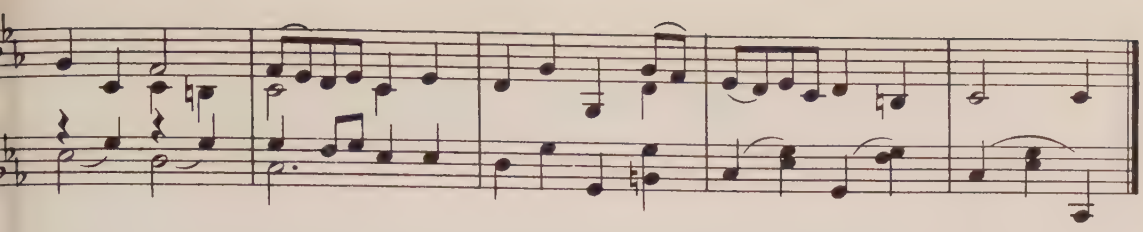
THE ARETHUSA

Prince Hoare

W. Shie

Brightly, and with accent





1

Come, all ye jolly sailors bold,
Whose hearts are cast in honour's mould,
While English glory I unfold;
Hurrah! for the Arethusa!
She is a frigate tight and brave,
As ever stemmed the dashing wave,
Her men are staunch to their fav'rite launch;
And when the foe shall meet our fire,
Sooner than strike, we'll all expire
On board of the Arethusa.

2

'Twas with the Spring fleet she went out,
The English Channel to cruise about,
When four French sail in show so stout
Bore down on the Arethusa.
The famed Belle Poule straight ahead did lie,
The Arethusa seem'd to fly,
Not a sheet or a tack or a brace did she slack,
Though the Frenchman laugh'd, and thought it stuff:
But they knew not the handful of men so tough
On board of the Arethusa.

3

On deck five hundred men did dance,
The stoutest they could find in France:
We with two hundred did advance
On board of the Arethusa.
Our captain hailed the Frenchman, "Ho!"
The Frenchman then cried out "Hallo!"–
"Bear down, d'ye see, to our Admiral's lee."
"No, no," says the Frenchman, "that can't be."–
"Then I must lug you along with me,"
Says the saucy Arethusa.

4

The fight was off the Frenchman's land,
We drove them back upon their strand,
For we fought till not a stick would stand
Of the gallant Arethusa.
And now we've driven the foe ashore,
Never to fight with Britons more,
Let each fill a glass to his fav'rite lass,
A health to our captain, and officers true,
And all that belong to the jovial crew
On board of the Arethusa.

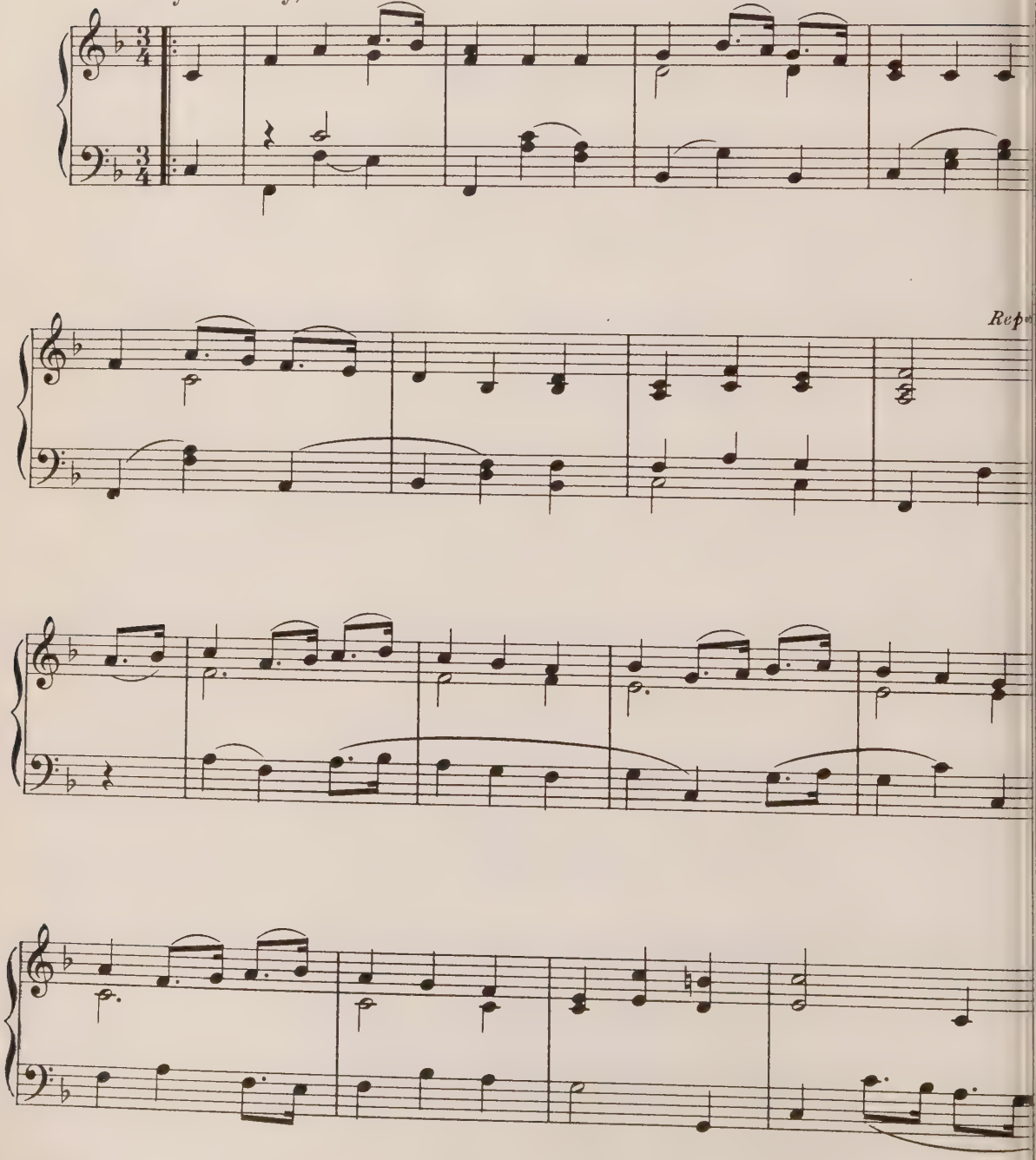
6

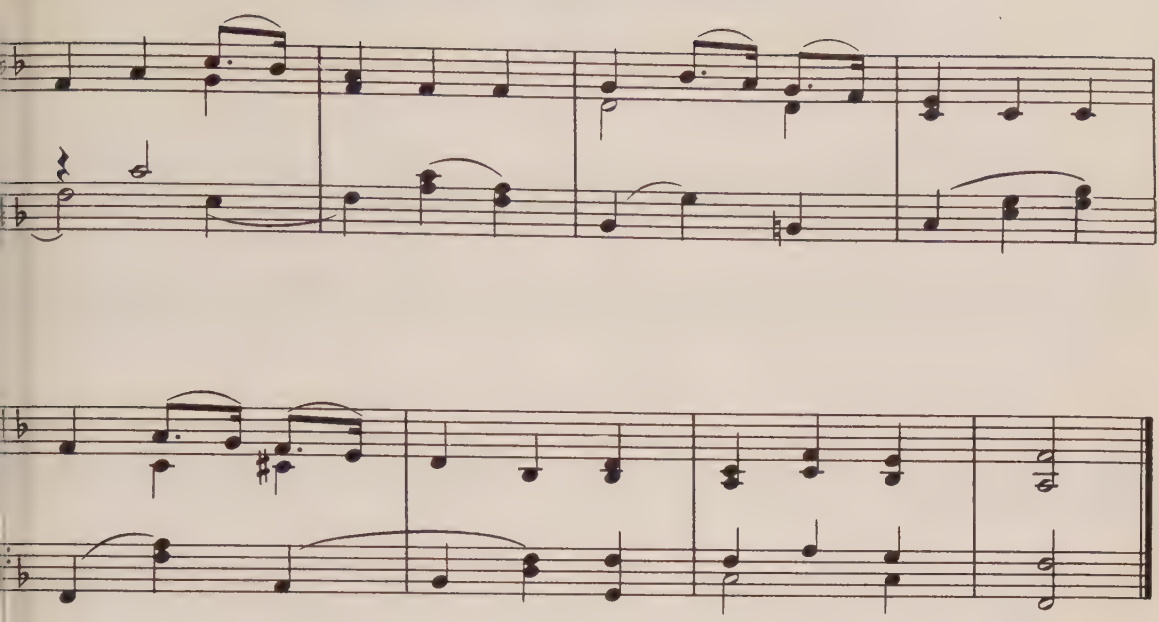
THE ASH GROVE

Thomas Oliphant

Old Wel

Rhythmically, but not fast





1

Down yonder green valley where streamlets meander,
When twilight is fading, I pensively rove;
Or at the bright noontide, in solitude wander
Amid the dark shades of the lonely Ash Grove.
'Twas there, while the blackbird was cheerfully singing,
I first met that dear one—the joy of my heart!—
Around us for gladness the bluebells were ringing;
Ah! then little thought I how soon we should part.

2

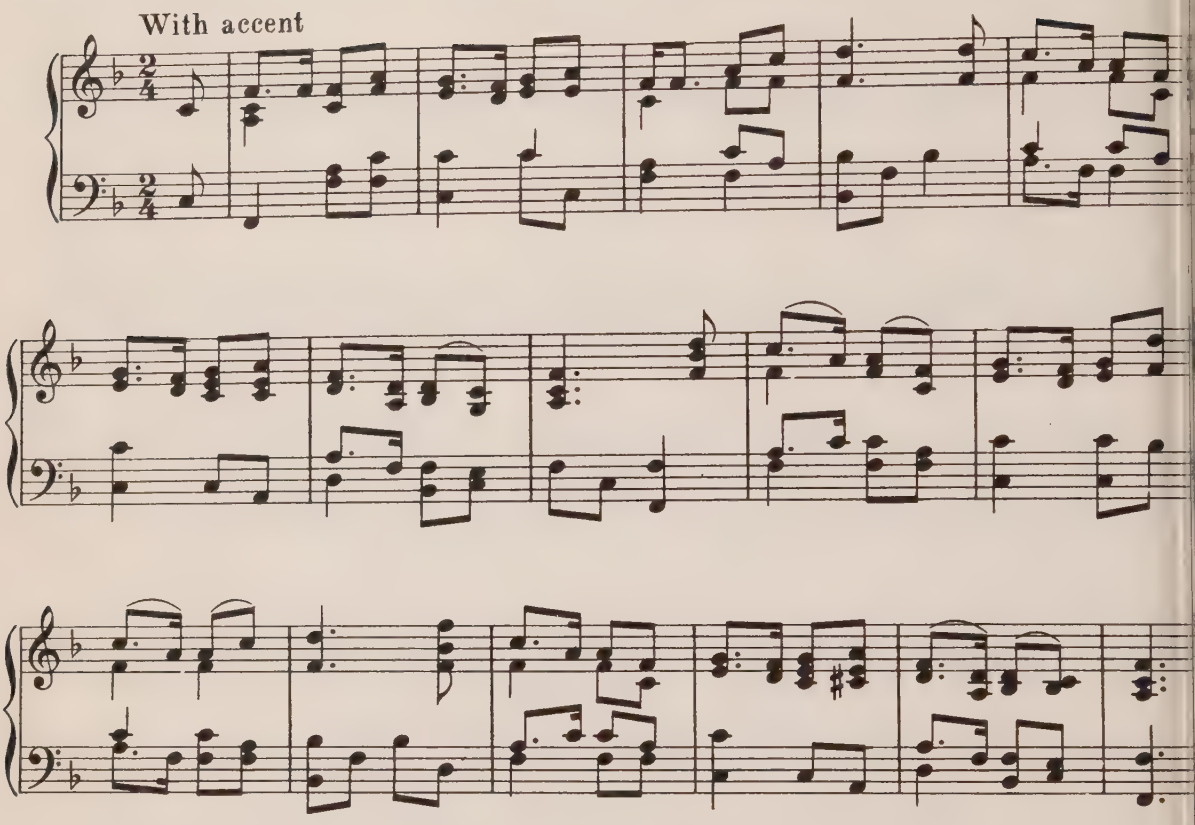
Still glows the bright sunshine o'er valley and mountain,
Still warbles the blackbird its note from the tree;
Still trembles the moonbeam on streamlet and fountain,
But what are the beauties of nature to me?
With sorrow, deep sorrow, my bosom is laden,
All day I go mourning in search of my love;
Ye echoes! oh tell me, where is the sweet maiden?
"She sleeps 'neath the green turf down by the Ash Grove."

7

AULD LANG SYNE

Burns

Old Scottis



1

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And never brought to min'?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
And days o' lang syne?
For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.

2

We twa hae run about the braes,
And pu'd the gowans fine;
But we've wander'd mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

3

We twa hae paidl'd i' the burn,
From morning sun till dine;
But seas between us braid hae roar'd
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

4

And there's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak a right guid-willie waugh
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

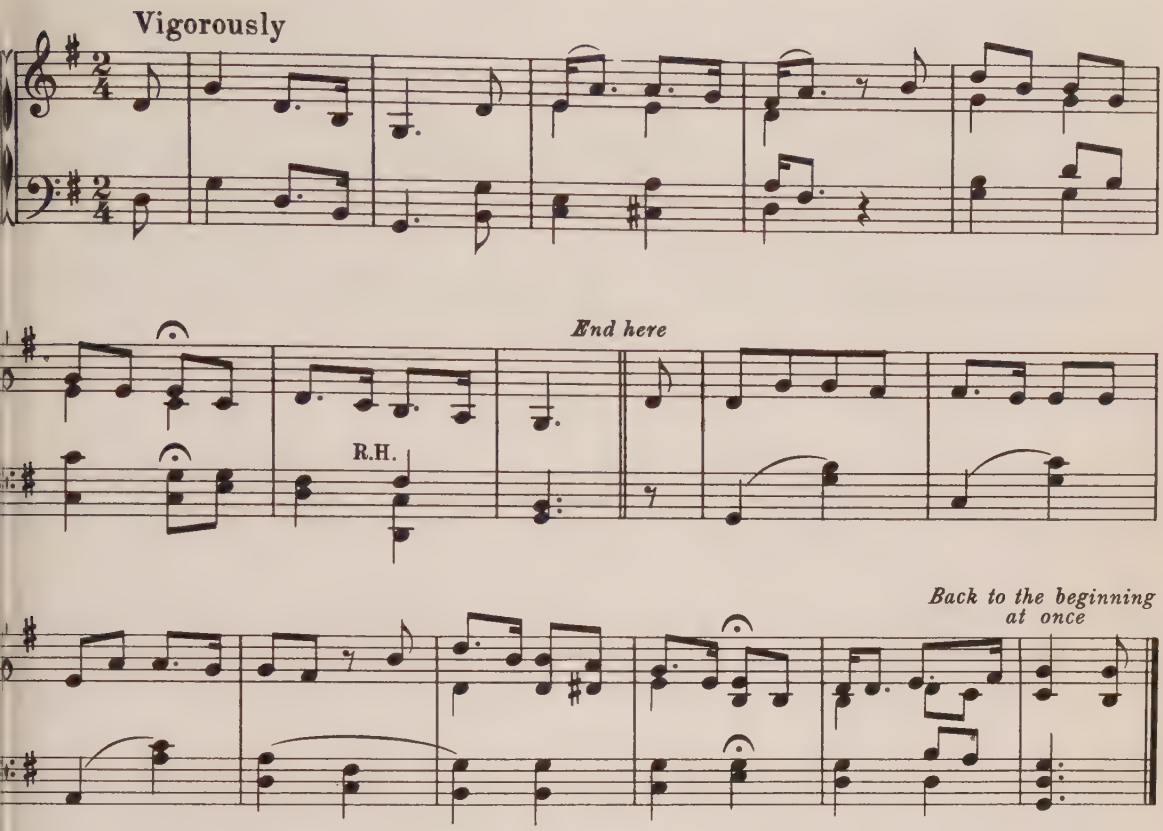
5

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, &c.

AWA, WHIGS, AWA ! *

urns

Old Scottish



Chorus

Awa, Whigs, awa!
Awa, Whigs, awa!
Ye're but a pack o' traitor louns,
Ye'll do nae good at a'.

Solo

2

Our thrissles flourish'd fresh and fair,
And bonnie bloom'd our roses;
But Whigs cam' like a frost in June,
And wither'd a' our posies.
Awa, Whigs, awa! &c.

3

Our ancient crown's fa'en in the dust—
Deil blin' them wi' the stoure o't,
And write their names in his black beuk
Wha gae the Whigs the power o't.
Awa, Whigs, awa! &c.

4

Our sad decay in Church and State
Surpasses my descriving;
The Whigs came o'er us for a curse,
And we hae done with thriving.
Awa, Whigs, awa! &c.

5

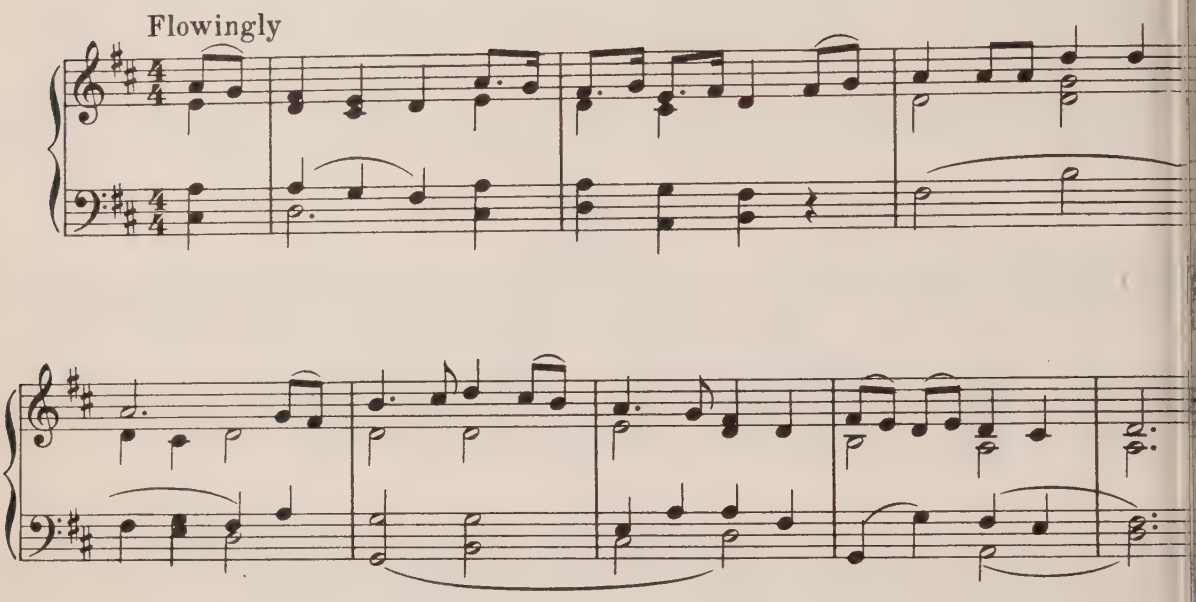
Grim vengeance lang has ta'en a nap,
But we may see him wauken;
Gude help the day when royal heads
Are hunted like a maukin!
Awa, Whigs, awa! &c.

This song *begins* with a chorus, the solo entering at the double bar: consequently there must be no pause er the last note before going back to the beginning.

9 THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER

Old English Ballad

Traditional English Melo



1

There was a youth, and a well-beloved
And he was a squire's son. [youth,
He loved the bailiff's daughter dear,
That lived in Islington.

2

But she was coy, and never would
On him her heart bestow,
Till he was sent to London Town
Because he loved her so.

3

When seven years had passed away,
She put on mean attire,
And straight to London she would go
About him to enquire.

4

And as she went along the road,
Through weather hot and dry,
She rested on a grassy load,
And her love came riding by.

5

"Give me a penny, thou 'prentice good
Relieve a maid forlorn;"
"Before I give you a penny, sweethear
Pray tell me where you were born"

6

"Oh, I was born at Islington."
"Then tell me if you know
The bailiff's daughter of that place"
"She died, sir, long ago."

7

"If she be dead, then take my horse,
My saddle and bridle also,
For I will to some distant land,
Where no man shall me know."

8

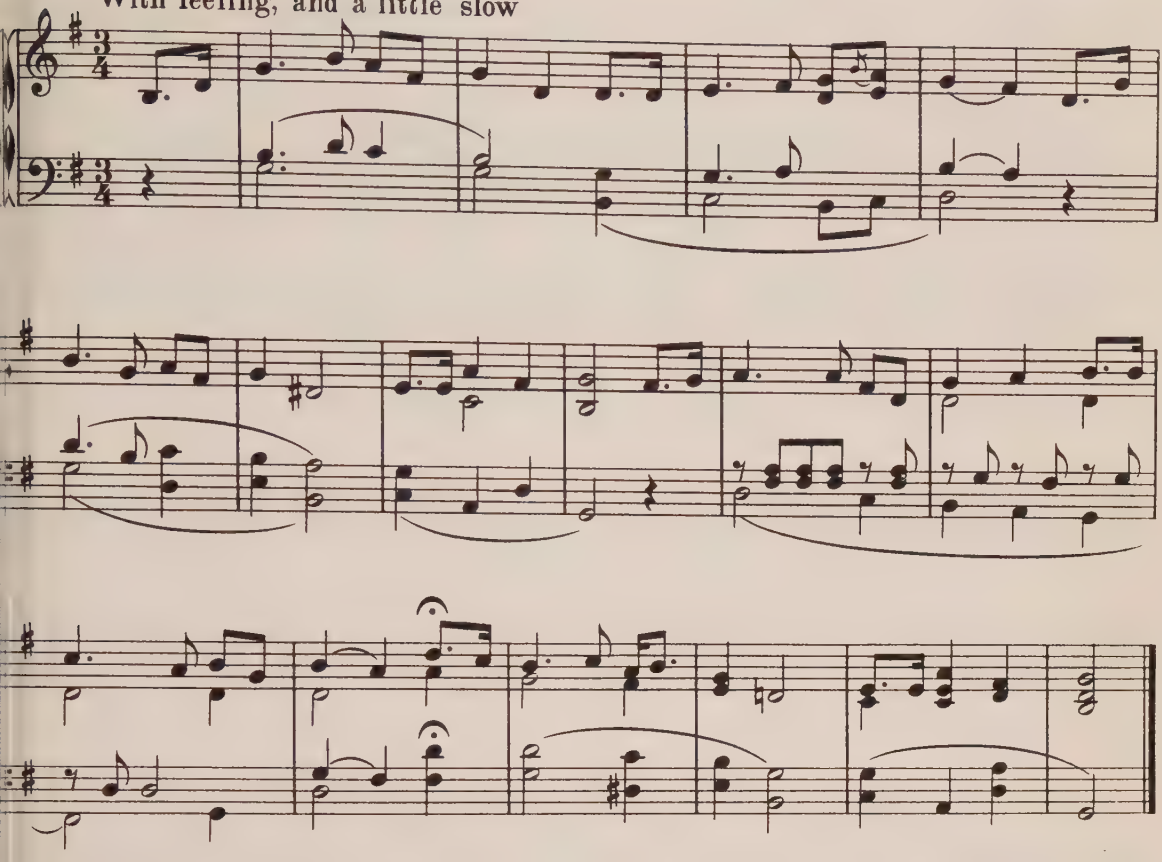
"Oh, stay! oh, stay! thou goodly youth
She standeth by thy side,
She's here alive, she is not dead,
But ready to be thy bride."

THE BANKS OF ALLAN WATER

G. Lewis

Traditional

With feeling, and a little slow



1

On the banks of Allan water,
When the sweet spring-time did fall,
Was the miller's lovely daughter,
Fairest of them all.
For his bride a soldier sought her,
And a winning tongue had he;
On the banks of Allan water
None was gay as she.

2

On the banks of Allan water,
When brown autumn shed its store,
There I saw the miller's daughter,
But she smiled no more.
For the summer grief had brought her
And the soldier false was he;
On the banks of Allan water
None was sad as she.

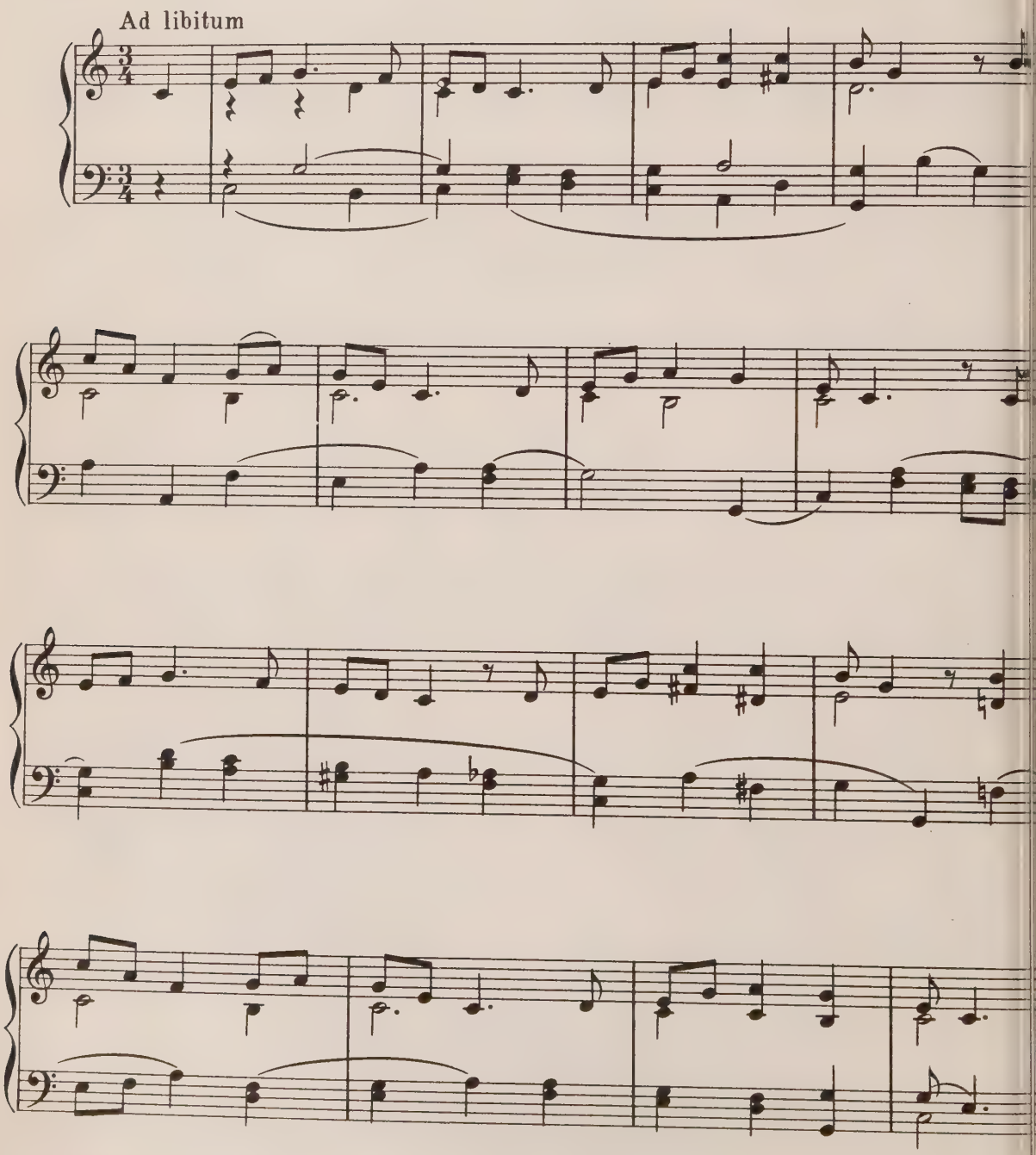
3

On the banks of Allan water,
When the winter-snow fell fast,
Still was found the miller's daughter,–
Chilling blew the blast;
But the miller's lovely daughter
Both from cold and care was free;
On the banks of Allan water
There a corse lay she.

11 BARBARA ALLEN

Old Ballad

English Traditional Melo



1

In Scarlet Town, where I was born,
There was a fair maid dwellin',
Made every youth cry "Well a day!"
Her name was Barbara Allen.

2

All in the merry month of May,
When green buds they were swellin',
Young Jemmy Grove on his death-bed lay
For love of Barbara Allen.

3

He sent his man unto her then,
To the town where she was dwellin',–
"You must come to my master dear,
If your name be Barbara Allen."

4

So slowly, slowly she came up,
And slowly she came nigh him;
And all she said, when there she came,–
"Young man, I think you're dying."

5

He turn'd his face unto the wall,
As deadly pangs he fell in;
"Adieu! adieu! adieu to all,–
Adieu to Barbara Allen!"

6

When he was dead, and laid in grave,
Her heart was struck with sorrow;
"O mother, mother, make my bed,
For I shall die to-morrow!"

7

She, on her death-bed, as she lay,
Begg'd to be buried by him,
And sore repented of the day
That she did e'er deny him.

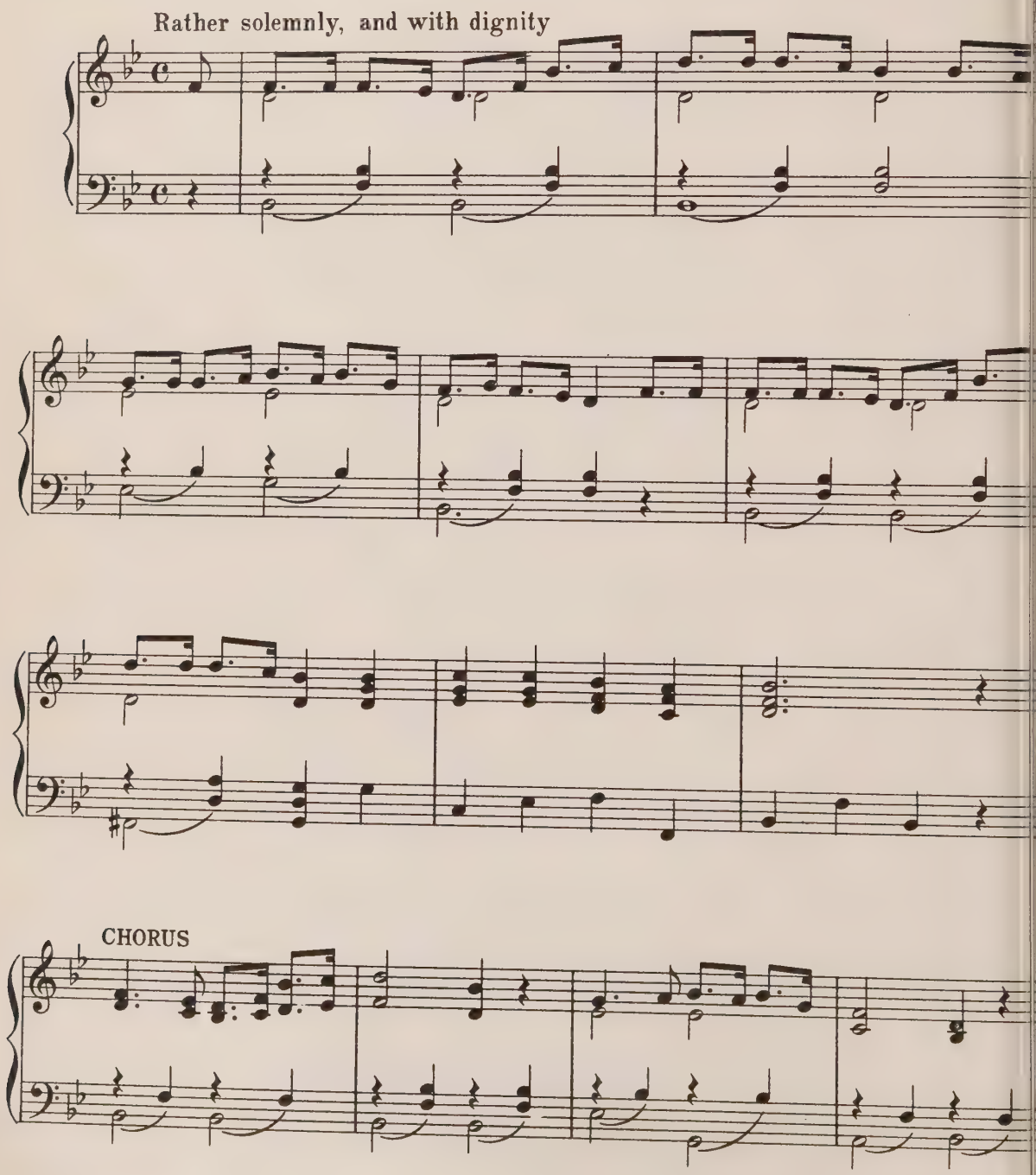
8

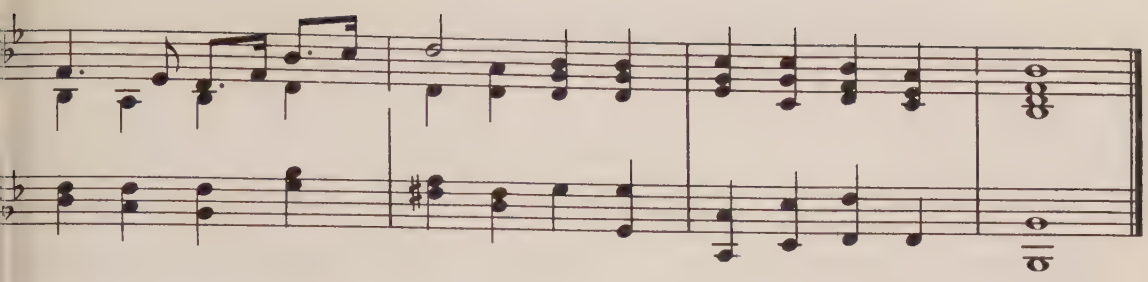
"Farewell," she said, "ye virgins all,
And shun the fault I fell in;
Henceforth take warning by the fall
Of cruel Barbara Allen."

12 BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

Julia Ward Howe

"John Brown's Bo





1

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword:
His truth is marching on.

Chorus Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
Glory, glory, hallelujah!
His truth is marching on.

2

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps:
His day is marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

3

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his Judgement Seat;
O, be swift, my soul, to answer Him, be jubilant, my feet!
Our God is marching on.

Glory, glory, hallelujah!

4

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born, across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me:
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

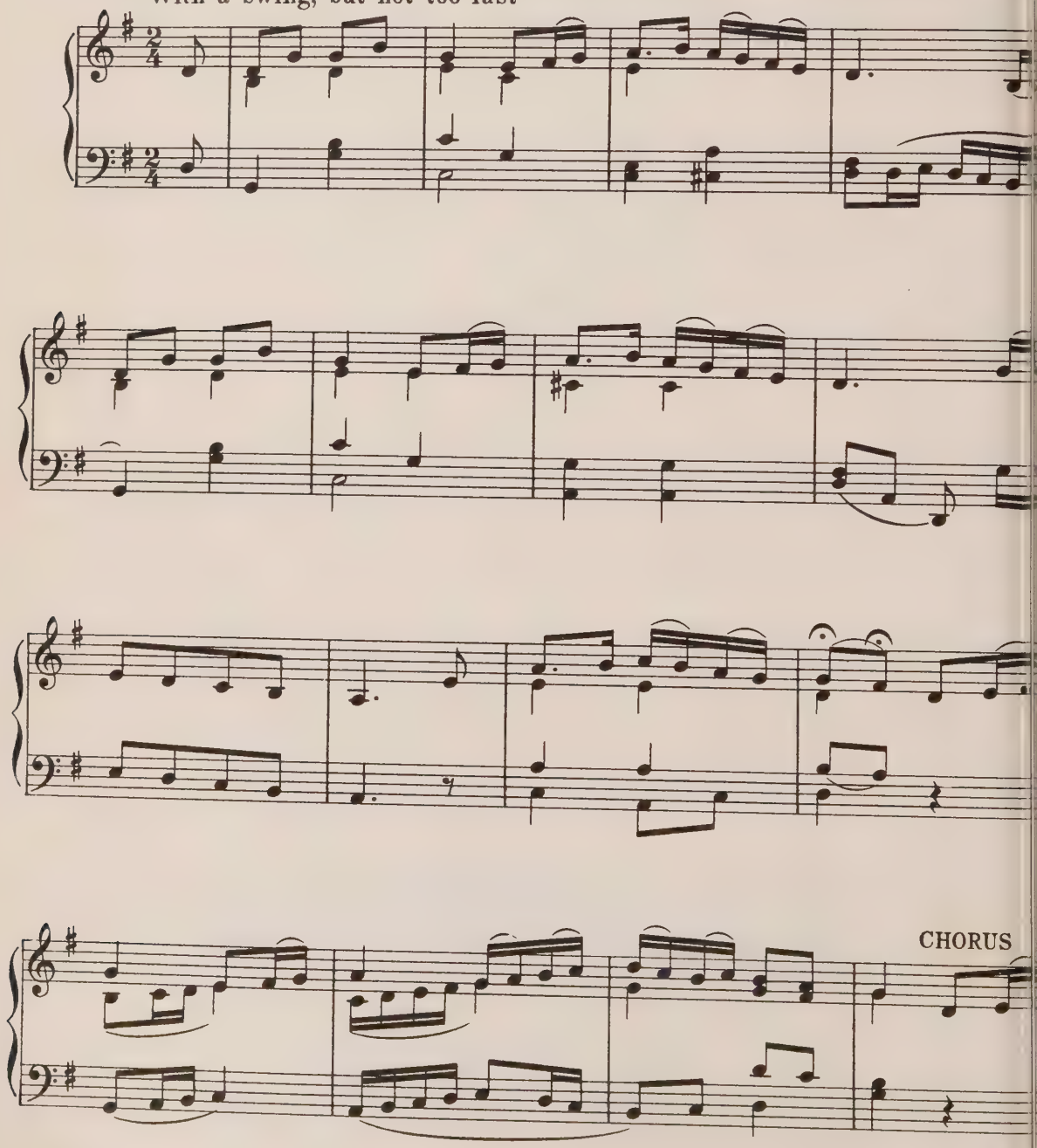
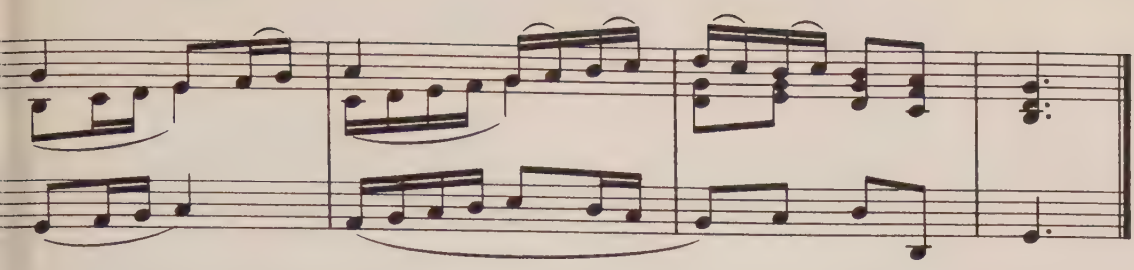
Glory, glory, hallelujah!

13 THE BAY OF BISCAY

Andrew Cherry

John D

With a swing, but not too fast



1

Loud roar'd the dreadful thunder,
The rain a deluge show'rs;
The clouds were rent asunder
By lightning's vivid pow'rs;
The night both drear and dark,
Our poor devoted bark,
Till next day, there she lay,
In the Bay of Biscay, O! } *(repeat as Chorus)*

2

Now dash'd upon the billow,
Our op'ning timbers creak,
Each fears a wat'ry pillow,
None stop the dreadful leak.
To cling to slipp'ry shrouds,
Each breathless seaman crowds,
As she lay, till the day,
In the Bay of Biscay, O!

3

At length the wish'd-for morrow
Breaks through the hazy sky,
Absorb'd in silent sorrow
Each heaved a bitter sigh.
The dismal wreck to view
Struck horror to the crew,
As she lay, on that day,
In the Bay of Biscay, O!

4

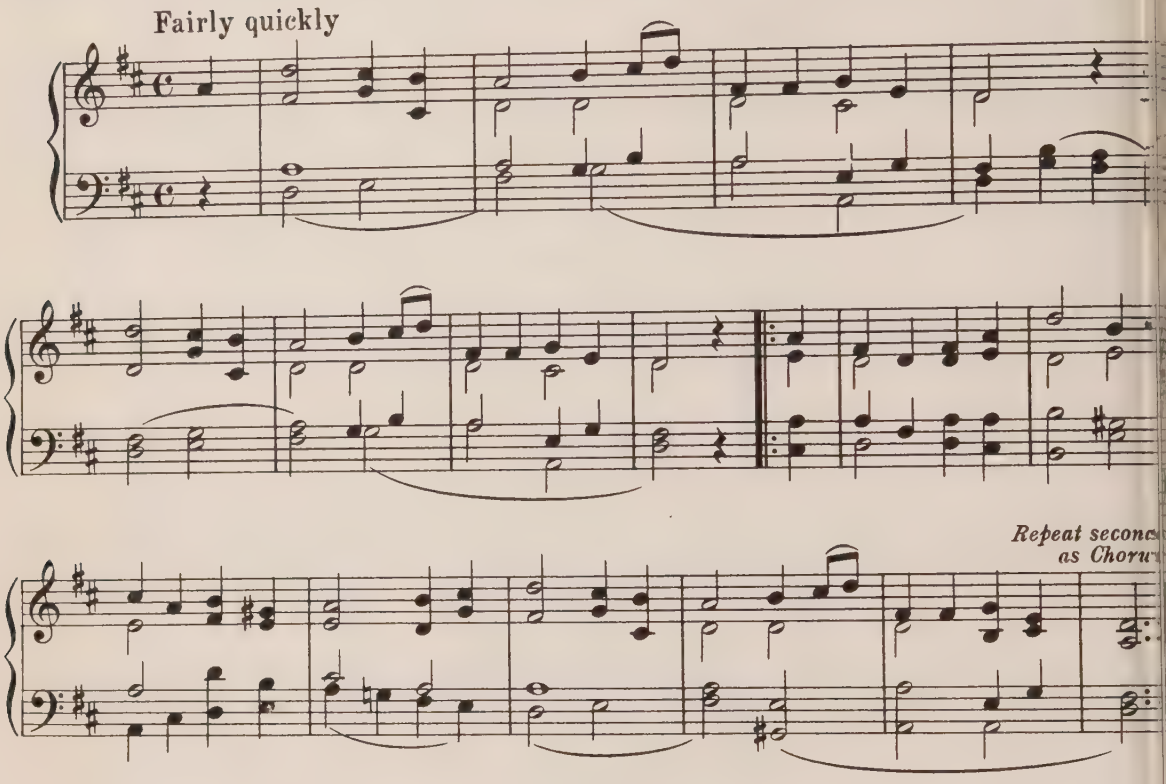
Her yielding timbers sever,
Her pitchy seams are rent;
When Heav'n, all-bounteous ever,
Its boundless mercy sent:
A sail in sight appears,
We hail her with three cheers.
Now we sail, with the gale,
From the Bay of Biscay, O!

14 THE BLUE BELL OF SCOTLAND

Mrs Jordan

Traditi

Fairly quickly



1

"Oh! where, and Oh! where is your Highland laddie gone?
Oh! where, and Oh! where is your Highland laddie gone?"
"He's gone to fight the French, for King George upon the throne,
And it's Oh! in my heart, how I wish him safe at home!"
"He's gone to fight," &c

2

"Oh! where, and Oh! where does your Highland laddie dwell?
Oh! where, and Oh! where does your Highland laddie dwell?"
"He dwells in merry Scotland, at the sign of the Blue Bell;
And it's Oh! in my heart, that I love my laddie well."
"He dwells in merry Scotland," &c.

3

"What clothes, in what clothes is your Highland laddie clad?
What clothes, in what clothes is your Highland laddie clad?"
"His bonnet's of the Saxon green, his waist-coat of the plaid;
And it's Oh! in my heart, that I love my Highland lad."
"His bonnet's of the Saxon" &c.

4

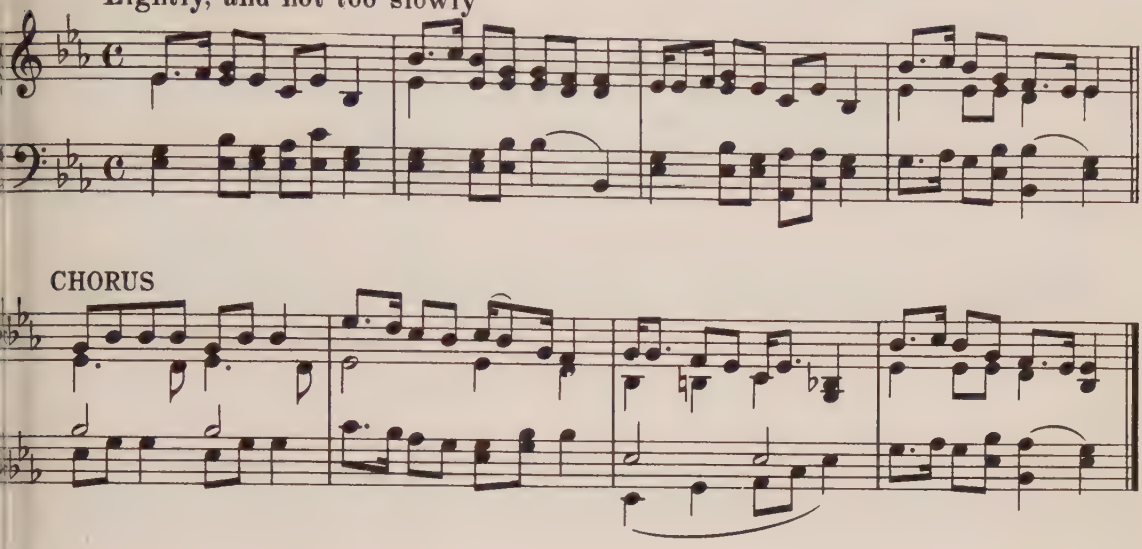
"Suppose, Oh! suppose that your Highland lad should die!
Suppose, Oh! suppose that your Highland lad should die!"
"The bagpipes shall play over him, I'll lay me down and cry;
And it's Oh! in my heart, that I wish he may not die."
"The bagpipes shall play" &c.

BONNIE CHARLIE'S NOW AWA

y Nairne

Old Scottish Melody

Lightly, and not too slowly



1

Bonnie Charlie's now awa,
Safely owre the friendly main;
Mony a heart will break in twa,
Should he ne'er come back again.
Chorus Will ye no come back again?
Will ye no come back again?
Better lo'ed ye canna be,
Will ye no come back again?

2

Ye trusted in your Hieland men,
They trusted you, dear Charlie;
They kent you hiding in the glen,
Death and exile braving.
Will ye no &c

3

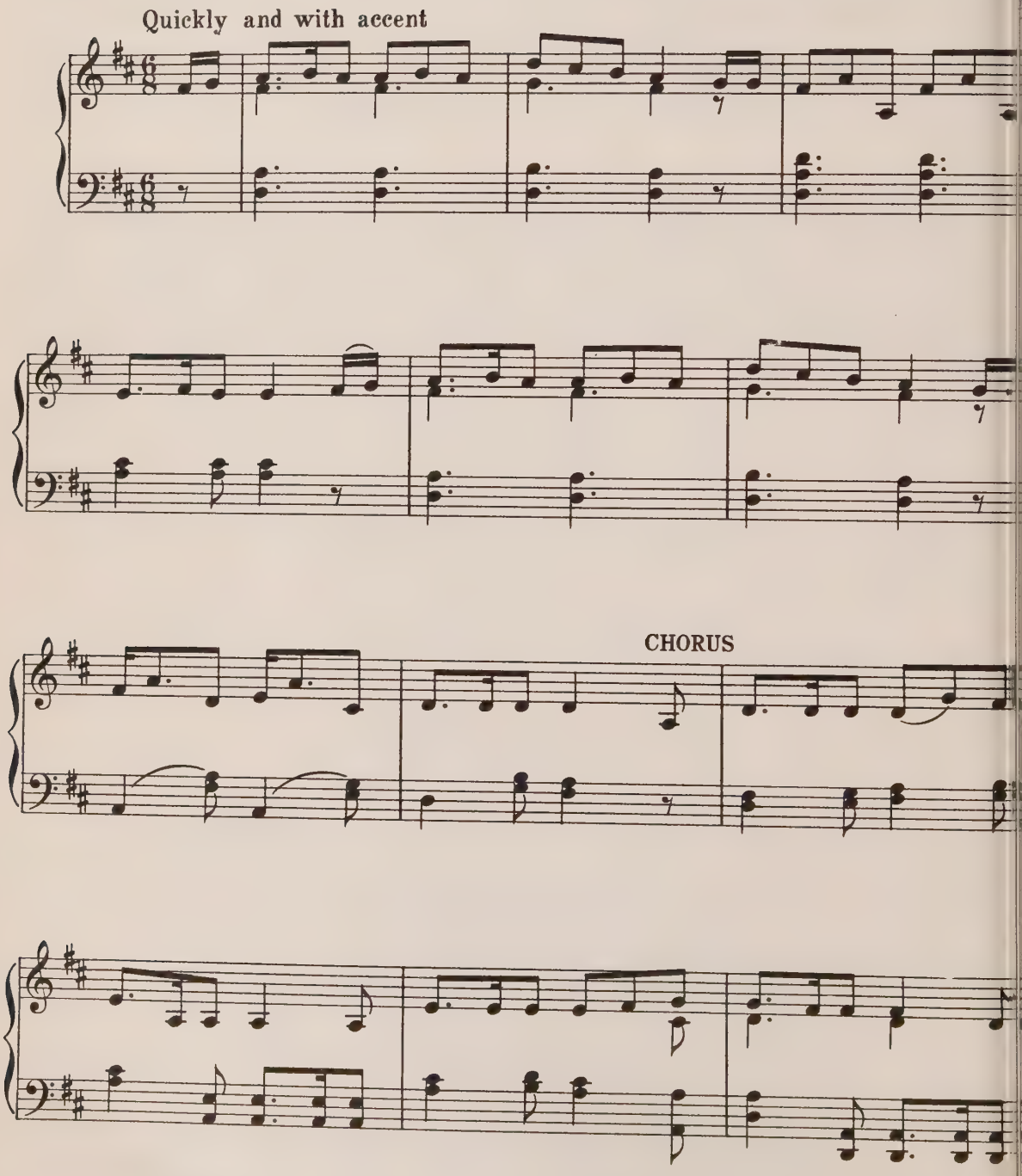
Mony a gallant sodger fought,
Mony a gallant chief did fa';
Death itself were dearly bought,
A' for Scotland's king and law.
Will ye no &c

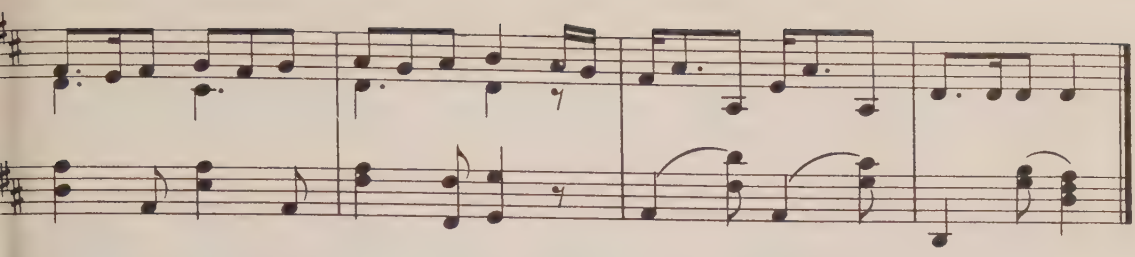
4

Sweet's the laverock's note and lang,
Lilting wildly up the glen;
But aye to me he sings ae sang,
"Will ye no come back again?"
Will ye no &c

16 BONNIE DUNDEE

Sir Walter Scott — Old Scottish Mel





1

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claver'se who spoke,
"Ere the King's crown shall fall there are crowns to be broke;
Then each cavalier who loves honour and me,
Let him follow the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.
"Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
Come open the West Port, and let me gang free,
And it's room for the bonnets of Bonnie Dundee!"

2

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat;
But the Provost, douce man, said, "Just e'en let him be,
The Gude Town is weel quit o' that De'il of Dundee."
"Come fill up my cup," &c.

3

"There are hills beyond Pentland, and lands beyond Forth,
If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's chiefs in the North;
There are wild Duniewassals, three thousand times three,
Will cry 'hoigh!' for the bonnet of Bonnie Dundee.
"Come fill up my cup," &c.

4

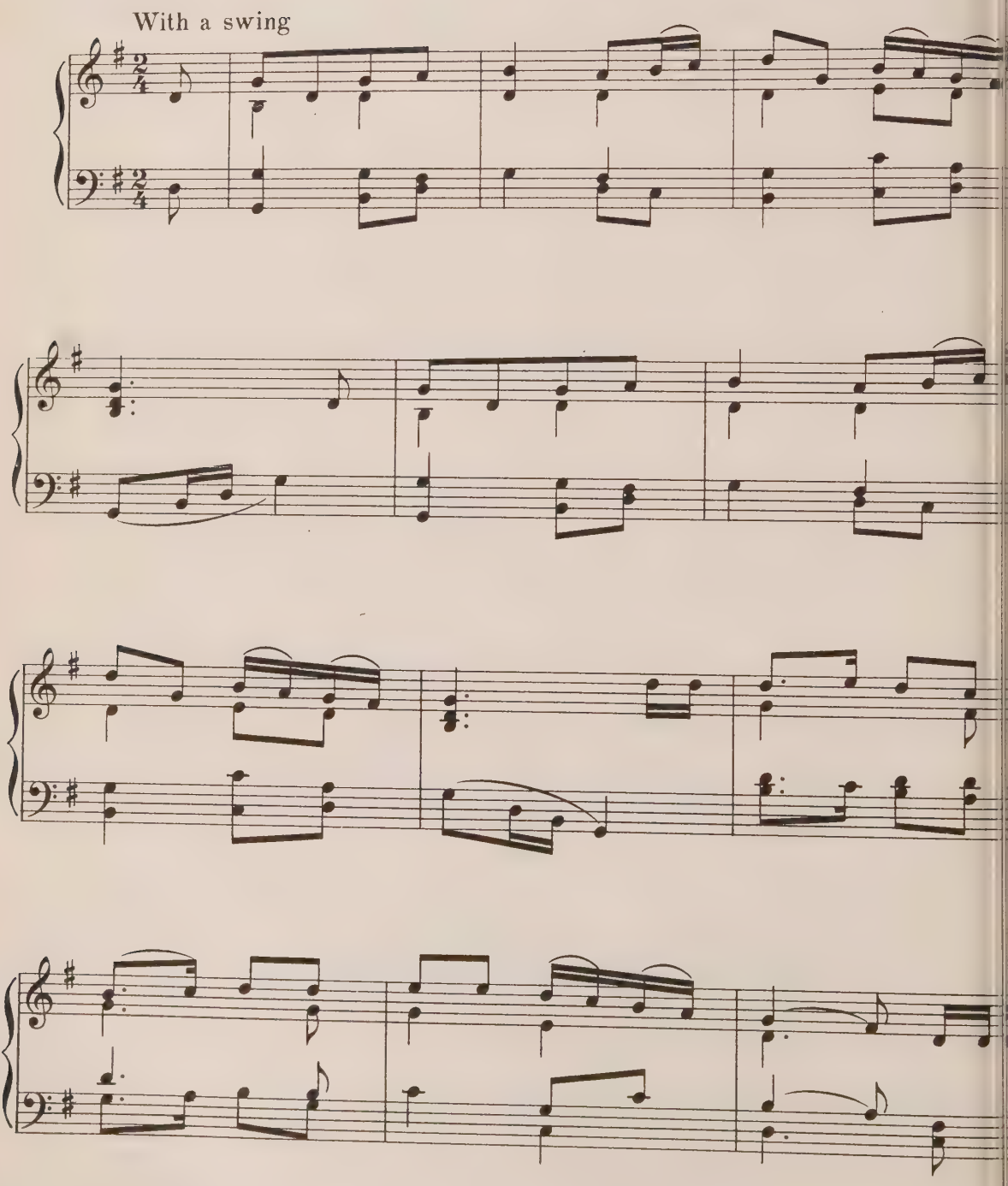
"Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks—
Ere I own an usurper, I'll couch with the fox;
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,
You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me.
"Come fill up my cup," &c.

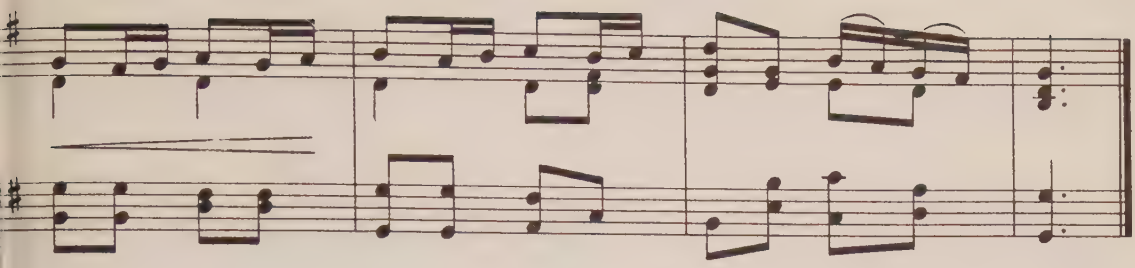
17 THE BRITISH GRENADIERS

Traditional

Traditio

With a swing





1

Some talk of Alexander, and some of Hercules;
Of Hector and Lysander, and such great names as these;
But of all the world's brave heroes, there's none that can compare
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, row, for the British Grenadier.

2

Those heroes of antiquity ne'er saw a cannon ball,
Or knew the force of powder to slay their foes withal;
But our brave boys do know it, and banish all their fears,
Sing tow, row, row, row, row, row, row, for the British Grenadiers.

3

Whene'er we are commanded to storm the palisades,
Our leaders march with fusees, and we with hand grenades;
We throw them from the glacis about the enemies' ears,
Sing tow, row, row, row, row, row, row, for the British Grenadiers.

4

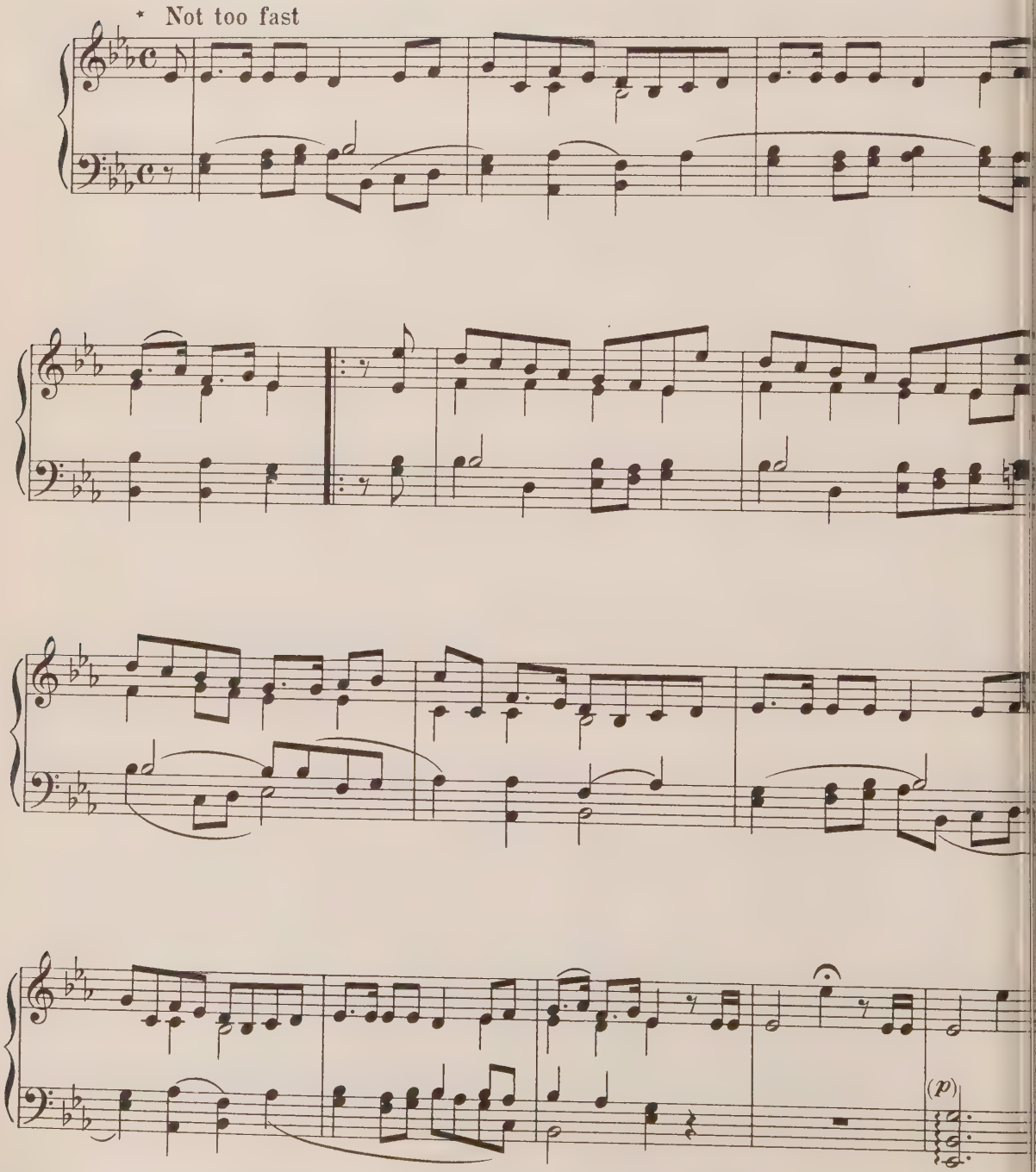
And when the siege is over, we to the town repair,
The townsmen cry, Hurrah, boys, here comes a Grenadier,
Here come the Grenadiers, my boys, who know no doubts or fears,
Sing tow, row, row, row, row, row, row, for the British Grenadiers.

5

Then let us fill a bumper, and drink a health to those
Who carry caps and pouches, and wear the loupèd clothes;
May they and their commanders live happy all their years,
With a tow, row, row, row, row, row, row, for the British Grenadiers.

18 CALLER HERRIN'

Lady Nairne — Old Scottish Melo



*The first four bars only occur once- at the beginning of the song. Each subsequent verse begins at th double-bar.

Wha'll buy my caller herrin'?
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin';
Buy my caller herrin',
New-drawn frae the Forth?

1

When ye were sleepin' on your pillows,
Dream'd ye aught o' our puir fellows,
Darkling as they faced the billows
A' to fill the woven willows?
Buy my caller herrin'?
They're bonnie fish and halesome farin';
Buy my caller herrin',
New-drawn frae the Forth?
Caller herrin'; caller herrin'.

2

An' when the creel o' herrin' passes,
Ladies clad in silks and laces
Gather in their braw pelisses,
Cast their heads and screw their faces.
Buy my caller herrin'?
They're no brought here without brave daring;
Buy my caller herrin',
Haul'd through wind and rain?
Caller herrin'; caller herrin'.

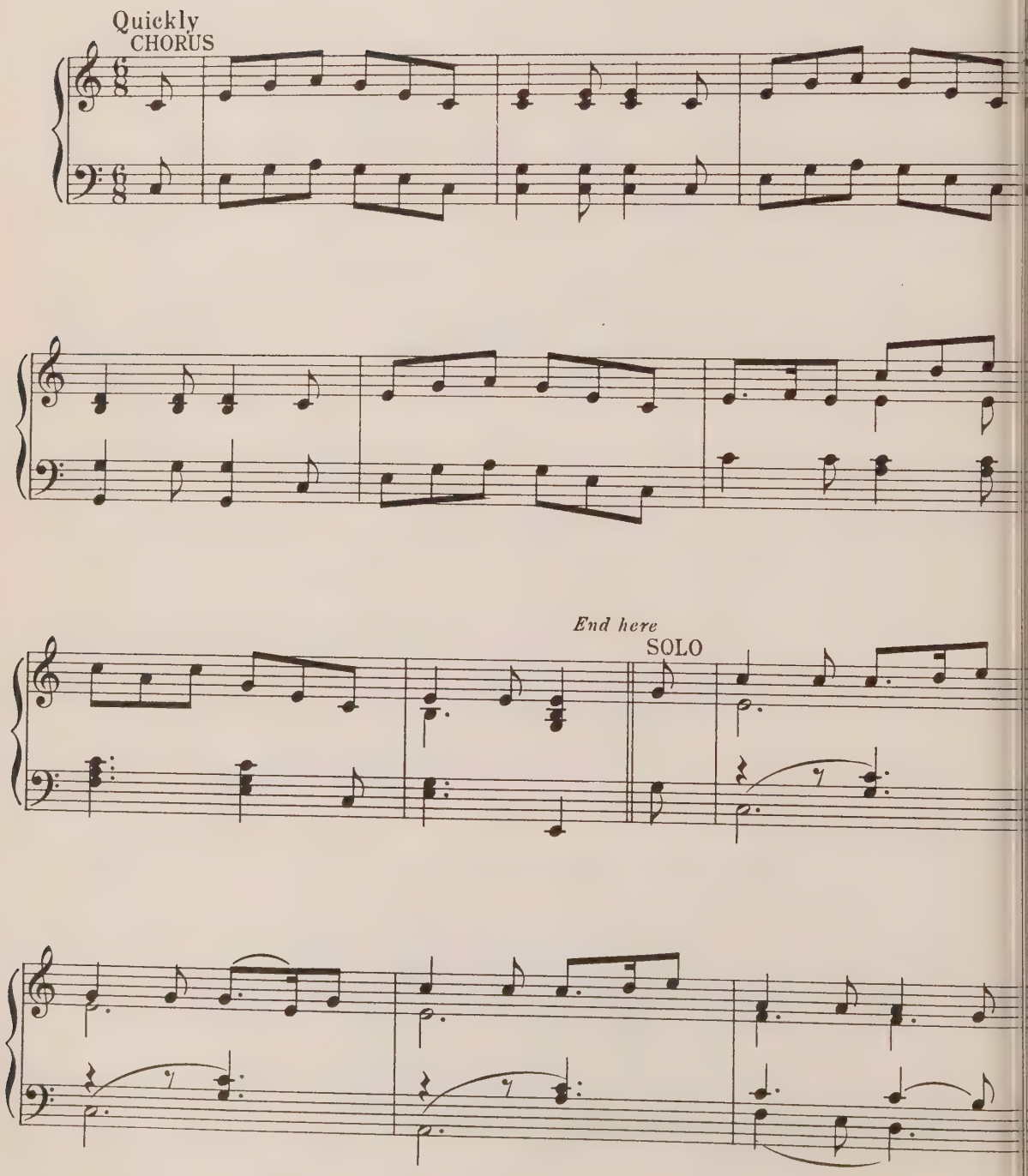
3

Noo, neebor wives, come, tent my tellin',
When the bonnie fish ye're sellin',
At ae word be in your dealin',
Truth will stand when a' things failin';
Buy my caller herrin'?
O ye may ca' them vulgar farin';
Wives and mithers, maist despairin',
Ca' them lives o' men.
Caller herrin'; caller herrin'.

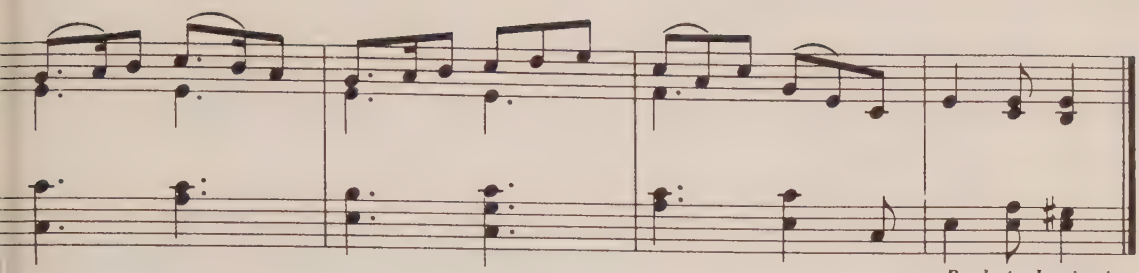
19 THE CAMPBELLS ARE COMIN'*

c. 1715

18th. Cent. Scottish Melod



*This song begins with a chorus, the solo starting at the double bar.



Back to beginning at once for Chorus

The Campbells are comin', oho, oho,
The Campbells are comin', oho, oho,
The Campbells are comin' to bonnie Lochleven;
The Campbells are comin', oho, oho.

1

Up on the Lomonds I lay, I lay,
Up on the Lomonds I lay, I lay,
I lookit down to bonnie Lochleven,
And saw three bonnie pipers play.
The Campbells are comin'. . . . .

2

Great Argyle, he goes before,
He makes the cannons and guns to roar;
Wi' sound o' trumpet, pipe, and drum,
The Campbells are comin', oho, oho.
The Campbells are comin'. . . . .

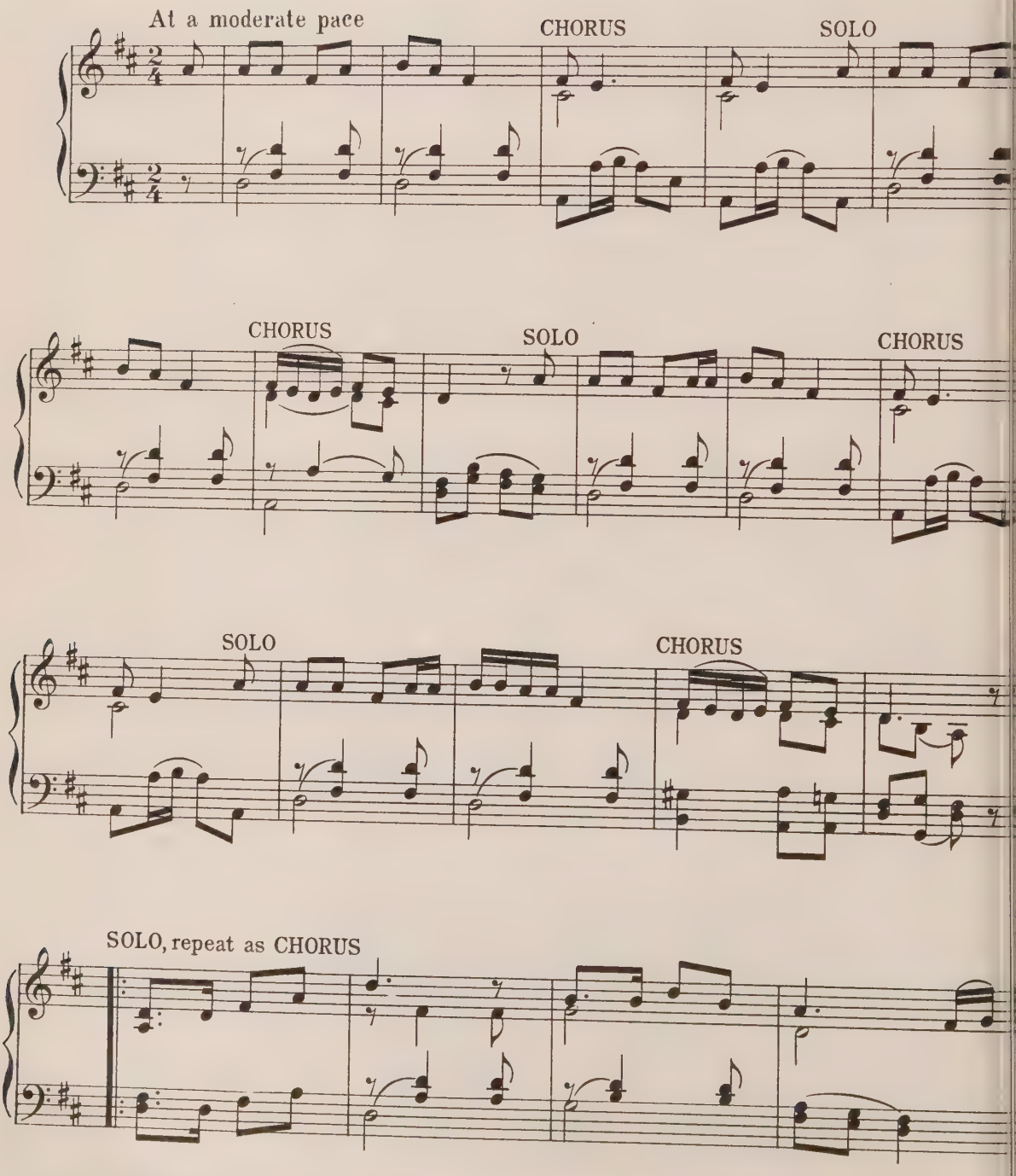
3

The Campbells they are a' wi' arms,
Their loyal faith and truth to show;
Wi' banners rattlin' in the wind,
The Campbells are comin', oho, oho.
The Campbells are comin'. . . . .

20 CAMPTOWN RACES*

Stephen C. Foster

Stephen C. Foster



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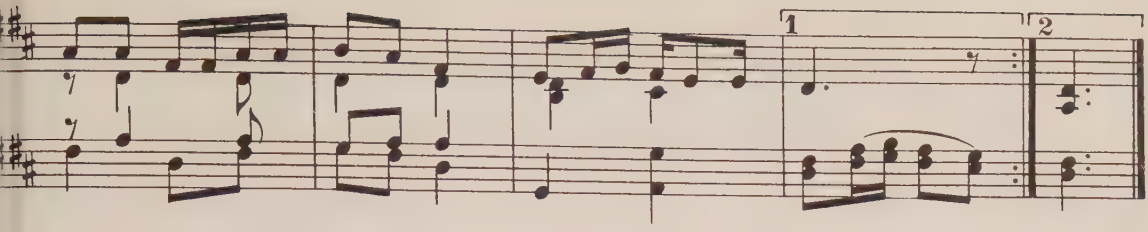


1

De Camptown ladies sing dis song,
Doodah! doodah!
De Camptown race-track five miles long,
Oh! doodah day!
I come down dah wid my hat caved in,
Doodah! doodah!
I go back home wid a pocket full of tin,
Oh! doodah day!
Chorus Gwine to run all night!
Gwine to run all day!
I'll bet my money on de bob-tail nag,
Somebody bet on de bay.

2

De long-tail filly and de big black hoss,
Doodah! doodah!
Dey fly de track and dey both cut across,
Oh! doodah day!
De blind hoss stick'n in a big mud hole,
Doodah! doodah!
Can't touch de bottom wid a ten-foot pole,
Oh! doodah day!
Chorus Gwine to run. . . . . .

3

Old muley cow come on to de track,
Doodah! doodah!
De bob-tail fling her ober his back,
Oh! doodah day!
Den fly along like a rail-road car,
Doodah! doodah!
And run a race wid a shootin' star,
Oh! doodah day!
Chorus Gwine to run. . . . . .

4

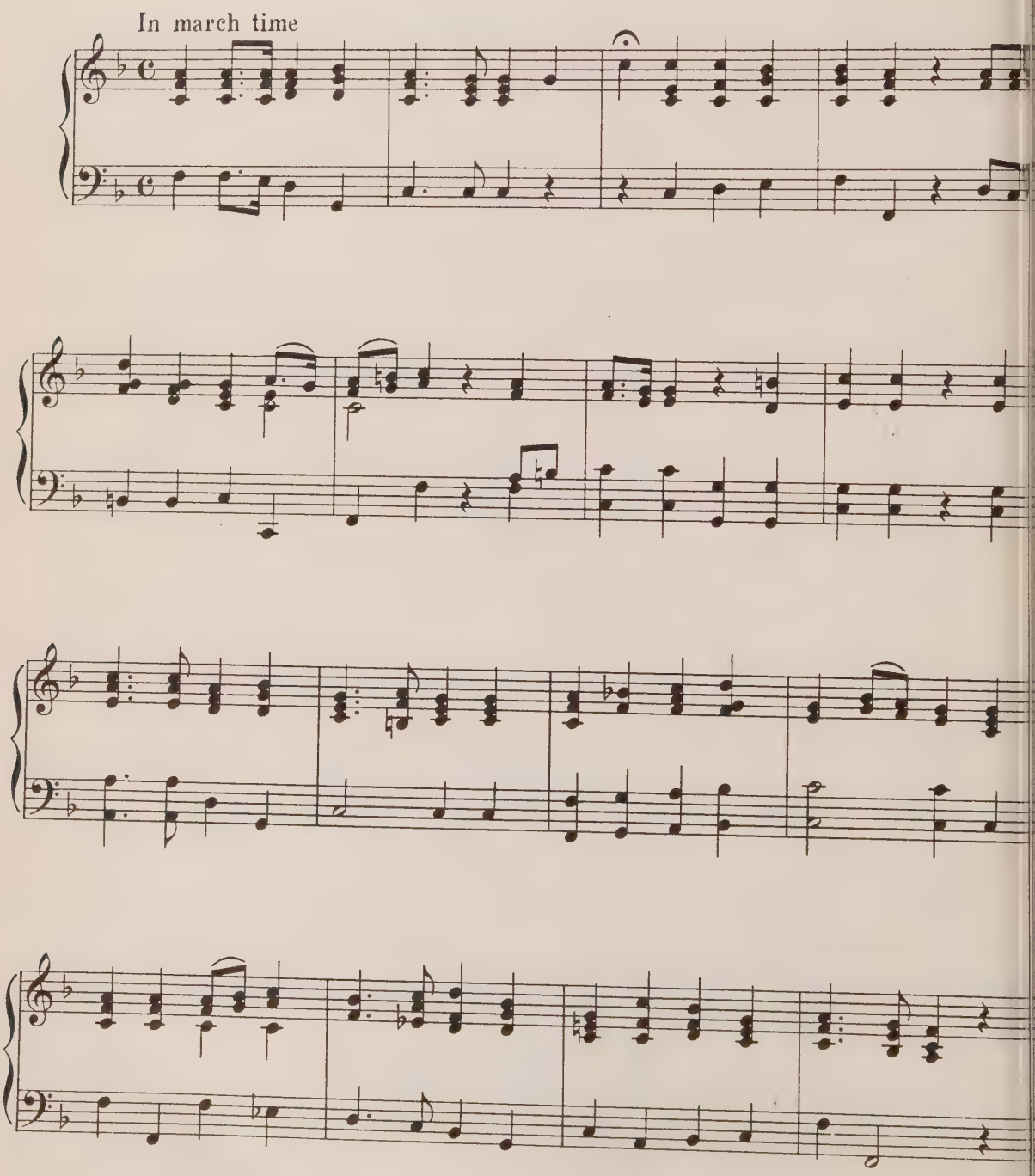
See dem flyin' on a ten-mile heat,
Doodah! doodah!
Round de race-track, den repeat,
Oh! doodah day!
I win my money on de bob-tail nag,
Doodah! doodah!
I keep my money in an old tow bag.
Oh! doodah day!
Chorus Gwine to run. . . . . .

21

CARMEN CARTHUSIANUM*

(CHARTERHOUSE SCHOOL SONG)

W. Horsl



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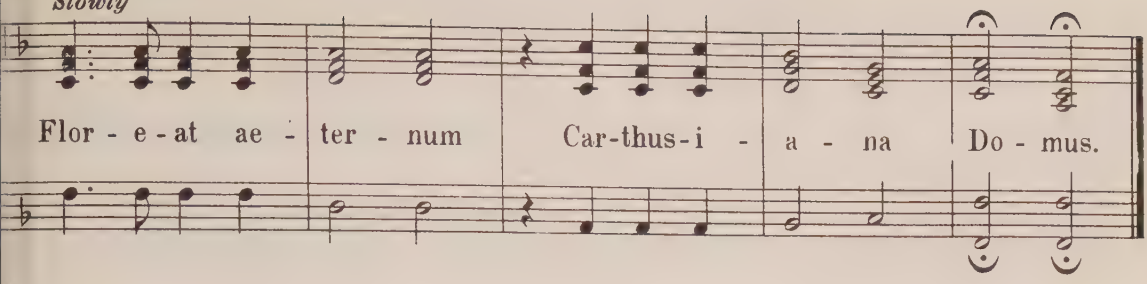
After verse 3

Slowly



1

Laeti laudate Dominum,
Fontem perennem boni,
Recolentes Fundatoris
Memoriam Suttoni.
Omnes laudate Dominum,
Vos quibus singularia
Suttonus dona praebuit
Et domum et bursaria.

2

Senes laudate Dominum,
Reddatis et honorem
Suttono, quibus requies
His datur post laborem.
Pueri, laudate Dominum,
Quoscunque instituit
Suttonus bonis literis
Et pietate imbuit.

3

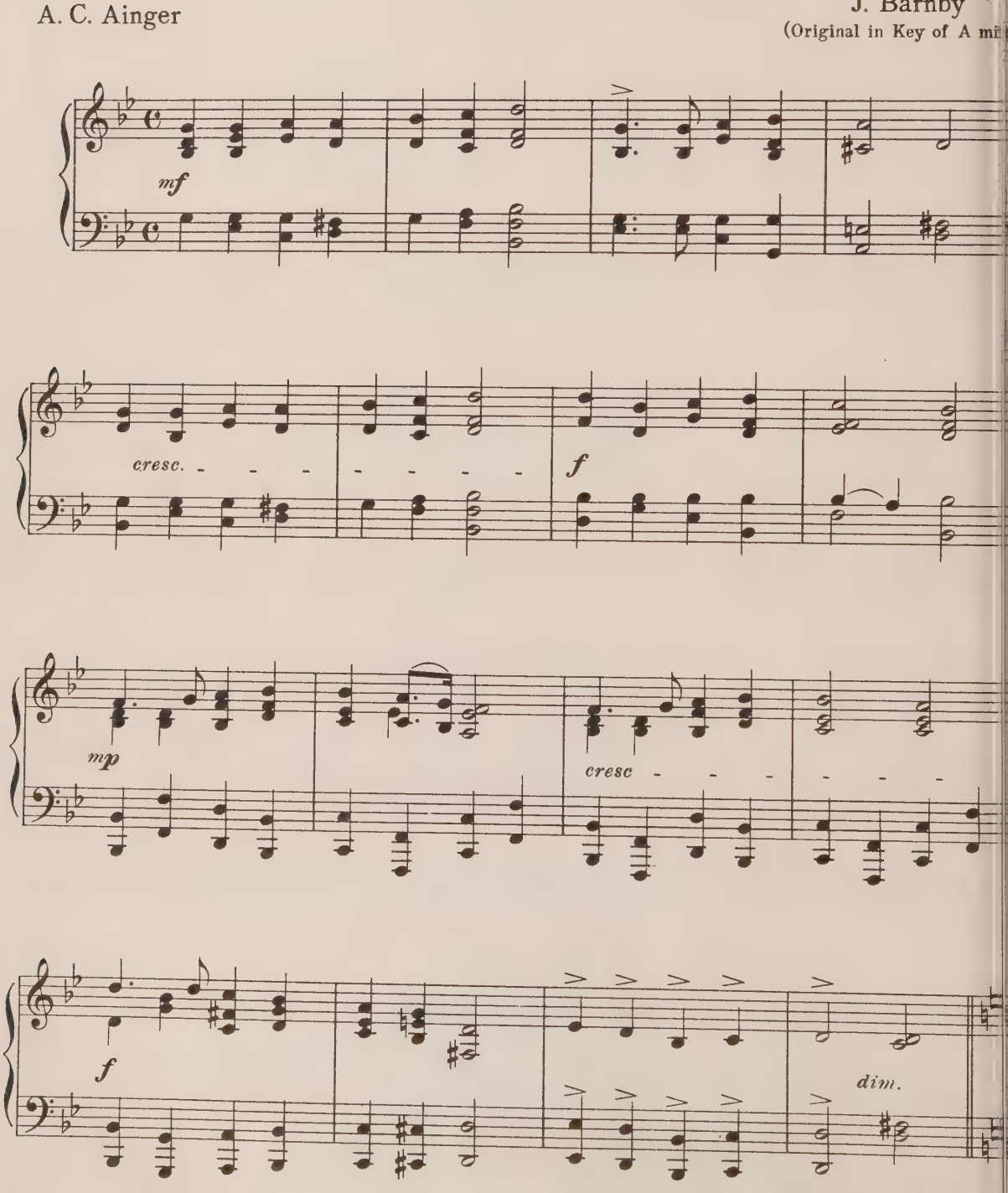
Ergo laudate Dominum
Omnes Carthusiani,
Puerique rus amantes
Et senes oppidani.
Laeti laudate Dominum,
Surgat e choro sonus
O floreat aeternum
Carthusiana Domus.

Floreat aeternum Carthusiana Domus.

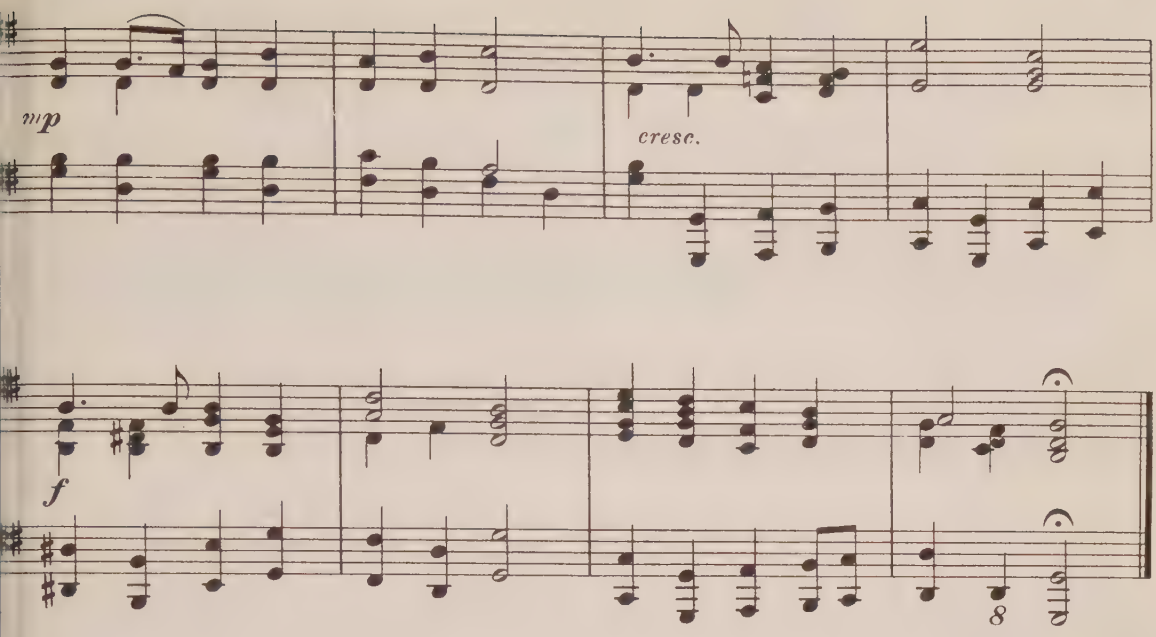
22 CARMEN ETONENSE*

A. C. Ainger

J. Barnby
(Original in Key of A mi



*By kind permission of Messrs Novello & Cº and A.C. Ainger, Esq.



1

Sonent voces omnium
liliorum florem,
digna prosequentium
laude Fundatorem!
Benefacti memores
concinamus, qualis
in alumnos indoles
fuerit regalis.
Donec oras Angliae
Alma lux fovebit,
Floreat Etona!
Floreat! florebit!

2

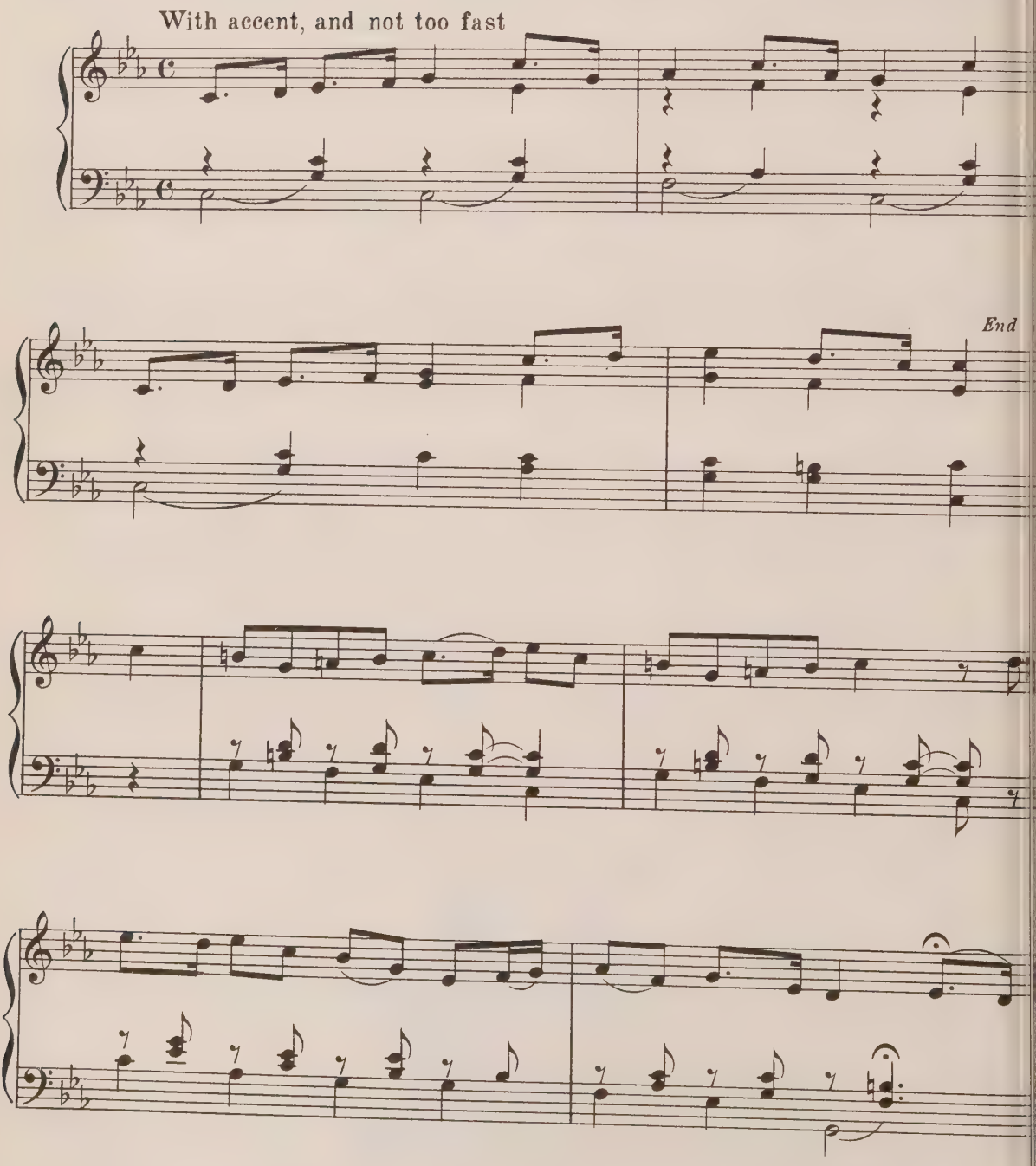
Justam ludus vindicet
cum labore partem!
dulce foedus societ
cum Minerva Martem!
Sive causa gloriae
pila, sive remus,
una laus victoriae–
Matrem exornemus!
Donec oras Angliae
Alma lux fovebit,
Floreat Etona!
Floreat! florebit!

3

Mores Etonensibus
traditos colamus!
traditos parentibus
posteris tradamus!
Posterique posteris,
quotquot ibunt menses,
tradant idem seculis
carmen Etonenses.
Donec oras Angliae
Alma lux fovebit,
Floreat Etona!
Floreat! florebit!

23 CHARLIE IS MY DARLING*

Lady Nairne — Scottish Melo



*This song begins with a chorus, the solo starting at the double bar.

Charlie is my darling, my darling, my darling,
Charlie is my darling, the young Chevalier.

1

'Twas on a Monday morning,
Right early in the year,
When Charlie came to our toun,
The young Chevalier.
Oh! Charlie . . . . .

2

As he came marching up the street,
The pipes play'd loud and clear,
And a' the folk came running out
To meet the Chevalier.
Oh! Charlie . . . . .

3

Wi' Hieland bonnets on their heads,
And claymores bright and clear,
They came to fight for Scotland's right,
And the young Chevalier.
Oh! Charlie . . . . .

4

They've left their bonnie Hieland hills,
Their wives and bairnies dear,
To draw the sword for Scotland's lord,
The young Chevalier.
Oh! Charlie . . . . .

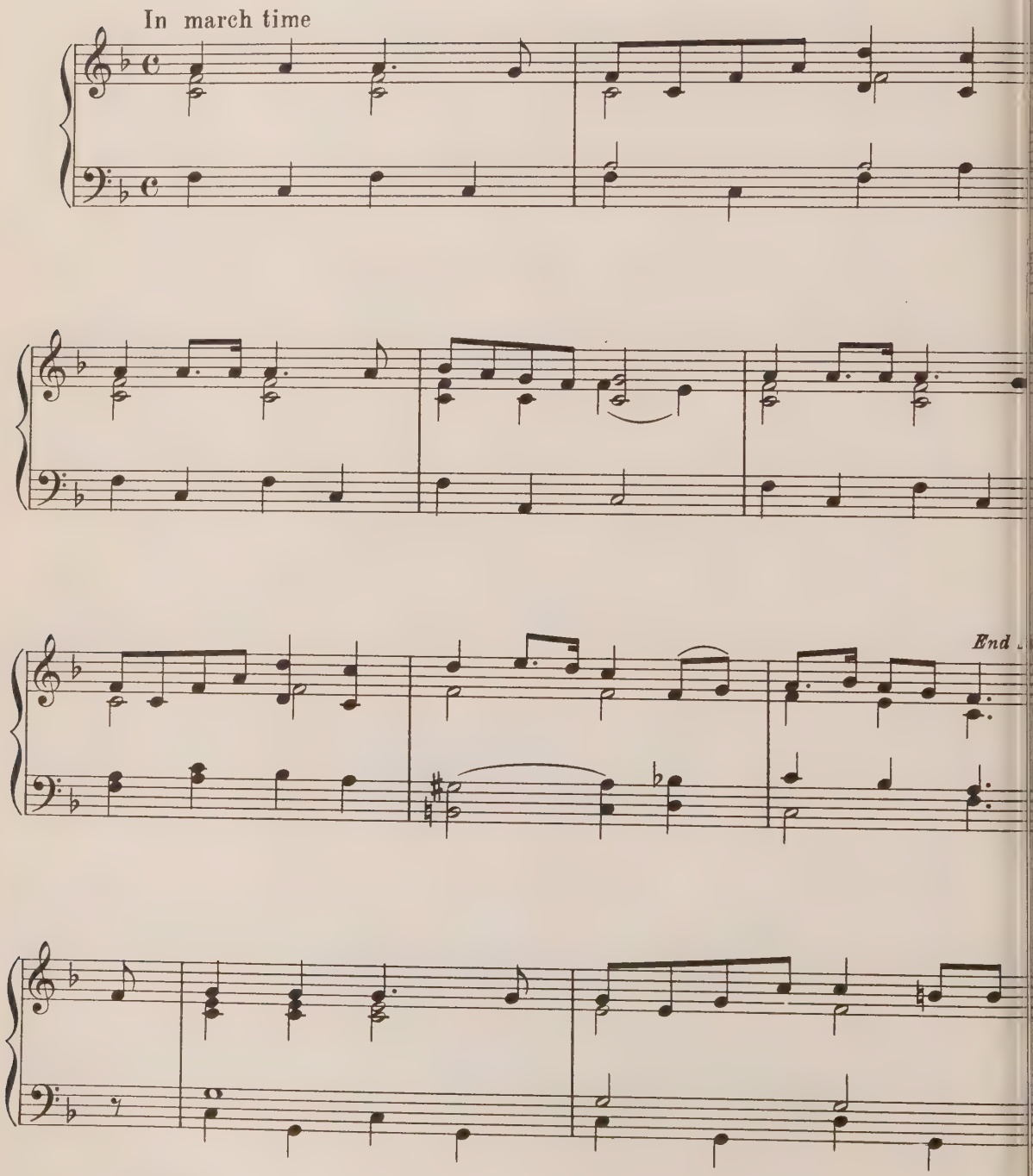
5

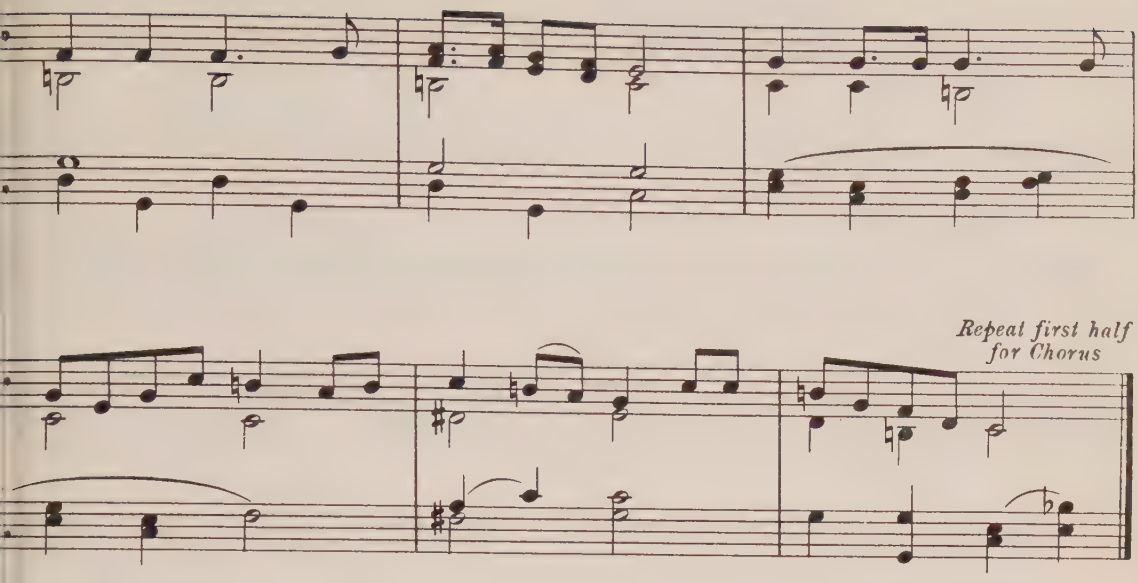
Oh, there were mony beating hearts,
And mony a hope and fear;
And mony were the pray'rs put up
For the young Chevalier.
Oh! Charlie . . . .

24 CHEER! BOYS, CHEER!

Charles Mackay

Henry Russ





1

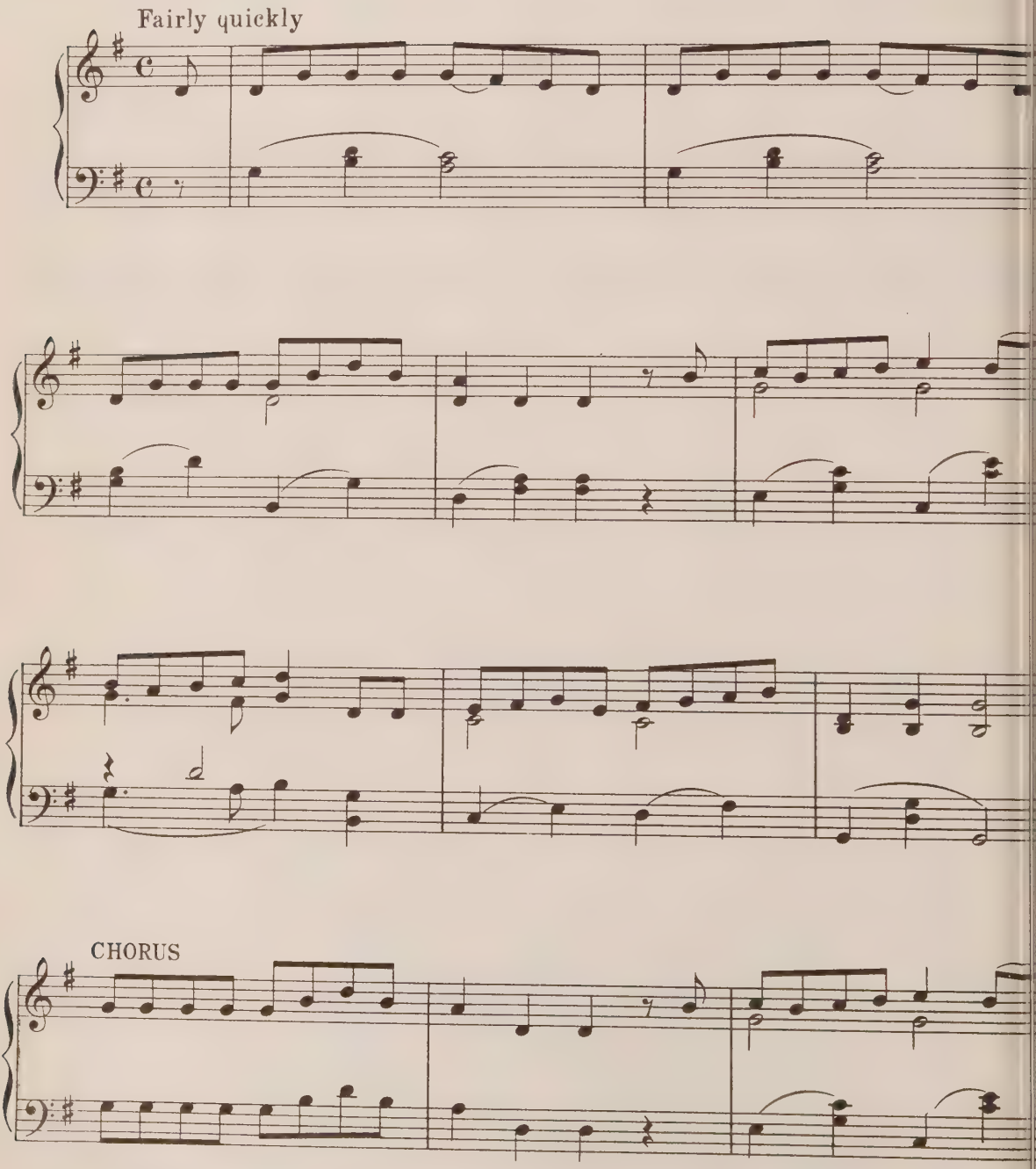
Cheer! boys, cheer! no more of idle sorrow,
Courage, true hearts shall bear us on our way;
Hope points before and shows the bright to-morrow,
Let us forget the darkness of to-day:
So farewell, England, much as we may love thee,
We'll dry the tears that we have shed before.
Why should we weep to sail in search of fortune?
So farewell, England, farewell for evermore!
Cheer! boys, cheer! for country, mother country,
Cheer! boys, cheer! the willing strong right hand:
Cheer! boys, cheer! there's wealth for honest labour!
Cheer! boys, cheer! for the new and happy land.

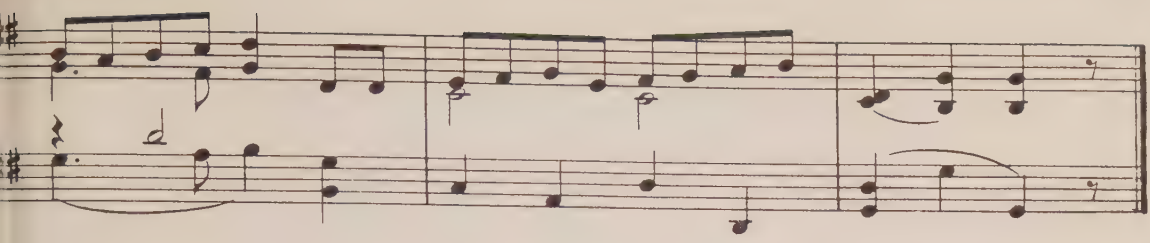
2

Cheer! boys, cheer! the steady breeze is blowing,
To float us freely o'er the ocean's breast.
The world shall follow in the track we're going;
The star of empire glitters in the west.
Here we had toil and little to reward it,
But there shall plenty smile upon our pain;
And ours shall be the prairie and the forest,
And boundless meadows ripe with golden grain.
Cheer! boys, cheer! for country, mother country,
Cheer! boys, cheer! united heart and hand;
Cheer! boys; cheer! there's wealth for honest labour!
Cheer! boys, cheer! for the new and happy land.

25 THE CHESAPEKE AND THE SHANNON

Traditional (c. 1812) "Pretty Girl of Derby"





1

The Chesapeke so bold out of Boston, I am told,
Came to take a British frigate neat and handy, O!
The people of the port came out to see the sport,
With their music playing Yankee doodle dandy, O!
Yankee doodle, Yankee doodle dandy, O!
The people of the port came out to see the sport,
With their music playing Yankee doodle dandy, O!

2

The British frigate's name, that for the purpose came
To tame the Yankees' courage neat and handy, O!
Was the Shannon, Captain Broke, with his crew all hearts of oak,
And in fighting, you must know, he was the dandy, O!
Yankee doodle, &c.

3

The fight had scarce begun when the Yankees, with much fun,
Said, "We'll tow her into Boston neat and handy, O!
And I 'kalkilate' we'll dine, with our lasses drinking wine,
And we'll dance the jig of Yankee doodle dandy, O!"
Yankee doodle, &c.

4

But they soon every one flinched from the gun,
Which at first they thought to use so neat and handy, O!
Brave Broke, he waved his sword, crying, "Now, my lads, let's board,
And we'll stop their playing Yankee doodle dandy, O!"
Yankee doodle, &c.

5

He scarce had said the word, when they all jump'd on board,
And they hauled down the ensign neat and handy, O!
Notwithstanding all their brag, the glorious British flag
At the Yankees' mizen-peak it looked the dandy, O!
Yankee doodle, &c.

6

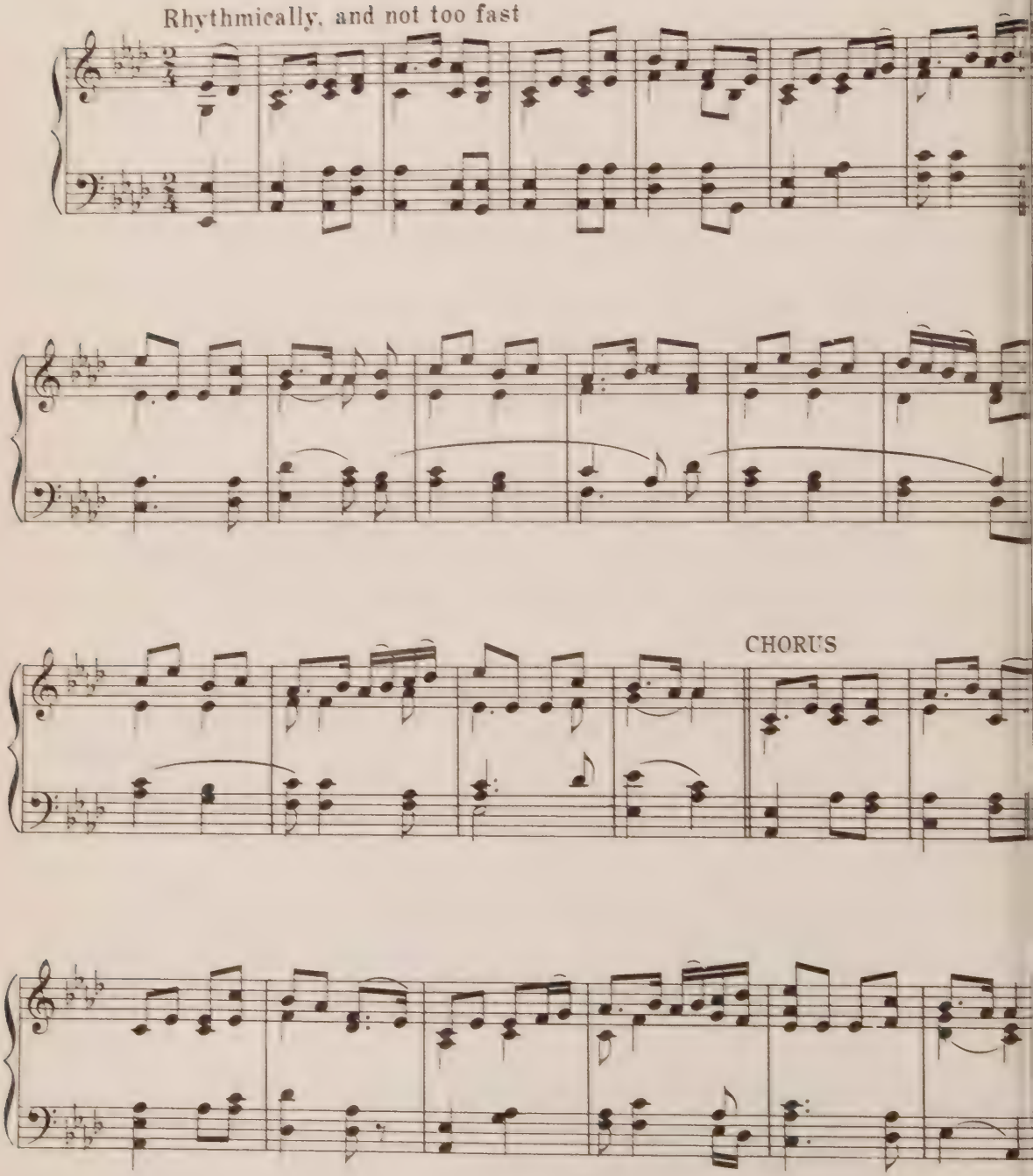
Then here's to all true blue, both officers and crew,
Who tamed the Yankees' courage neat and handy, O!
And may it ever prove in battle, as in love,
The true British sailor is the dandy, O!
Yankee doodle, &c.

26 CLARE'S DRAGOONS

Thomas Davis

Vivo

Rhythmically, and not too fast



1

When, on Ramillies' bloody field,
The baffled French were forced to yield,
The victor Saxon backward reeled
  Before the charge of Clare's Dragoons.
The flags we conquered in that fray
Look lone in Ypres' choir, they say,
We'll win them company to-day,
  Or bravely die like Clare's Dragoons.
Chorus *Viva la,* for Ireland's wrong!
    Viva la, for Ireland's right!
  Viva la, in battled throng,
    For a Spanish steed and sabre bright!

2

The brave old lord died near the fight,
But, for each drop he lost that night,
A Saxon cavalier shall bite
  The dust before Lord Clare's Dragoons.
For never, when our spurs were set,
And never, when our sabres met,
Could we the Saxon soldiers get
  To stand the shock of Clare's Dragoons.
    Viva la, the New Brigade!
      Viva la, the Old One, too!
    Viva la, the rose shall fade,
      And the Shamrock shine for ever new!

3

There's not a man in squadron here
Was ever known to flinch or fear;
Though first in charge and last in rere
  Have ever been Lord Clare's Dragoons;
But see! we'll soon have work to do,
To shame our boasts, or prove them true,
For hither comes the English crew,
  To sweep away Lord Clare's Dragoons.
    Chorus of v. 1.

4

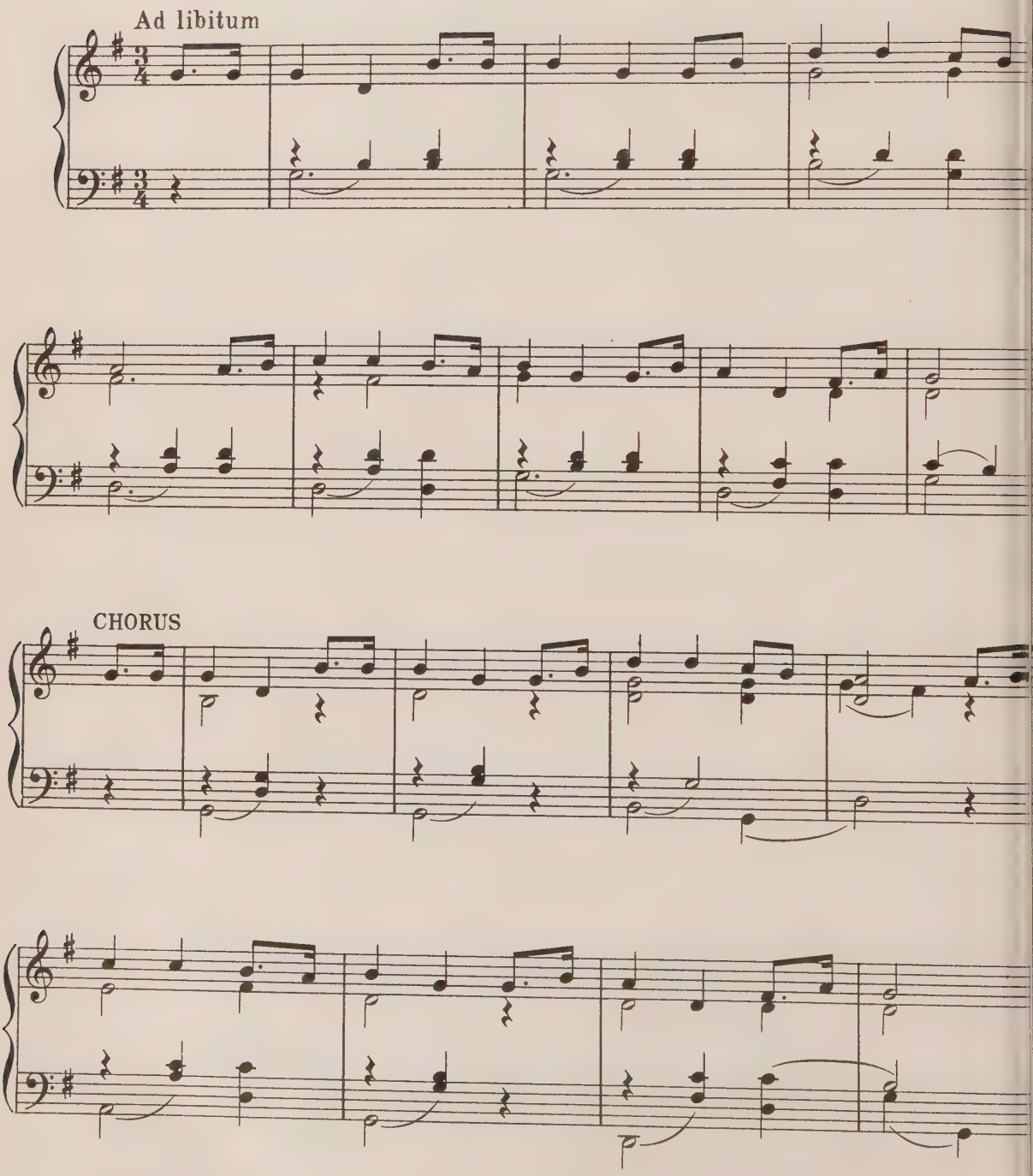
Oh! Comrades! think how Ireland pines
Her exiled lords, her rifled shrines,
Her dearest hope the ordered lines
  And bursting charge of Clare's Dragoons.
Then fling your Green Flag to the sky,
Be "Limerick" your battle-cry,
And charge, till blood floats fetlock-high
  Around the track of Clare's Dragoons.
    Chorus of v. 2.

27

CLEMENTINE*

Percy Montrose

Percy Montro



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1

In a cavern, in a canyon,
Excavating for a mine,
Dwelt a miner, forty-niner,
And his daughter Clementine.

Chorus Oh my darling, oh my darling, oh my darling Clementine!
Thou art lost and gone for ever, Dreadful sorry, Clementine.

2

Light she was and like a fairy,
And her shoes were number nine;
Herring-boxes, without topses,
Sandals were for Clementine.
Oh my darling . . . .

3

Drove she ducklings to the water
Ev'ry morning, just at nine;
Hit her foot against a splinter,
Fell into the foaming brine.
Oh my darling . . . .

4

Saw her lips above the water
Blowing bubbles mighty fine;
But alas! I was no swimmer,
So I lost my Clementine.
Oh my darling . . . .

5

In a corner of the churchyard,
Where the myrtle boughs entwine,
Grow the roses in their posies
Fertilized by Clementine.
Oh my darling . . . .

6

Then the miner, forty-niner,
Soon began to peak and pine,
Thought he "oughter jine" his daughter.
Now he's with his Clementine.
Oh my darling . . . .

7

In my dreams she still doth haunt me,
Robed in garments soaked in brine;
Though in life I used to hug her,
Now she's dead I'll draw the line.
Oh my darling . . . .

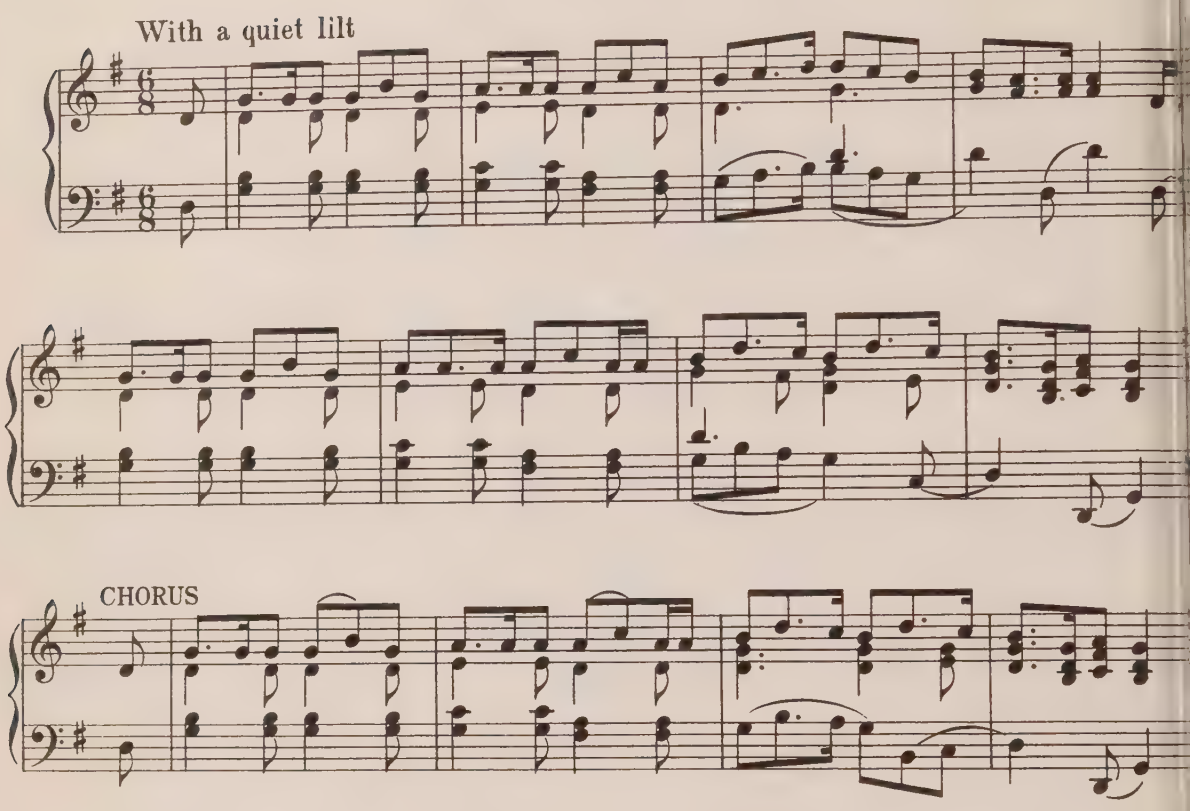
8

How I missed her, how I missed her,
How I missed my Clementine!
But I kissed her little sister,
And forgot my Clementine.
Oh my darling . . . .

28 COCKLES AND MUSSELS

Unknown

Old Irish Melo



1

In Dublin's fair city, where girls are so pretty,
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone,
As she wheeled her wheelbarrow through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, Cockles and mussels! alive, alive oh!
Chorus Alive, alive, oh! alive, alive, oh!
Crying, Cockles and mussels, alive, alive oh!

2

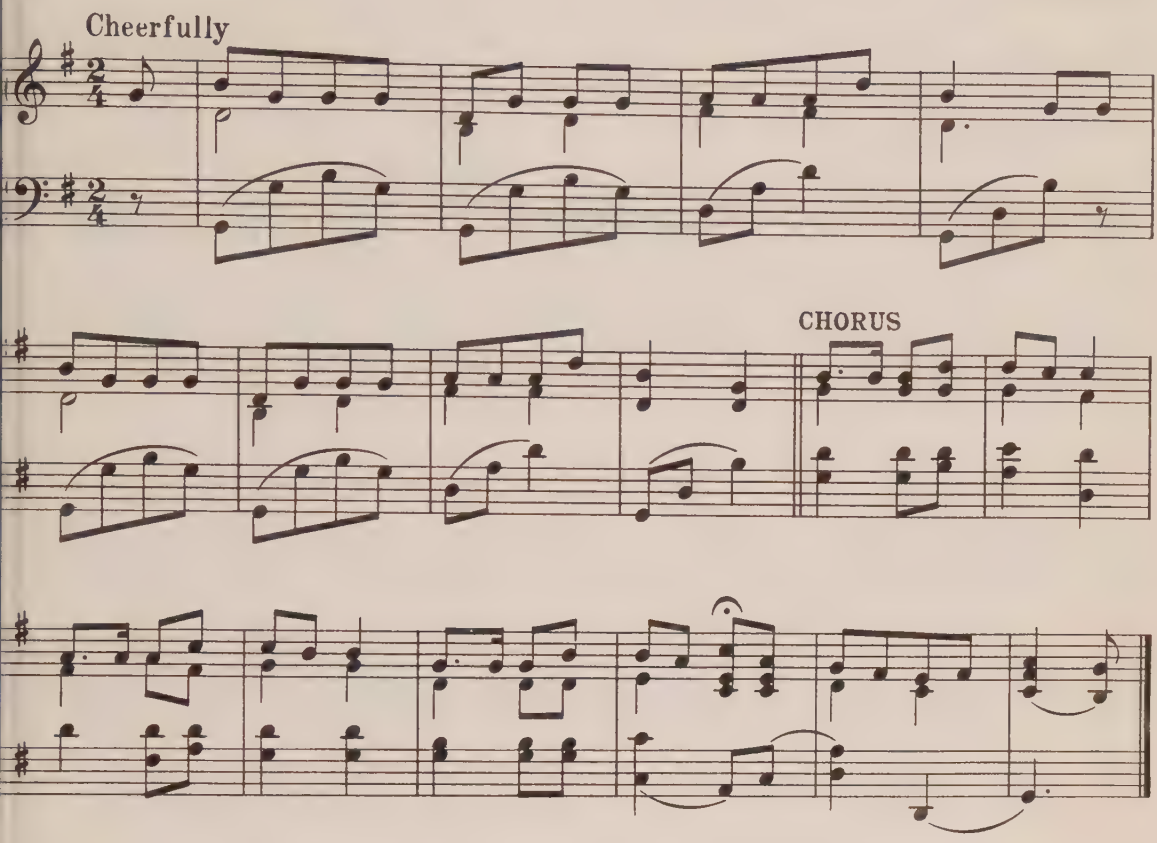
She was a fishmonger, but sure 'twas no wonder,
For so were her father and mother before;
And they each wheeled their barrow through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, Cockles and mussels, alive, alive oh!
Chorus Alive, alive, oh! . . . . . .

3

She died of a faver, and no one could save her,
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone;
Her ghost wheels her barrow through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, Cockles and mussels, alive, alive oh!
Chorus Alive, alive, oh! . . . . . .

COME, LANDLORD, FILL THE FLOWING BOWL*

known

Unknown

1

Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl
Until it doth run over,
Come, landlord, fill the flowing bowl
Until it doth run over.

Chorus

For to-night we'll merry be,
For to-night we'll merry be,
For to-night we'll merry be,
To-morrow we'll be sober.

2

The man who drinketh small beer,
And goes to bed quite sober,
Fades as the leaves do fade,
That drop off in October.
rus For to-night we'll merry be, . . .

3

The man who drinketh strong beer,
And goes to bed right mellow,
Lives as he ought to live,
And dies a jolly good fellow.
Chorus For to-night we'll merry be, . .

4

But he who drinks just what he likes,
And getteth half-seas over,
Will live until he die, perhaps,
And then lie down in clover.
Chorus For to-night we'll merry be, . .

5

The man who kisses a pretty girl,
And goes and tells his mother,
Ought to have his lips cut off,
And never kiss another.
Chorus For to-night we'll merry be, . .

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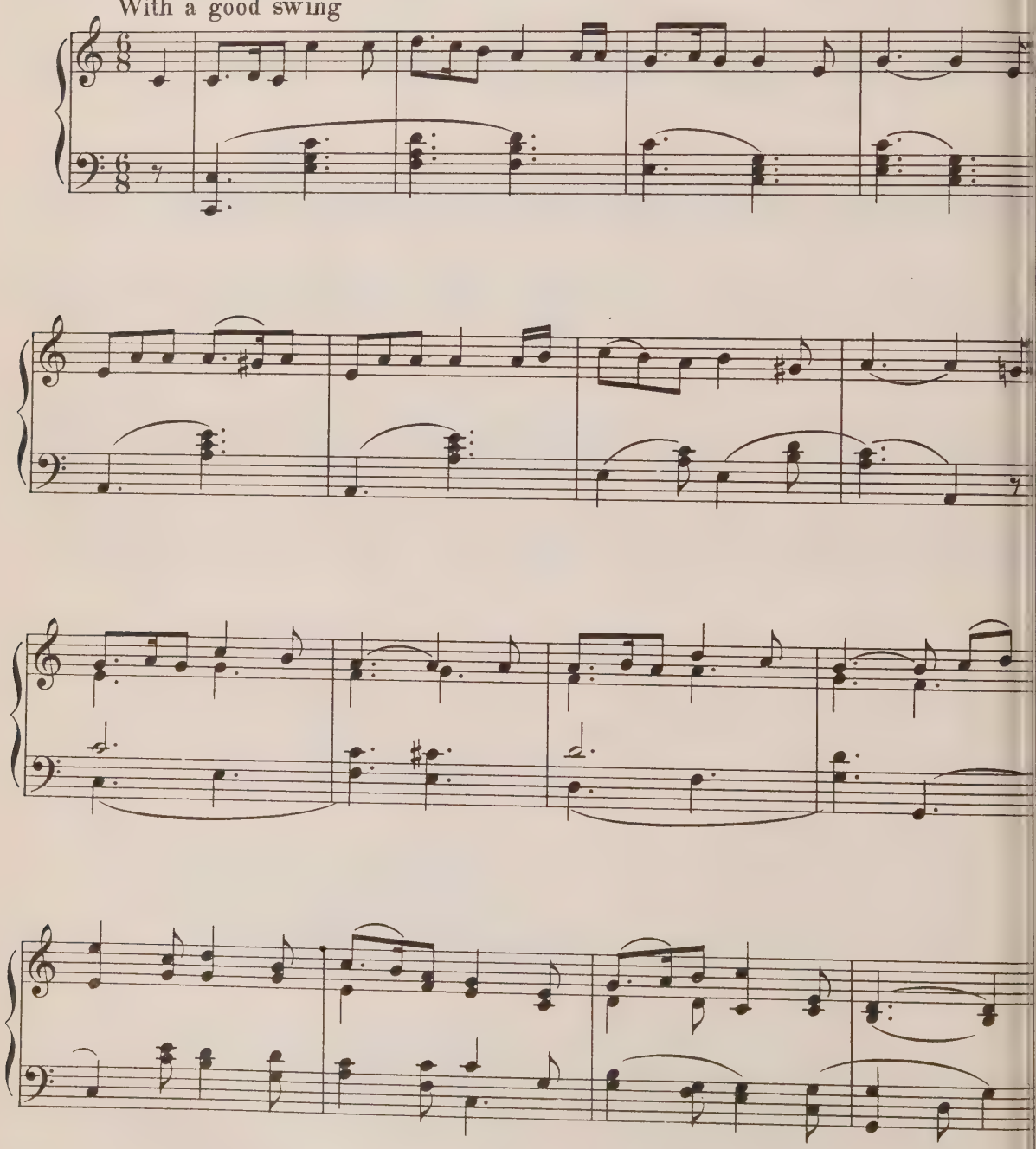
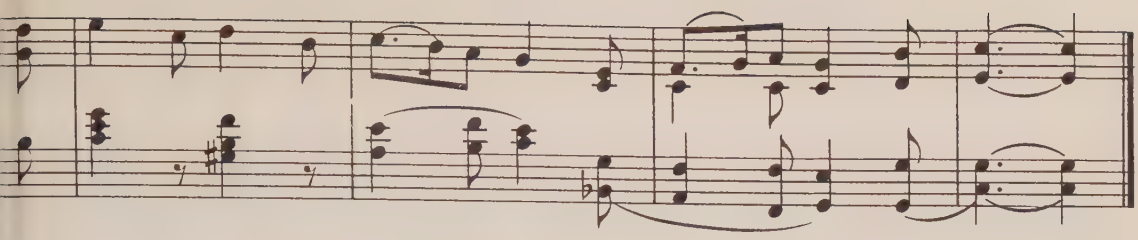
30 COME LASSES AND LADS

Traditional

Traditional (c. 1

With a good swing



1

Come lasses and lads, get leave of your dads,
And away to the Maypole hie,
For every he has got him a she,
And the fiddler's standing by;
For Willie shall dance with Jane,
And Johnny has got his Joan,
To trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it, trip it up and down.
Chorus To trip it, &c.

2

"You're out," says Dick; "Not I," says Nick,
"'Twas the fiddler played it wrong;"
"'Tis true," says Hugh, and so says Sue,
And so says every one.
The fiddler then began
To play the tune again,
And every girl did trip it, trip it, trip it to the men.
Chorus And every girl, &c.

3

And there they sat until it was late,
And tired the fiddler quite
With singing and playing, without any paying,
From morning until night.
They told the fiddler then,
They'd pay him for his play,
And each a twopence, twopence, twopence, gave him and went away.
Chorus And each a, &c.

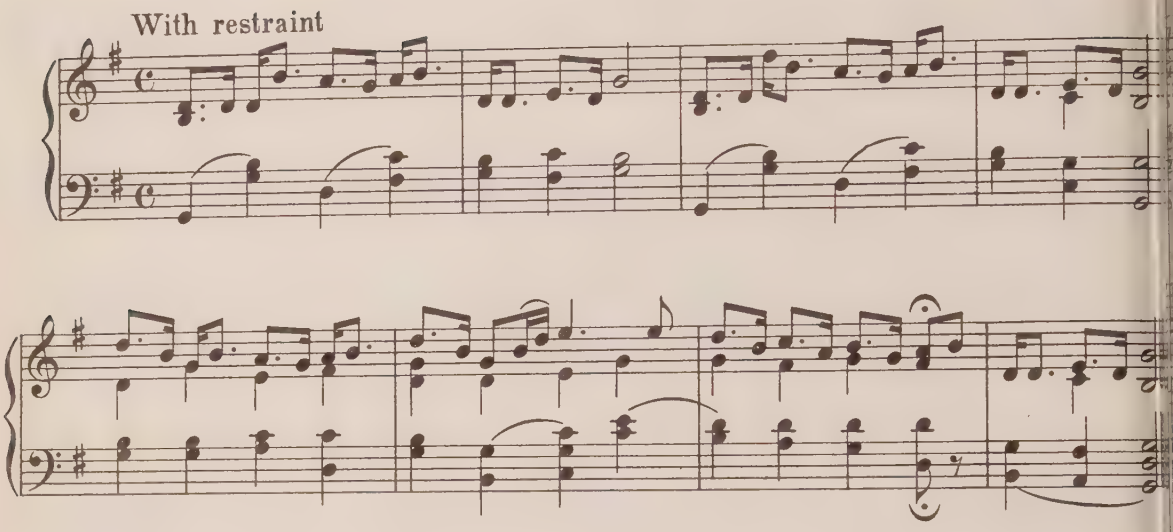
4

"Good night," says Harry; "Good night," says Mary;
"Good night," says Poll to John;
"Good night," says Sue; "Good night," says Hugh;
"Good night," says every one.
Some walked and some did run,
Some loitered on the way,
And bound themselves by kisses twelve, to meet next holiday.
Chorus And bound themselves, &c.

31 COMIN' THRO' THE RYE

Traditional

Traditional



1

Gin a body meet a body,
Comin' thro' the rye,
Gin a body greet a body
Need a body cry?
Chorus Ilka lassie has her laddie
Ne'er a ane hae I;
But a' the lads they smile on me
When comin' thro' the rye.

2

Gin a body meet a body,
Comin' frae the well
Gin a body kiss a body
Need a body tell?
Chorus Ilka lassie . . . . . .

3

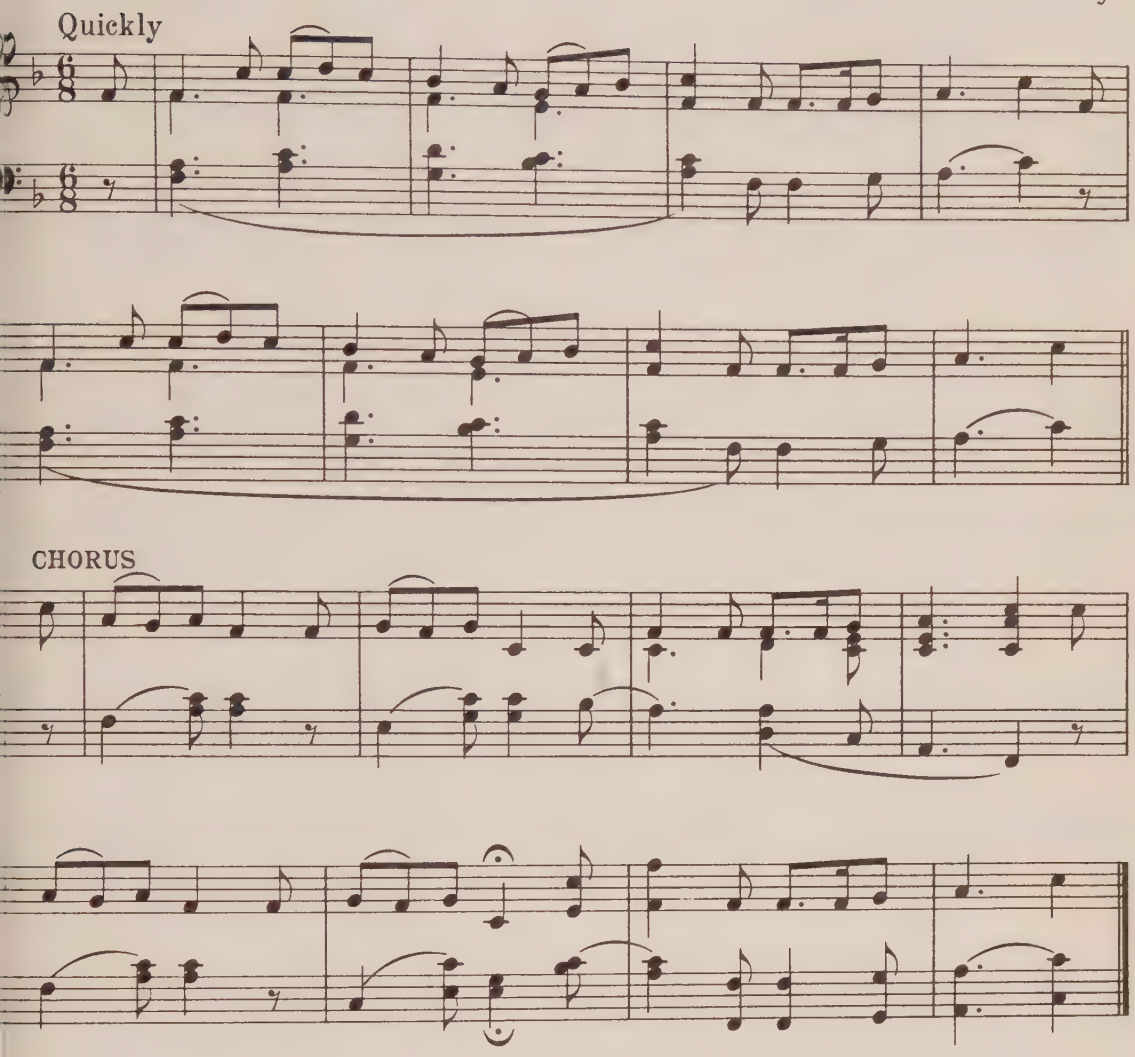
Gin a body meet a body,
Comin' frae the town,
Gin a body kiss a body
Need a body gloom?
Chorus Ilka lassie . . . . . .

4

Amang the train there is a swain
I dearly lo'e mysel':–
But whaur his hame, or what his name,
I dinna care to tell.
Chorus Ilka lassie . . . . . .

THE DEIL'S AWA WI' THE EXCISEMAN

Old Scottish Melody



1

Deil cam fiddling thro' the town,
nd danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman;
ilka wife cried "Auld Mahoun,
e wish you luck o' your prize, man."

Chorus

he Deil's awa, the Deil's awa,
The Deil's awa wi' the Exciseman;
e's danc'd awa, he's danc'd awa,
He's danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman.

2

We'll mak' our maut, and brew our drink,
We'll dance, and sing, and rejoice, man;
And mony thanks to the muckle black Deil
That danc'd awa wi' the Exciseman.
Chorus The Deil's awa, ...

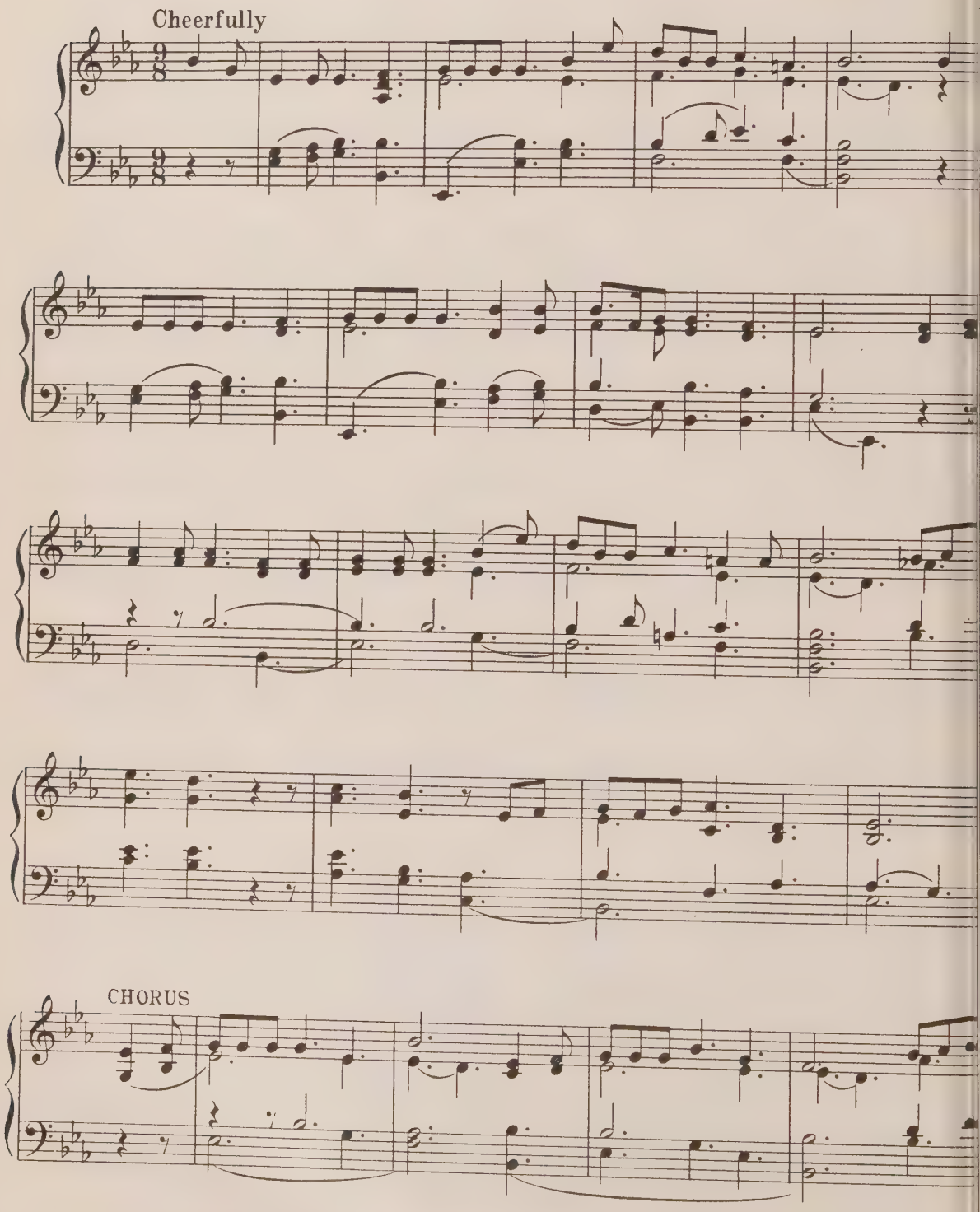
3

There's threesome reels, and foursome reels,
There's hornpipes and strathspeys, man;
But the ae best dance e'er cam to our lan',
Was– the Deil's awa wi' the Exciseman.
Chorus The Deil's awa, ...

33 THE COTTAGE WELL THATCHED WITH STRAW

Devon

Dev



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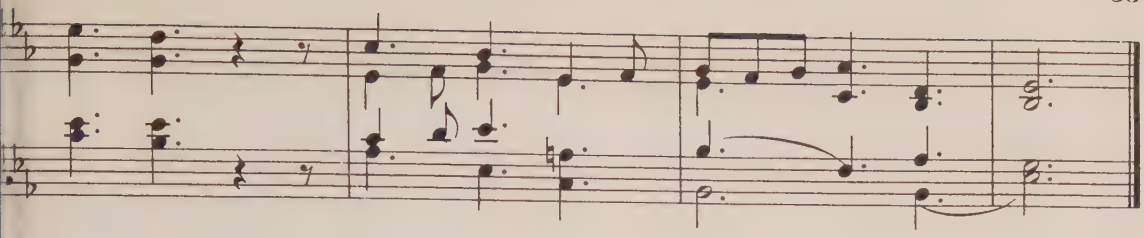


1

In the days of yore, there sat at his door,
An old farmer and thus sang he,
"With my pipe and my glass. I wish every class
On the earth were as well as me!"
For he envied not any man his lot,
The richest, the proudest he saw,
For he had home-brew'd,—brown bread,—
And a cottage well thatch'd with straw.
Chorus And a cottage well thatch'd with straw,
And a cottage well thatch'd with straw,
For he had home-brew'd,—brown bread,—
And a cottage well thatch'd with straw.

2

"My dear old dad this snug cottage had,
And he got it, I'll tell you how.
He won it, I wot, with the best coin got,
With the sweat of an honest brow.
Then says my old dad, Be careful, lad,
To keep out of the lawyer's claw;
So you'll have home-brew'd,—brown bread,—
And a cottage well thatch'd with straw.
Chorus And a cottage well thatch'd with straw, ...

3

"The ragged, the torn, from my door I don't turn,
But I give them a crust of brown;
And a drop of good ale, my lad, without fail,
For to wash the brown crust down.
Tho' rich I may be, it may chance to me,
That misfortune should spoil my store,
So– I'd lack home-brew'd,—brown bread,—
And a cottage well thatch'd with straw.
Chorus And a cottage well thatch'd with straw, ...

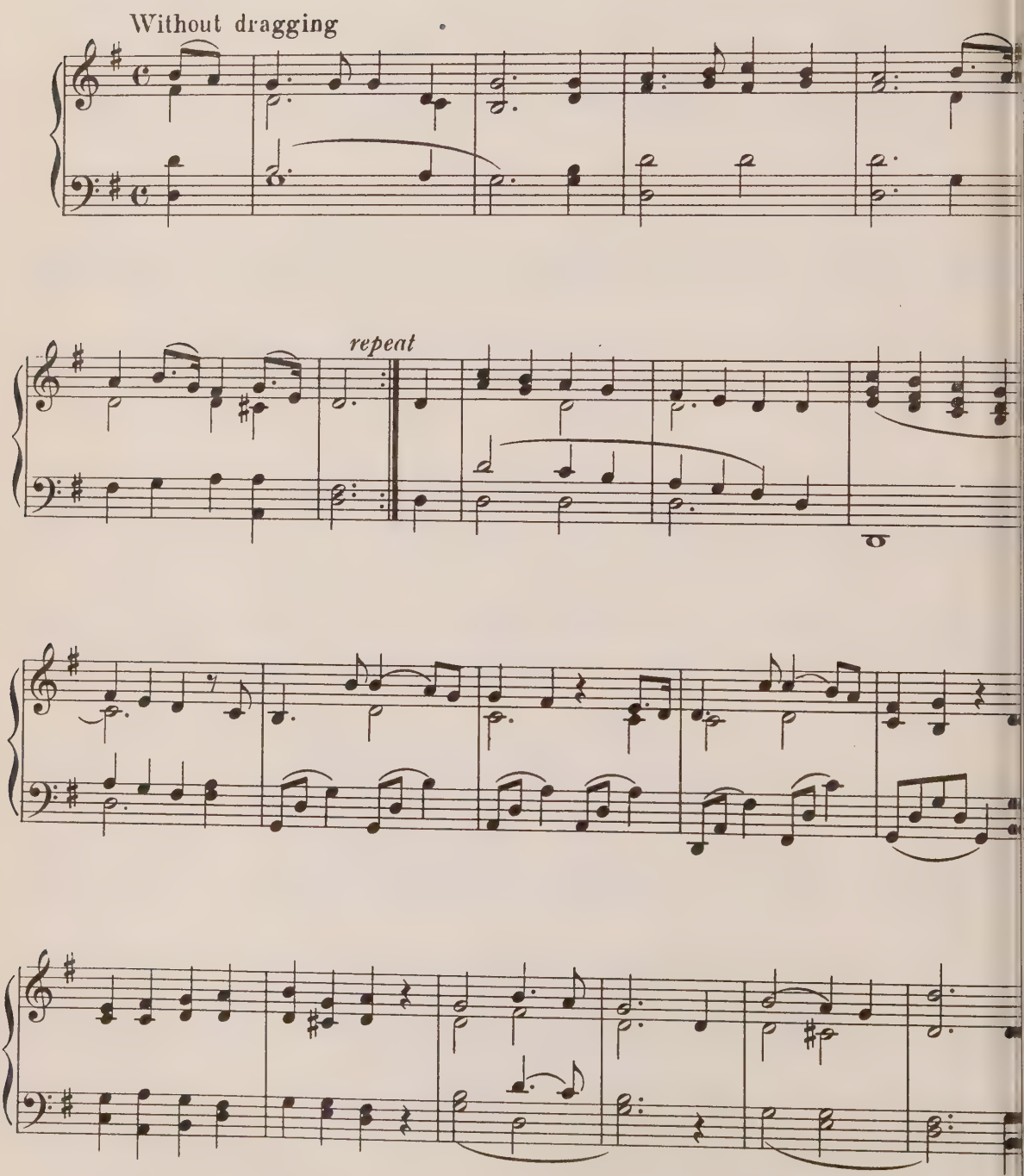
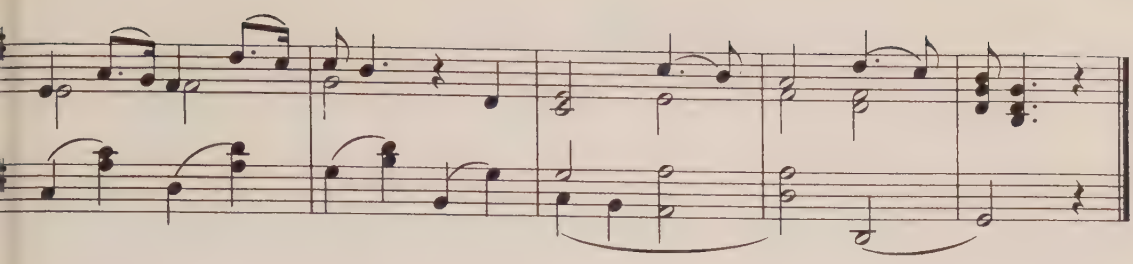
4

"Then in frost and snow to the Church I go,
No matter the weather how,
And the service and prayer that I put up there
Is to Him who speeds the plough.
Sunday saints, i' feck, who cheat all the week,
With a ranting and canting jaw,
Not for them is my home-brew'd,—brown bread,—
And my cottage well thatch'd with straw.
Chorus And my cottage well thatch'd with straw, ..."

34 THE DEATH OF NELSON

S. J. Arnold

Unknov



'Twas in Trafalgar's bay
We saw the Frenchmen lay;
  Each heart was bounding then:
We scorn'd the foreign yoke,
For our ships were British oak,
  And hearts of oak our men!
Our Nelson mark'd them on the wave,
Three cheers our gallant seamen gave,
  Nor thought of home or beauty; (*twice*)
Along the line this signal ran:–
    "England expects that every man
    This day will do his duty!" (*twice*)

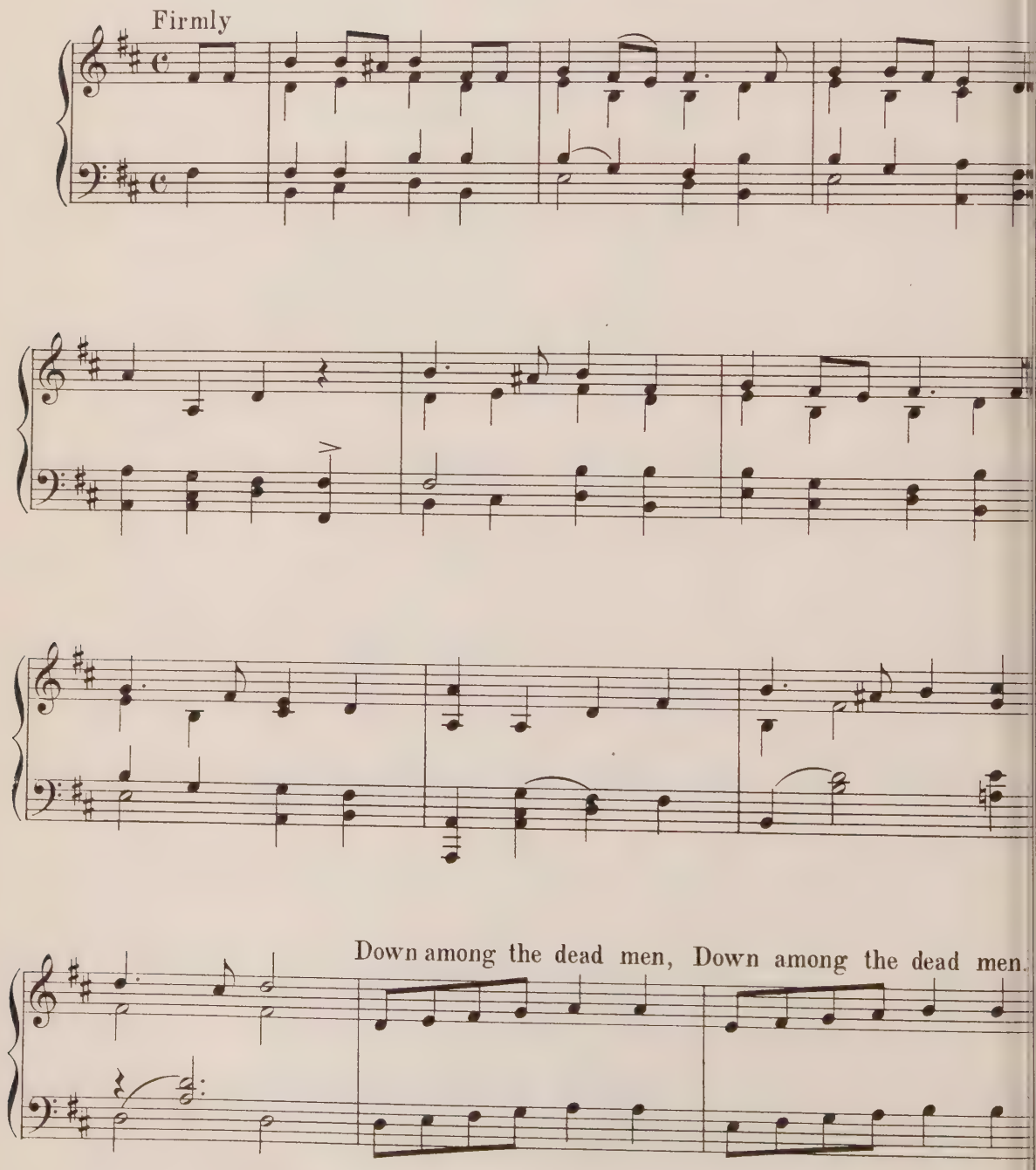
And now the cannons roar
Along th' affrighted shore,–
  Our Nelson led the way;
His ship the Vict'ry named,
Long be that Vict'ry fam'd,
  For Vict'ry crown'd the day!
But dearly was that conquest bought,
Too well the gallant Hero fought
  For England, home, and beauty; (*twice*)
He cried, as 'midst the fire he ran,
    "England shall find that every man
    This day will do his duty!" (*twice*)

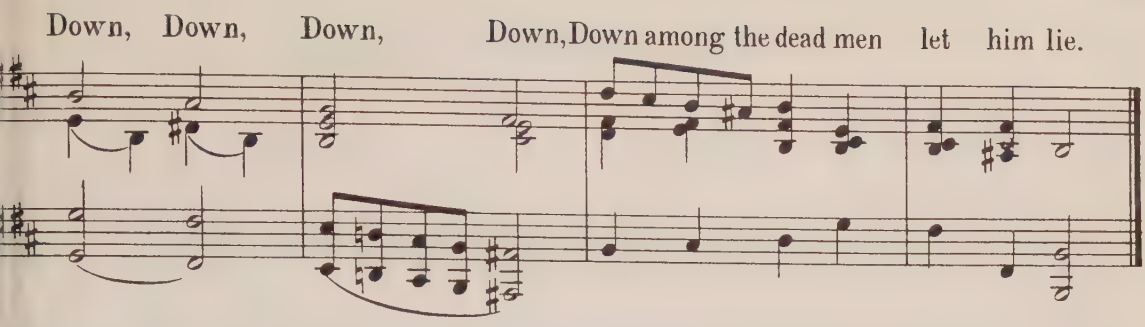
At last the fatal wound,
Which spread dismay around,
  The Hero's breast receiv'd;
"Heav'n fights upon our side;
The day's our own," he cried!
  "Now long enough I've lived!
In honour's cause my life was passed,
In honour's cause I fall at last,
  For England, home, and beauty!" (*twice*)
Thus ending life as he began,
    England confess'd that every man
    That day had done his duty! (*twice*)

35 DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN

John Dyer

Old English Melo





1

Here's a health to the King, and a lasting peace,
To faction an end, to wealth increase;
Come, let's drink it while we have breath,
For there's no drinking after death.
And he that will this health deny.
Down among the dead men let him lie.

2

Let charming beauty's health go round,
In whom celestial joys are found;
And may confusion still pursue
The senseless woman-hating crew;
And they that woman's health deny,
Down among the dead men let them lie.

3

In smiling Bacchus' joys I'll roll,
Deny no pleasure to my soul;
Let Bacchus' health round briskly move,
For Bacchus is a friend to Love.
And he that will this health deny,
Down among the dead men let him lie.

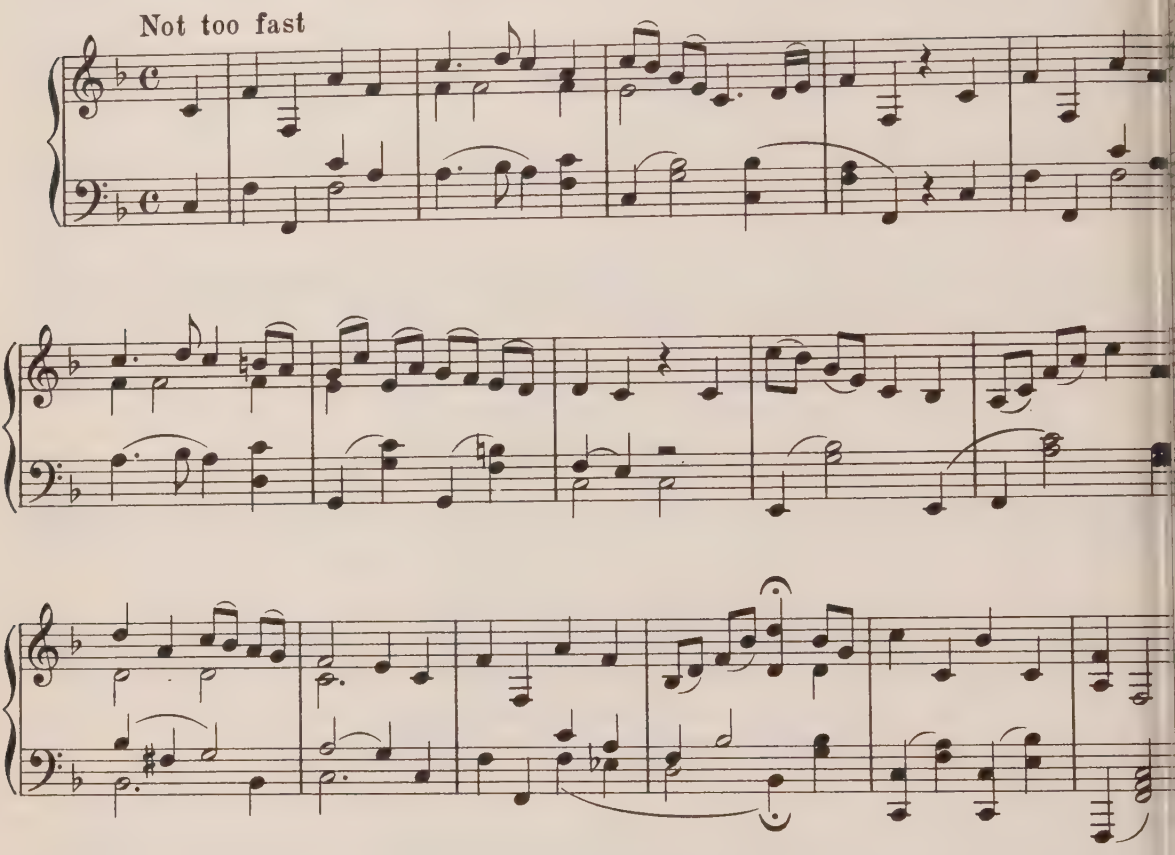
4

May love and wine their rites maintain,
And their united pleasures reign;
While Bacchus' treasure crowns the board,
We'll sing the joys that both afford;
And they that won't with us comply,
Down among the dead men let them lie.

36 DRINKING

Rendered into English by S. T. W.
from the German of Carl Müchler

Fischer, 18



1

Within the cellar's cool domain
I exercise my sway, sir.
Of Burgundy the Soverain
And County of Tokay, sir:
My rubies stir in every flask
Should I but set it clinking.
Come, tapster, broach your noblest cask
For my drinking, drinking, drinking.

2

That imp of hell, yclepèd Thirst,
For me may ramp and raven;
But let the creature threat his worst
I'm safe within a tavern.
The fiend at bay, the wine at hand,
Here will I sit a-thinking–
The quietest man in all the land
While I'm drinking, drinking, drink

3

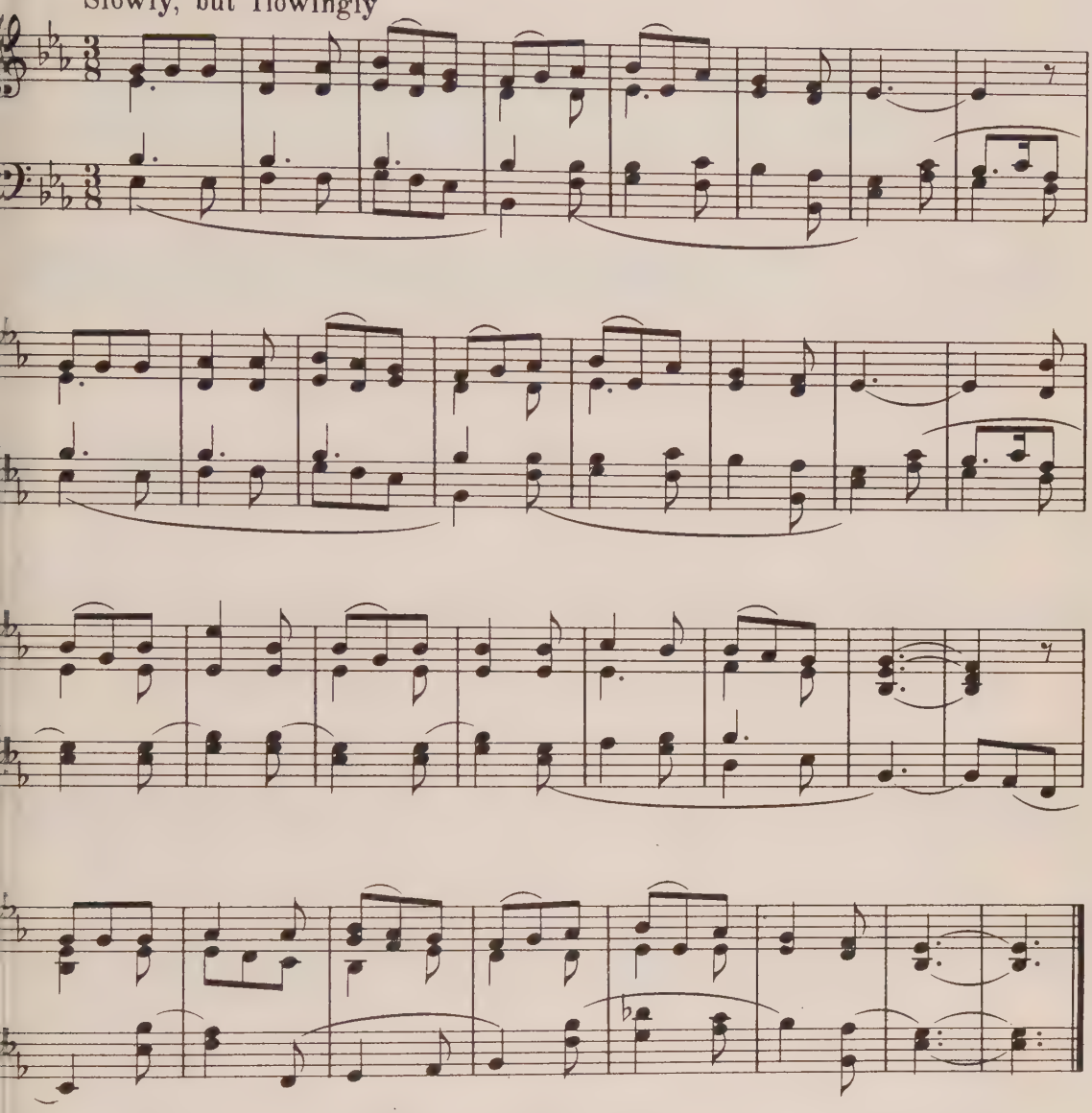
A pox on this same thirst of mine!
I'll give the wretch no quarter,
But souse him well in Rhenish wine
Instead of holy water.
And when from out the firmament
The jolly sun is sinking
I'll sink with him, my day well-spent
In drinking, drinking, drinking.

DRINK TO ME ONLY

Jonson

Traditional

Slowly, but flowingly



1

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup
And I'll not look for wine;
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine,
But might I of Jove's nectar sup
I would not change for thine.

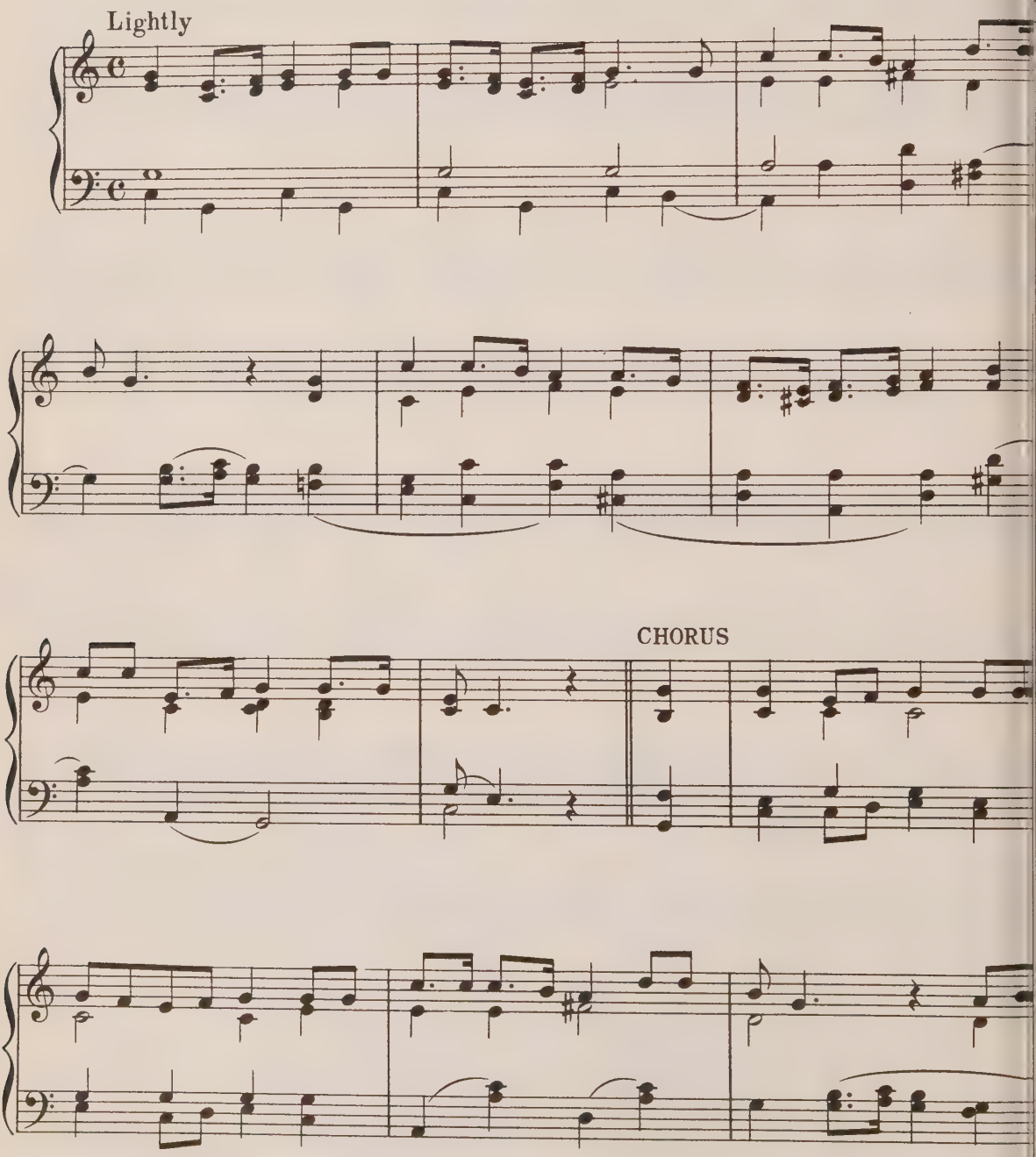
2

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee;
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be;
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me,
Since when it grows and smells, I swear,
Not of itself but thee.

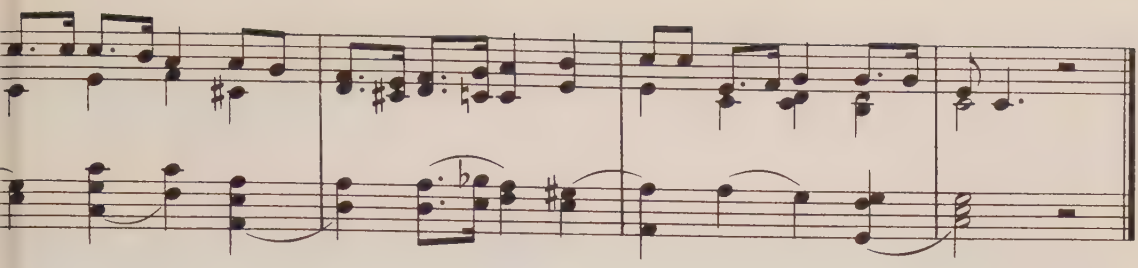
38 DRINK, PUPPY, DRINK*

G. J. Whyte-Melville

G. J. Whyte-Melvi



*By kind permission of Messrs Chappell & Co



1

Here's to the fox in his earth below the rocks!
And here's to the line that we follow,
And here's to the hound with his nose upon the ground,
Tho' merrily we whoop and we holloa!
Then drink, puppy, drink, and let ev'ry puppy drink,
That is old enough to lap and to swallow;
For he'll grow into a hound, so we'll pass the bottle round,
And merrily we'll whoop and we'll holloa.

2

Here's to the horse, and the rider too, of course;
And here's to the rally o' the hunt, boys;
Here's a health to every friend, who can struggle to the end,
And here's to the Tally-ho in front, boys.
Then drink, puppy, drink . . . . .

3

Here's to the gap, and the timber that we rap,
Here's to the white thorn, and the black, too;
And here's to the pace that puts life into the chase,
And the fence that gives a moment to the pack, too.
Then drink, puppy, drink . . . . .

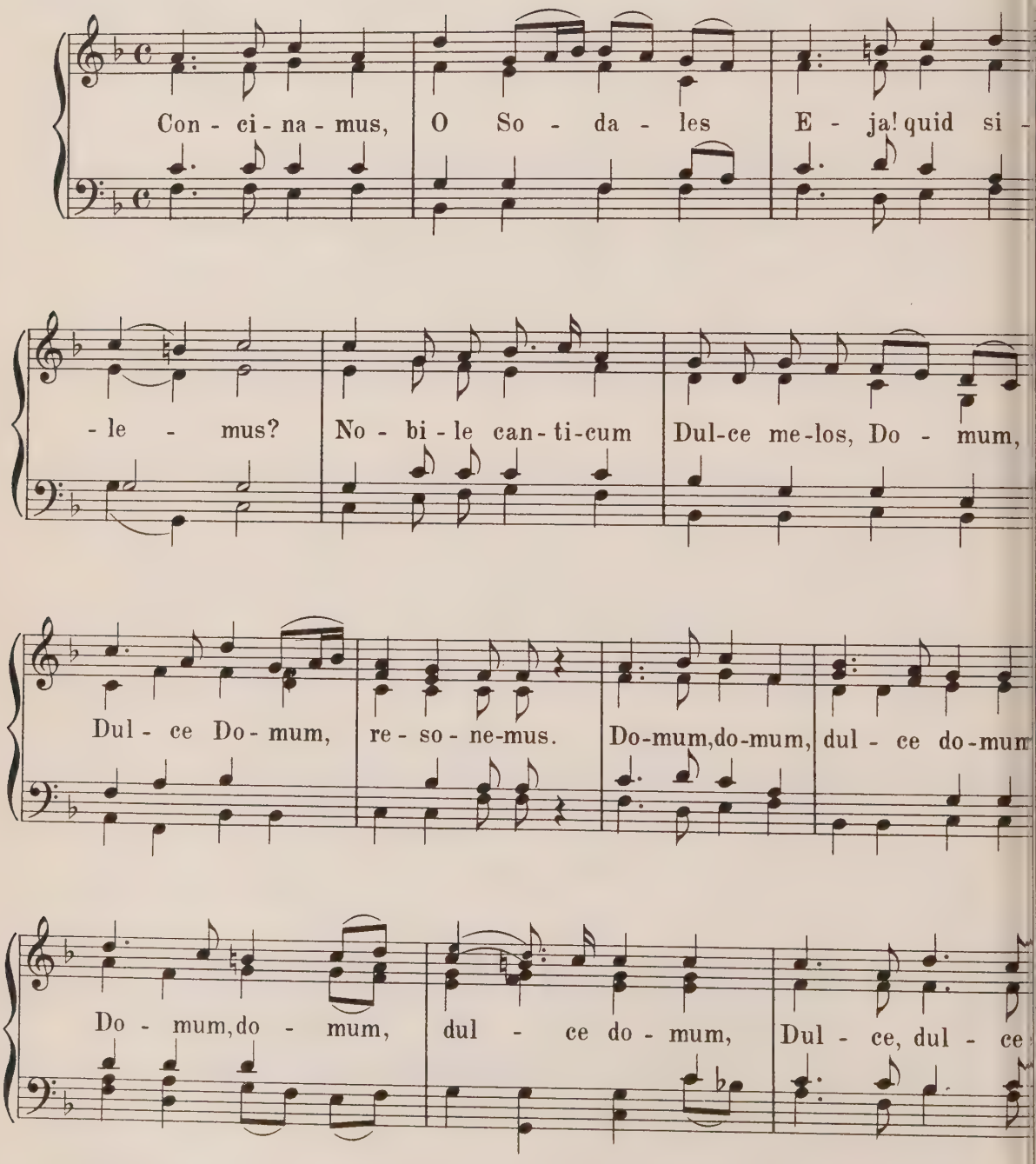
4

Oh! the pack is staunch and true, now they run from scent to view,
And it's worth the risk to life and limb and neck, boys;
To see them drive and stoop till they finish with "Who-whoop,"
Forty minutes on the grass without a check, boys.
Then drink, puppy, drink . . . . .

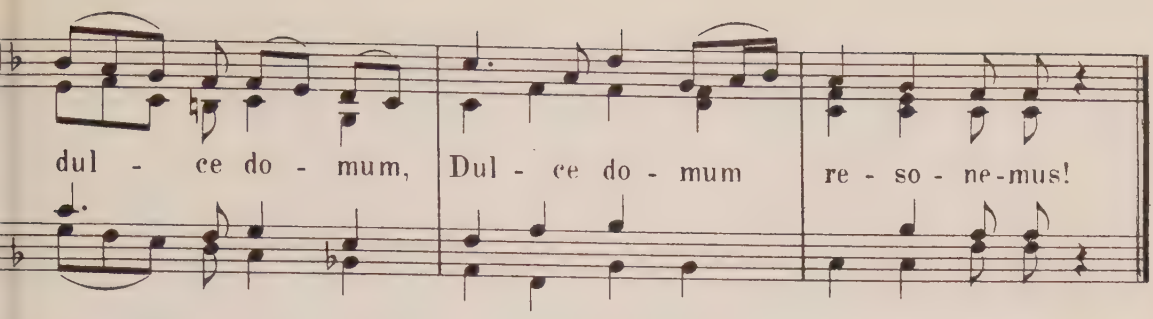
39 DULCE DOMUM*

Traditional

Music by John Readi
(Edited by E. T. Sweetin


Con - ci - na - mus, O So - da - les E - ja! quid si -
- le - mus? No - bi - le can - ti-cum Dul-ce me-los, Do - mum,
Dul - ce Do - mum, re - so - ne-mus. Do-mum,do-mum, dul - ce do-mum
Do - mum,do - mum, dul - ce do - mum, Dul - ce, dul - ce

*By kind permission of Dr E. T. Sweeting.



1

Concinamus, O Sodales!
Eja! quid silemus?
Nobile canticum,
Dulce melos, Domum,
Dulce Domum, resonemus.
Domum, Domum, dulce Domum, &c.

2

Appropinquat, ecce! felix
Hora gaudiorum:
Post grave tædium
Advenit omnium
Meta petita laborum.
Domum, Domum, dulce Domum, &c.

3

Musa, libros mitte, fessa;
Mitte, pensa dura:
Mitte negotium,
Jam datur otium!
Me mea mittito cura.
Domum, Domum, dulce Domum, &c.

4

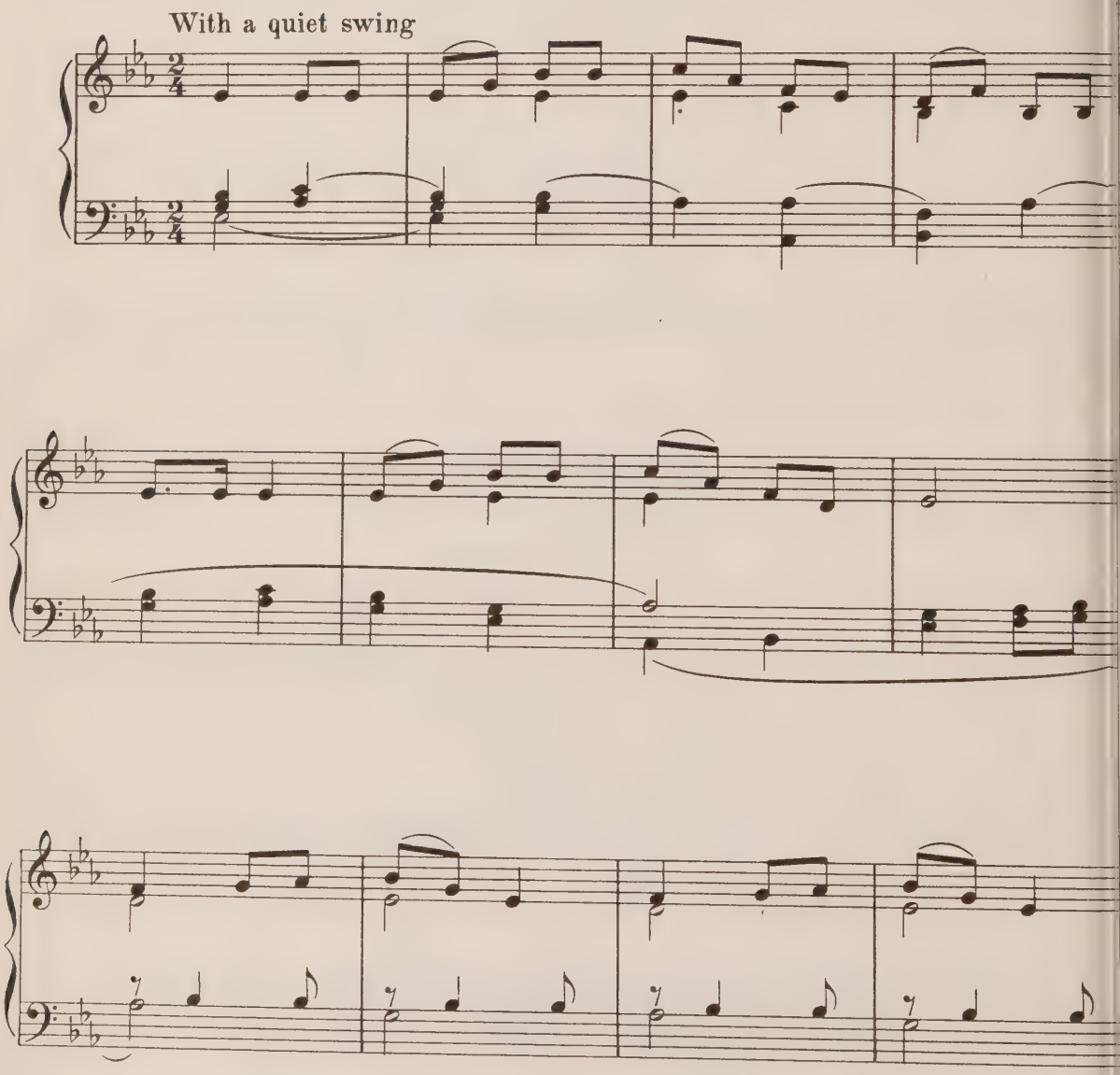
Ridet annus, prata rident;
Nosque rideamus.
Jam repetit Domum,
Daulias advena;
Nosque Domum repetamus.
Domum, Domum, dulce Domum, &c.

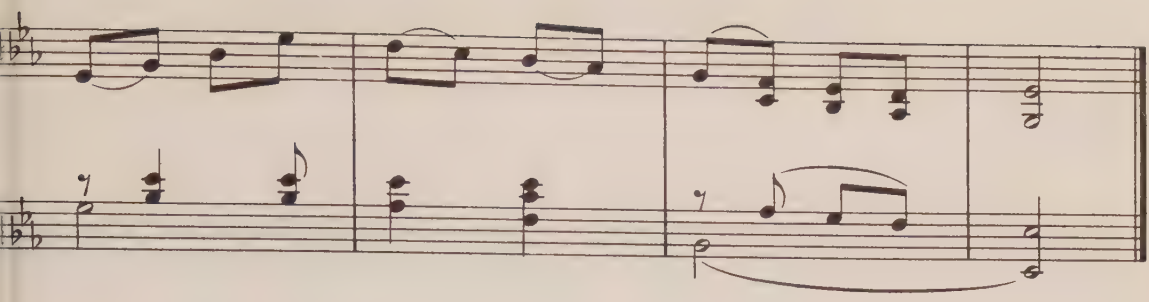
40 EARLY ONE MORNING

Traditional

Tradition

With a quiet swing





1

Early one morning, just as the sun was rising,
I heard a maid sing in the valley below:
"Oh, don't deceive me; Oh, never leave me!
How could you use a poor maiden so?

2

"Oh, gay is the garland, and fresh are the roses,
I've cull'd from the garden to bind on thy brow.
Oh, don't deceive me; Oh, never leave me!
How could you use a poor maiden so?

3

"Remember the vows that you made to your Mary,
Remember the bow'r where you vow'd to be true.
Oh, don't deceive me; Oh, never leave me!
How could you use a poor maiden so?"

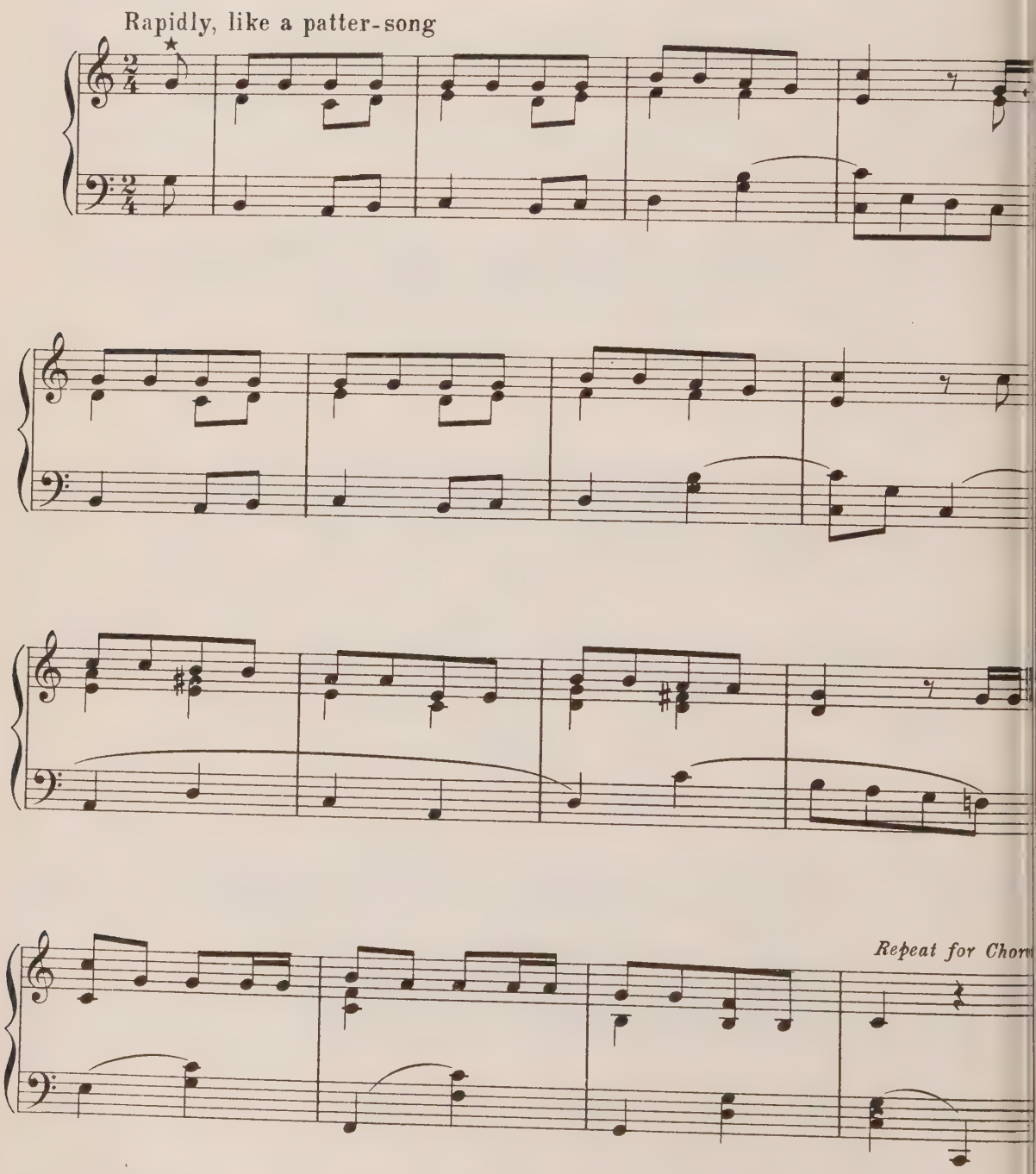
4

Thus sang the poor maiden, her sorrows bewailing,
Thus sang the poor maid in the valley below:
"Oh, don't deceive me; Oh, never leave me!
How could you use a poor maiden so?"

41 THE ELEPHANT BATTERY†

Unknown

Tradition



*Omit this note in the Chorus.

†From *Scarlet and Blue*, by kind permission of Messrs Cassell & Co

1

I love to see the Sepoy, and to hear his martial tread;
And the sound of cavalry galloping goes thro' and thro' my head;
But sweeter than the sweetest music band has ever played,
Is the ringing tramp of the buffalo as he's going to parade.
Aya, aya, aya, aya, twist their tails and go!
Hathi, hathi, hathi, hathi, oont, and buffalo!
Aya, chel, chel, chel, chel, chel, chel, aya bhai chelo!
Oh, that's the way we shout all day as we drive the buffalo!

2

I love to see the hathis with their trunks all in a row;
I love to see the haughty and high-stepping buffalo;
It's sweet to see the sergeants on their dashing kangaroos,
As they gallop past the general and the ladies at reviews.
Aya, aya, &c.

3

See that rough-riding bombardier with a pole-axe for a whip,
Such a seat upon an elephant: good heavens, what a grip!
And see the farrier-sergeant's camel's stopped as if he knew
A shoe'd come off the Battery Sergeant Major's kangaroo.
Aya, aya, &c.

4

Now watch that careful trumpeter come spurring through the dust;
He's got firm hold of his camel's hump, or else come off he must;
And see the bheesti's katcha, how he tugs with might and main
At the rope which keeps his mussuck on, as he's pani on the brain.
Aya, aya, &c.

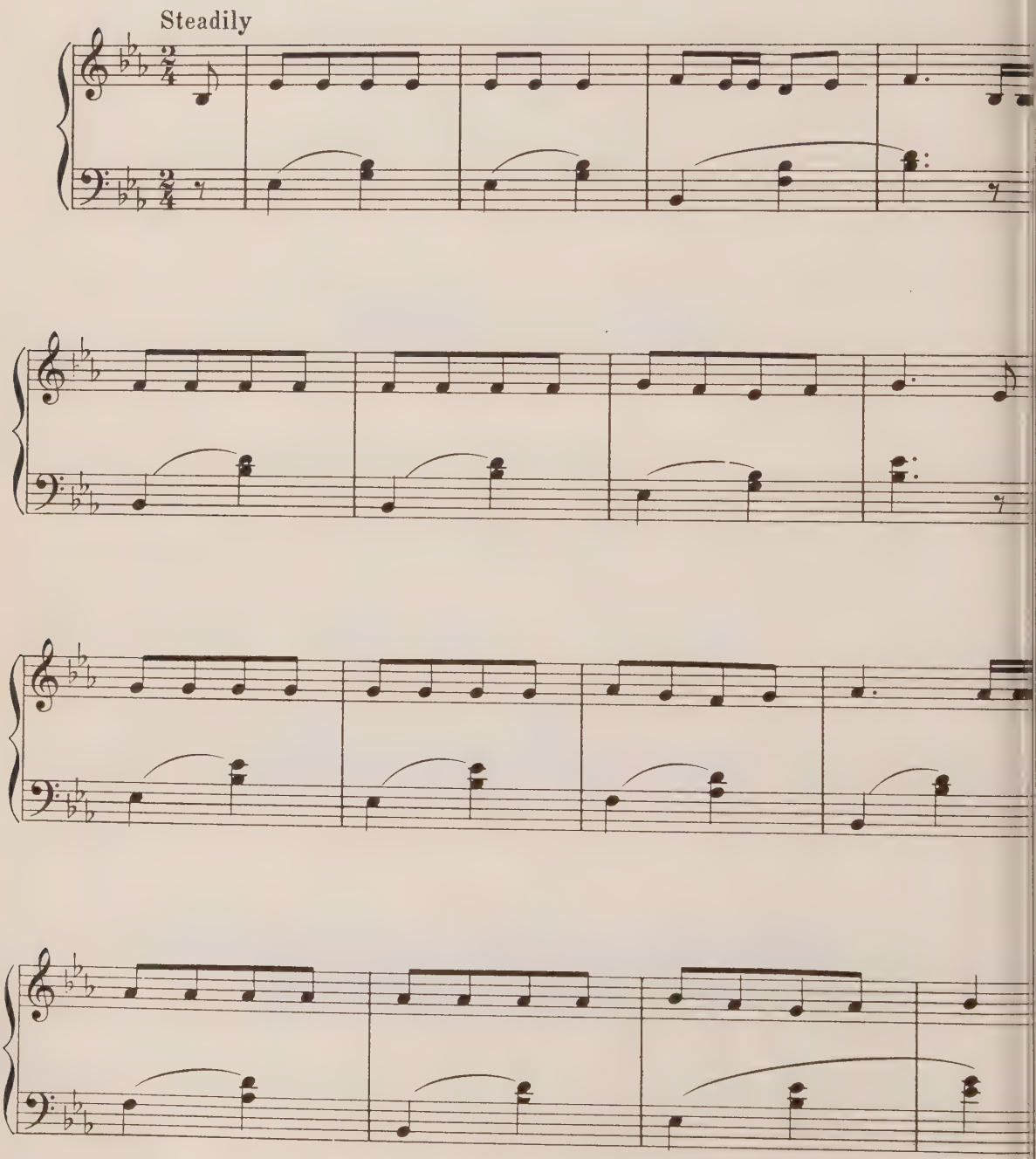
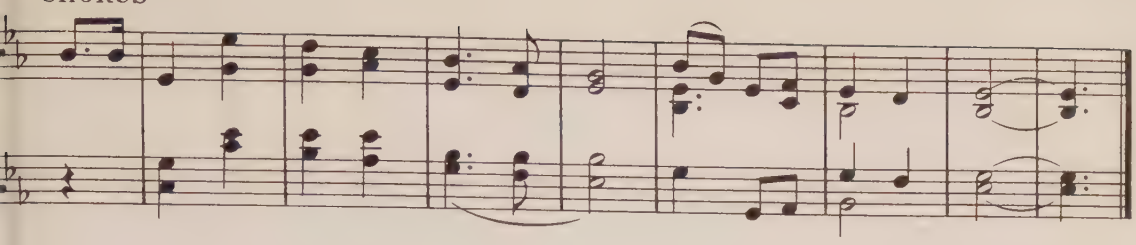
5

When the byles went out to fight against Ameer Shere Ali Khan,
What a fearful time they had of it in the pass they call Bolan!
The Major swore he'd do his best, and press the buffalo,
But the byles heard what the Major said, and were damned if they would go.
Aya, aya, &c.

42 THE FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN

Unknown

Unknow



1

I'll sing to you a good old song,
Made by a good old pate,
Of a fine old English gentleman
Who had an old estate,
And kept up his old mansion
At a bountiful old rate;
With a good old porter to relieve
The old poor at his gate,
Like a fine old English gentleman,
All of the olden time.

2

His hall so old was hung around
With pikes, and guns, and bows,
And swords, and good old bucklers
That stood against old foes;
'Twas there "his worship" sat in state,
In doublet and trunk hose,
And quaff'd his cup of good old sack,
To warm his good old nose,
Like a fine, &c.

3

When winter's cold brought frost and snow,
He open'd house to all;
And though threescore and ten his years,
He featly led the ball;
Nor was the houseless wanderer
E'er driven from his hall,
For while he feasted all the great,
He ne'er forgot the small,
Like a fine, &c.

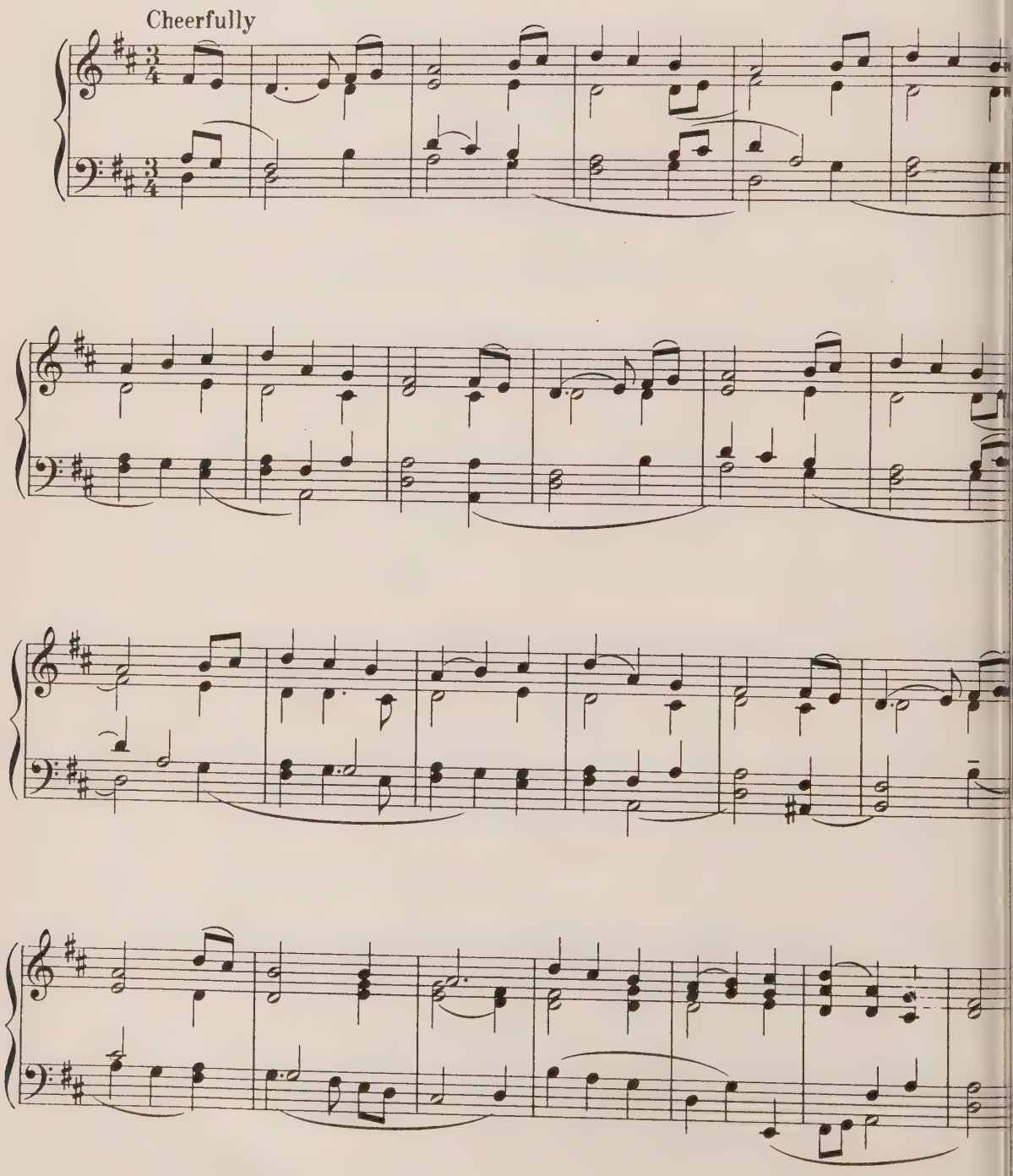
4

But time, though sweet, is strong in flight,
And years roll swiftly by;
And Autumn's falling leaves proclaimed
The old man— he must die!
He laid him down right tranquilly,
Gave up his latest sigh;
And mournful stillness reign'd around,
And tears bedew'd each eye,
For this good, &c.

43 THE FIRST NOWELL

Traditional

Tradition



1

The first Nowell the angel did say,
Was to certain poor Shepherds in fields as they lay;
In fields where they lay keeping their sheep,
On a cold winter's night that was so deep.
Nowell, Nowell, Nowell, Nowell.
Born is the King of Israel.

2

They lookèd up and saw a Star,
Shining in the East, beyond them far,
And to the earth it gave great light,
And so it continued both day and night.
Nowell, ...

3

And by the light of that same Star
Three wise men came from country far;
To seek for a King was their intent,
And to follow the Star wherever it went.
Nowell, ...

4

This Star drew nigh to the north-west,
O'er Bethlehem it took its rest,
And there it did both stop and stay,
Right over the place where Jesus lay.
Nowell, ...

5

Then entered in those wise men three,
Most reverently upon their knee,
And offered there, in His Presence,
Both gold, and myrrh, and frankincense.
Nowell, ...

6

Then let us all with one accord
Sing praises to our Heavenly Lord,
That hath made Heaven and earth of nought,
And with His blood mankind hath bought.
Nowell, ...

44

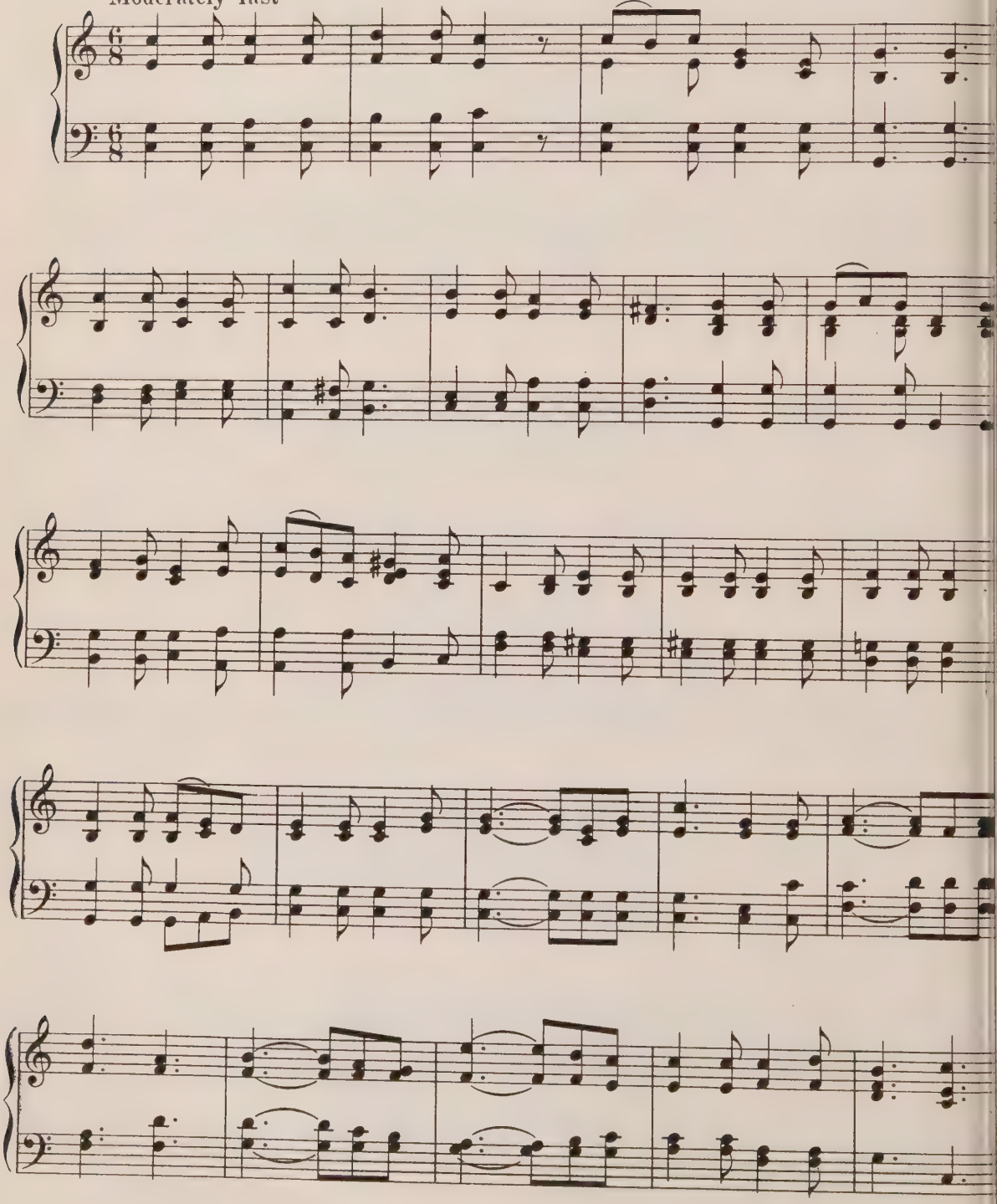
FLOREAT RUGBEIA*

(RUGBY SCHOOL SONG)

C. E. Moberly

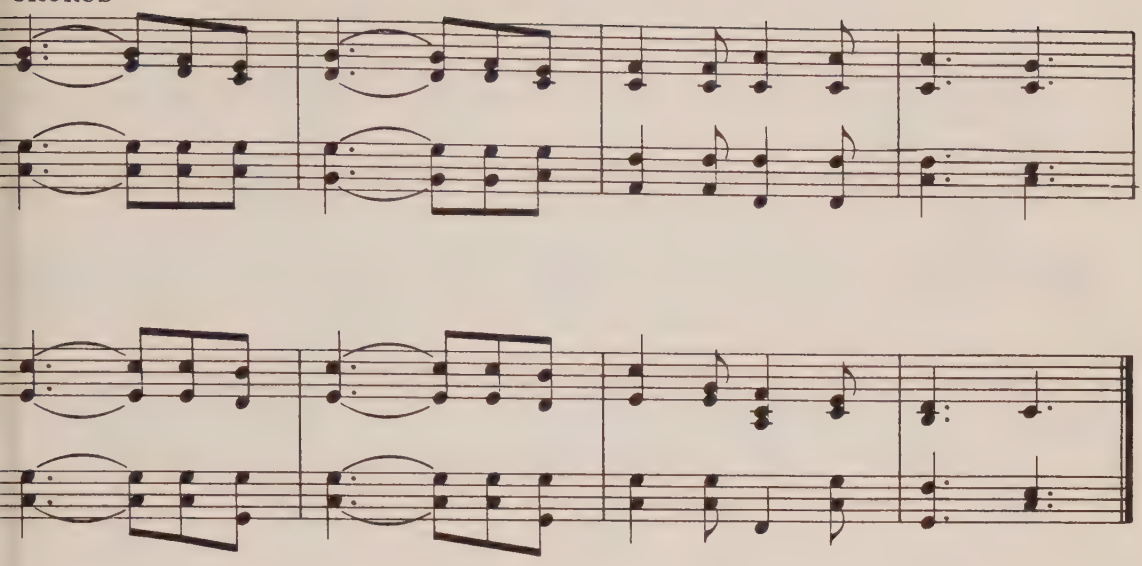
C. E. Mober

Moderately fast



*By kind permission of W. O. Moberly, Esq.

CHORUS



1

Evoe! læta requies,
Advenit laborum;
Fessa vult inducias
Dura gens librorum;
Nunc comparata sarcina,
Nunc praesto sunt viatica,
Nos læta schola miserit,
Nos læta domus ceperit,
Æquales, sodales,
Citate, clamate,
Floreat, Floreat, Floreat Rugbeia!

(Repeat last line twice for Chorus)

2

Campi nostra gramina
Trita jam quiescent,
Dein bimestri spatio
Læta revirescent;
Sic se tandem refectura
Nostræ mentis est tritura,
Et rigor omnis diffluet,
Et vigor ortus affluet,
Ut choro sonoro,
Citemus, clamemus,
Floreat, Floreat, Floreat Rugbeia!

3

Illa vivat, operum
Strenua navatrix,
Et virtutum omnium
Unica creatrix;
Illa regno cives bonos
Et bonorum det patronos,
Det claros senatores,
Laureatos bellatores;
Et donis, coronis,
Laudata, beata,
Floreat, Floreat, Floreat Rugbeia!

4

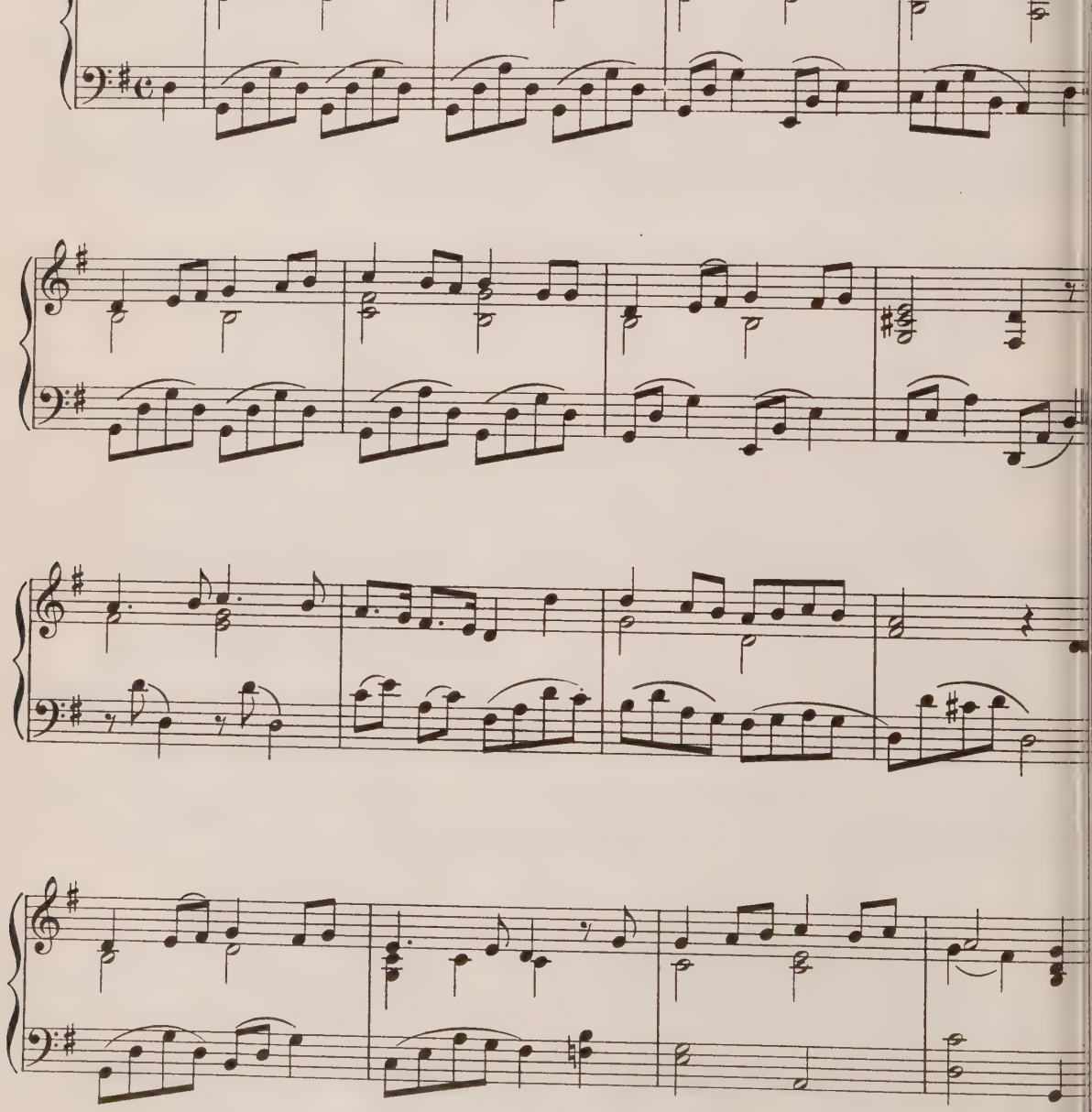
At si fatum omnes nos
Tanta vult conari
Hæcce saltem tempora
Fas sit otiari,
Nondum cancellarii
Sumus aut episcopi;
Sic, fratres, gaudeamus,
In loco desipiamus,
Et choro sonoro,
Citemus, clamemus,
Floreat, Floreat, Floreat Rugbeia!

45 FLOWERS IN THE VALLEY*

Old Song
Reconstructed by
Rev. H. Fleetwood Sheppard

Old English Melo

Quietly and not quickly



*From *A Garland of Country Song*, by kind permission of Rev. H. F. Sheppard, Rev. S. Baring Gould, and Messrs Methuen & Co.

1

O there was a woman, and she was a widow,
Fair are the flowers in the valley,
With a daughter as fair as a fresh sunny meadow,
The Red, the Green, and the Yellow.
The Harp– the Lute– the Pipe– the Flute– the Cymbal,
Sweet goes the treble Violin.
The maid so rare and the flowers so fair,
Together they grew in the valley.

2

There came a Knight all clothed in red,
Fair are the flowers in the valley.
"I would thou wert my bride," he said,
The Red, the Green, and the Yellow.
The Harp– the Lute– the Pipe– the Flute– the Cymbal,
Sweet goes the treble Violin.
"I would," she sighed, "ne'er wins a bride!"
Fair are the flowers in the valley.

3

There came a Knight all clothed in green,
Fair are the flowers in the valley.
"This maid so sweet might be my queen,"
The Red, the Green, and the Yellow.
The Harp– the Lute– the Pipe– the Flute– the Cymbal,
Sweet goes the treble Violin.
"Might be," sighed she, "will ne'er win me!"
Fair are the flowers in the valley.

4

There came a Knight, in yellow was he,
Fair are the flowers in the valley.
"My bride, my queen, thou must with me!"
The Red, the Green, and the Yellow.
The Harp– the Lute– the Pipe– the Flute– the Cymbal,
Sweet goes the treble Violin.
With blushes red, "I come," she said;
"Farewell to the flowers in the valley."

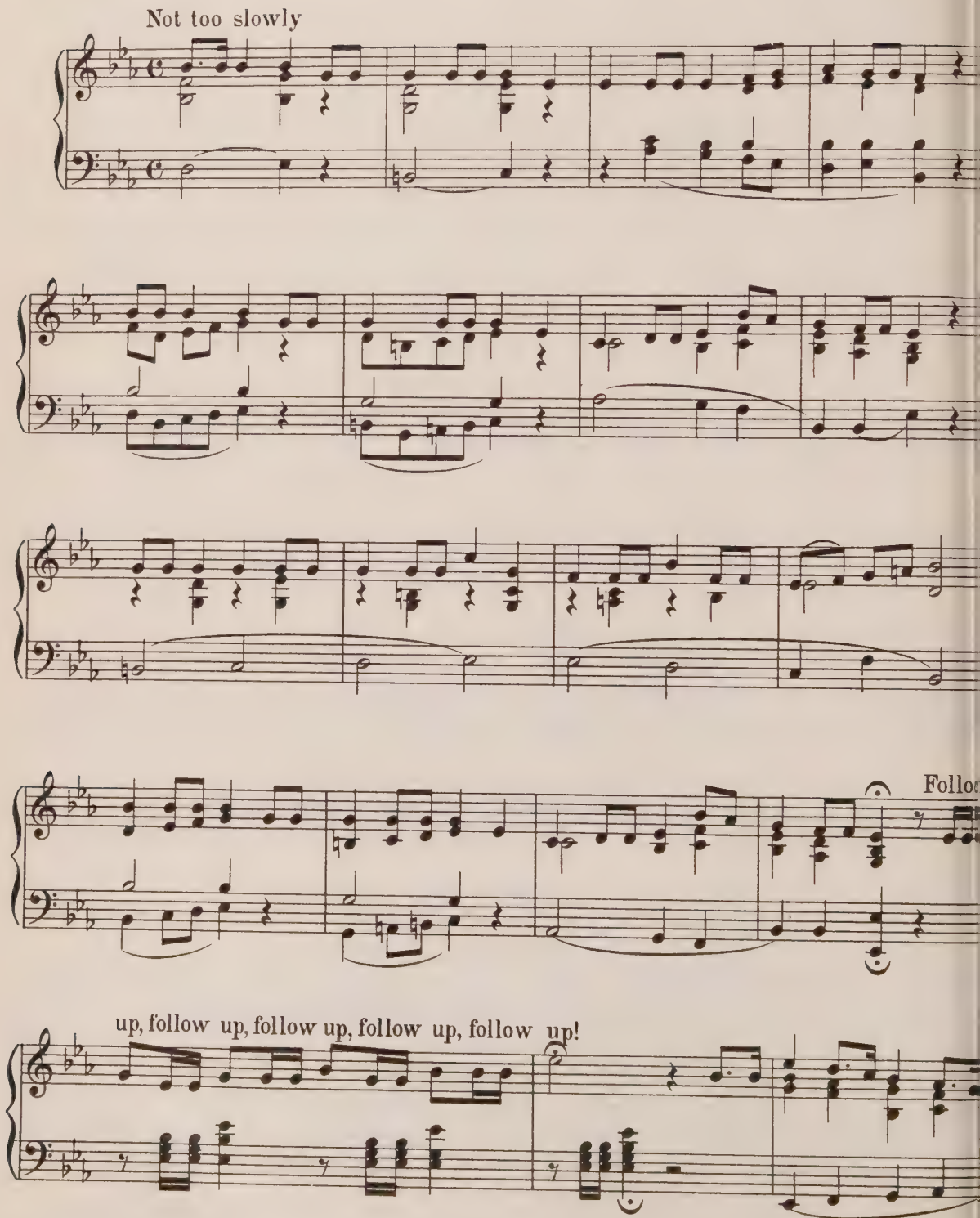
46

FORTY YEARS ON

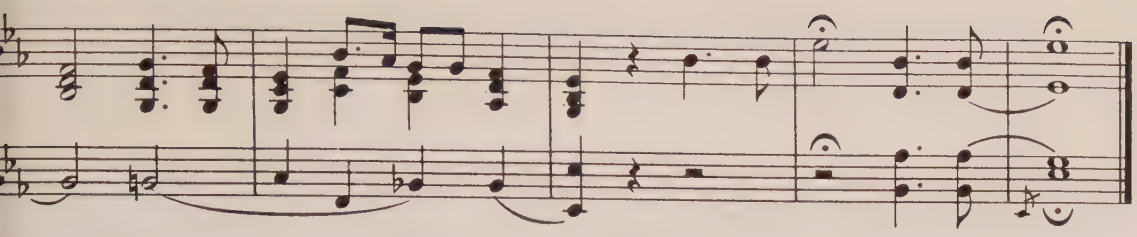
(HARROW SCHOOL SONG)

E. E. Bowen*

J. Farm



*By kind permission of Messrs Longmans, Green & Co



1

Forty years on, when afar and asunder
Parted are those who are singing to-day,
When you look back, and forgetfully wonder
What you were like in your work and your play:
Then, it may be, there will often come o'er you
Glimpses of notes like the catch of a song–
Visions of boyhood shall float them before you,
Echoes of dreamland shall bear them along.
Follow up! Follow up! Follow up! Follow up! Follow up!
Till the field ring again and again,
With the tramp of the twenty-two men,
Follow up! Follow up!

2

Routs and discomfitures, rushes and rallies,
Bases attempted, and rescued, and won,
Strife without anger, and art without malice,–
How will it seem to you, forty years on?
Then, you will say, not a feverish minute
Strained the weak heart and the wavering knee,
Never the battle raged hottest, but in it
Neither the last nor the faintest were we!
Follow up! . . . . . .

3

O the great days, in the distance enchanted,
Days of fresh air, in the rain and the sun,
How we rejoiced as we struggled and panted–
Hardly believable, forty years on!
How we discoursed of them, one with another,
Auguring triumph, or balancing fate,
Loved the ally with the heart of a brother,
Hated the foe with a playing at hate!
Follow up! . . . . . .

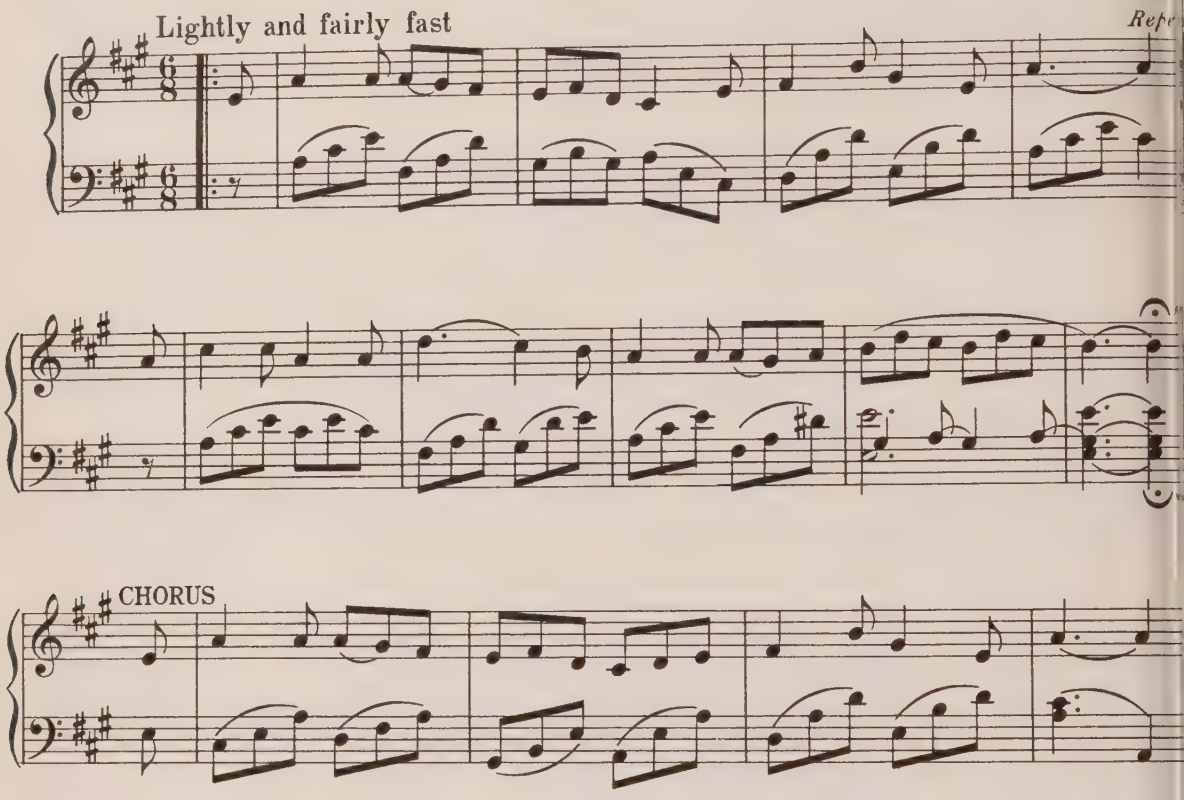
4

Forty years on, growing older and older,
Shorter in wind, as in memory long,
Feeble of foot, and rheumatic of shoulder,
What will it help you that once you were strong?
God give us bases to guard or beleaguer,
Games to play out, whether earnest or fun;
Fights for the fearless, and goals for the eager,
Twenty, and thirty, and forty years on!
Follow up! . . . . . .

47 THE FOX JUMPED OVER THE PARSON'S GATE

Old Song

Old English Melo



1

The Huntsman blows his horn in the [morn] *(twice)*
When folks goes hunting, oh!
When folks goes hunting, oh! *(twice)*
Cho. But all my fancy dwells upon Nancy,
So I'll cry Tally-ho!

2

The fox jumps over the Parson's gate,
And the Hounds all after him go.
The Hounds all after him go.
But all my fancy . . . . . .

3

Now the Parson had a pair to wed
As the Hounds came full in view;
The Hounds came full in view;
But all my fancy . . . . . .

4

He tossed his surplice over his head,
And bid them all adieu!
He bid them all adieu!
But all my fancy . . . . . .

5

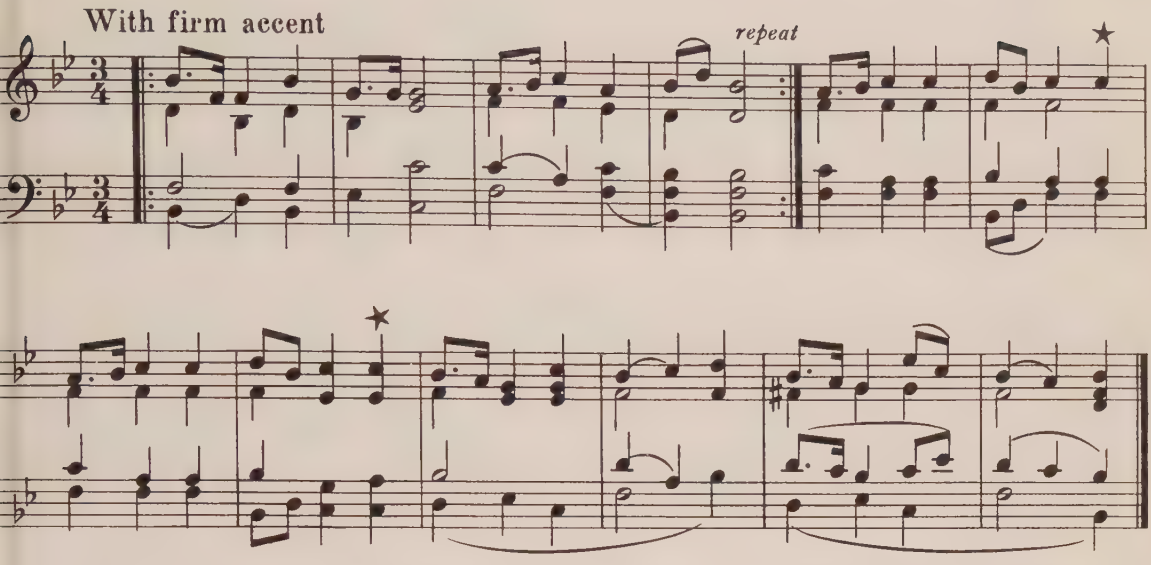
Oh! never despise the soldier-lad
Though his station be but low.
Though his station be but low.
But all my fancy . . . . . .

6

And if you ask me of this song
The reason for to show,
I don't exactly know-ow-ow
But all my fancy . . . . . .

GAUDEAMUS IGITUR

diaeval Students' Song

Traditional

1

Gaudeamus igitur, } *(twice)*
Juvenes dum sumus; }
Post jucundam juventutem,
Post molestam senectutem
Nos habebit humus. *(twice)*

2

Ubi sunt qui ante nos
In mundo fuere?
Vadite ad superos,
Transite ad inferos,
Ubi jam fuere.

3

Vita nostra brevis est,
Brevi finietur;
Venit mors velociter,
Rapit nos atrociter,
Nemini parcetur.

4

Vivat Academia!
Vivant Professores!
Vivat membrum quodlibet,
Vivant membra quaelibet,
Semper sint in flore!

5

Vivant omnes virgines,
Faciles, formosae!
Vivant et mulieres,
Dulces et amabiles,
Bonae, laboriosae!

6

Vivat et Respublica
Et qui illam regit!
Vivat nostra civitas,
Maecenatum caritas
Quae nos hic protegit!

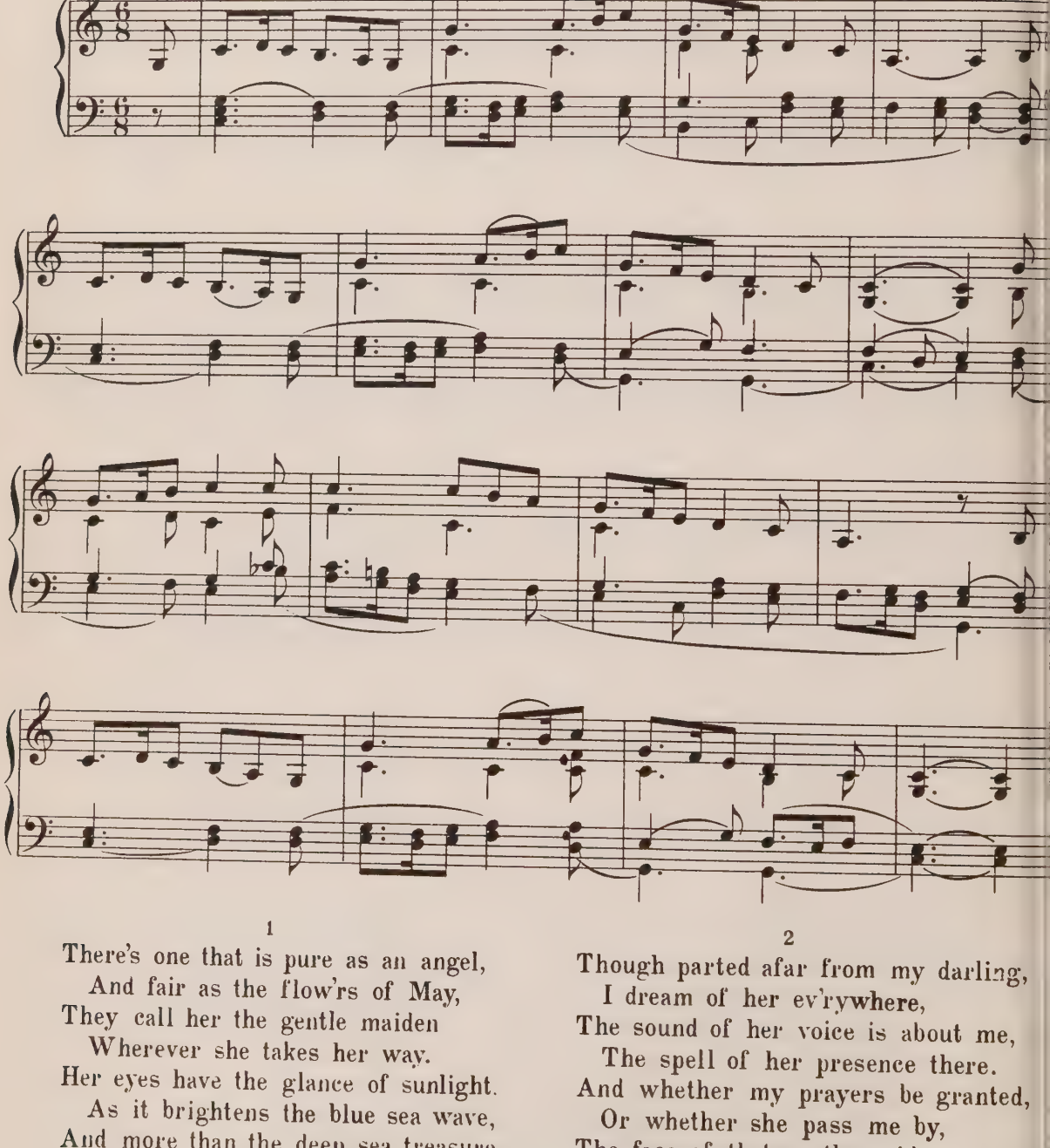
7

Pereat tristitia,
Pereant osores.
Pereat diabolus
Quivis antiburschius,
Atque irrisores!

his note is only required in the first verse.

49 THE GENTLE MAIDEN*

Harold Boulton — Old Iris



1

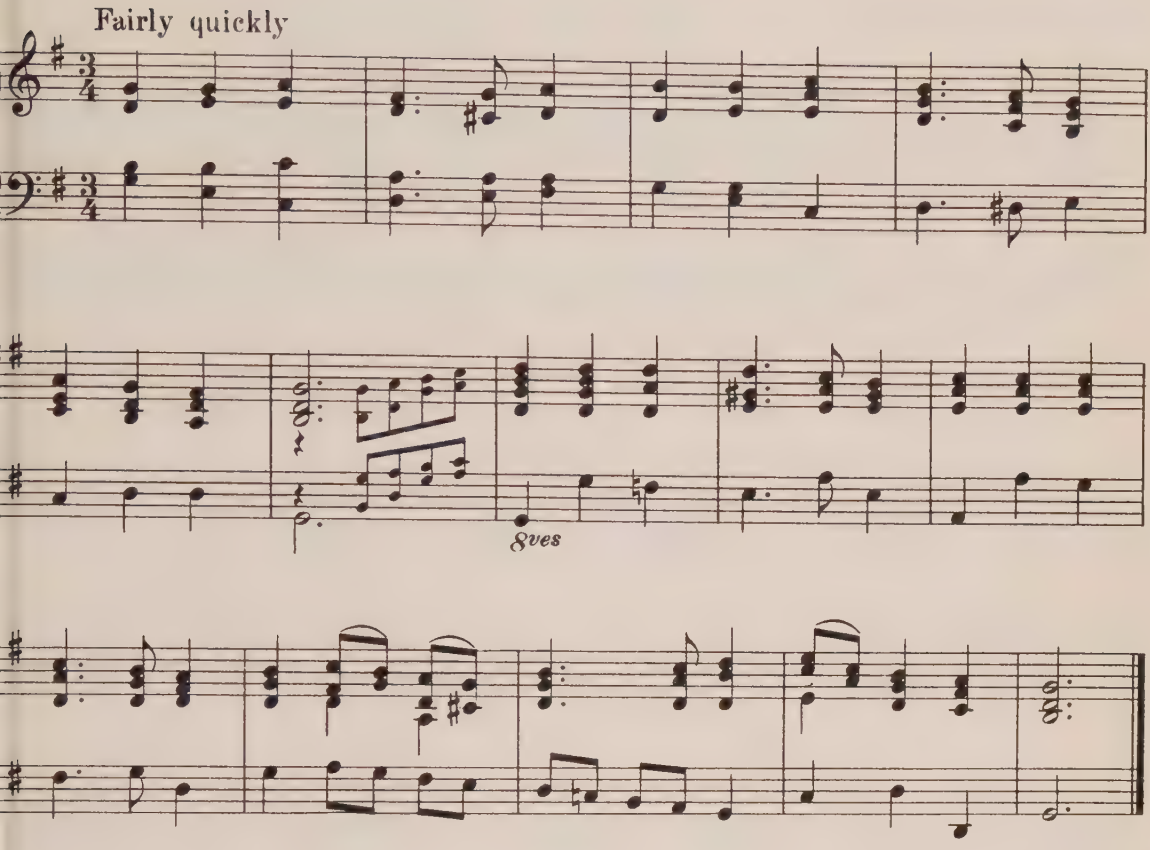
There's one that is pure as an angel,
And fair as the flow'rs of May,
They call her the gentle maiden
Wherever she takes her way.
Her eyes have the glance of sunlight.
As it brightens the blue sea wave,
And more than the deep sea treasure
The love of her heart I crave.

2

Though parted afar from my darling,
I dream of her ev'rywhere,
The sound of her voice is about me,
The spell of her presence there.
And whether my prayers be granted,
Or whether she pass me by,
The face of that gentle maiden
Will follow me till I die.

*By kind permission of Messrs Cramer. When sung as a solo, the version published in *Songs of the Four Nations* should be used.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN



1

God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen!
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us;
God save the Queen!

2

O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter our enemies
And make them fall;
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On Thee our hopes we fix,
Oh, save us all!

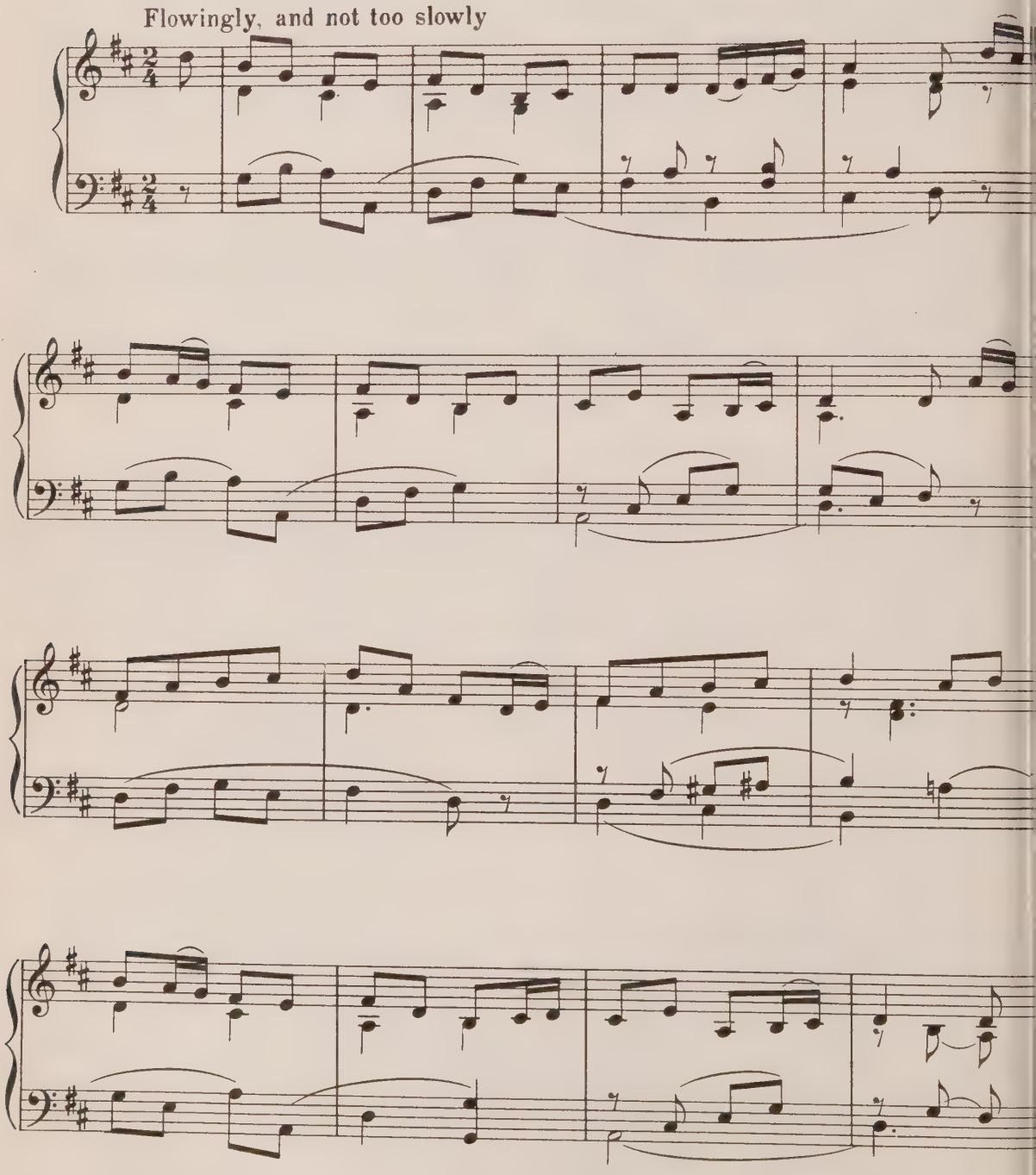
3

Thy choicest gifts in store
On her be pleased to pour;
Long may she reign;
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the Queen!

51 THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME

Unknown, c. 1759

Old Iris



1

I'm lonesome since I cross'd the hill
And o'er the moor and valley;
Such heavy thoughts my heart do fill,
Since parting with my Sally.
I seek no more the fine or gay,
For each does but remind me
How swift the hours did pass away,
With the girl I left behind me.

2

Oh! ne'er shall I forget the night,
The stars were bright above me,
And gently lent their silv'ry light,
When first she vow'd to love me.
But now I'm bound to Brighton camp;
Kind Heaven, then pray guide me,
And bring me safely back again
To the girl I left behind me.

3

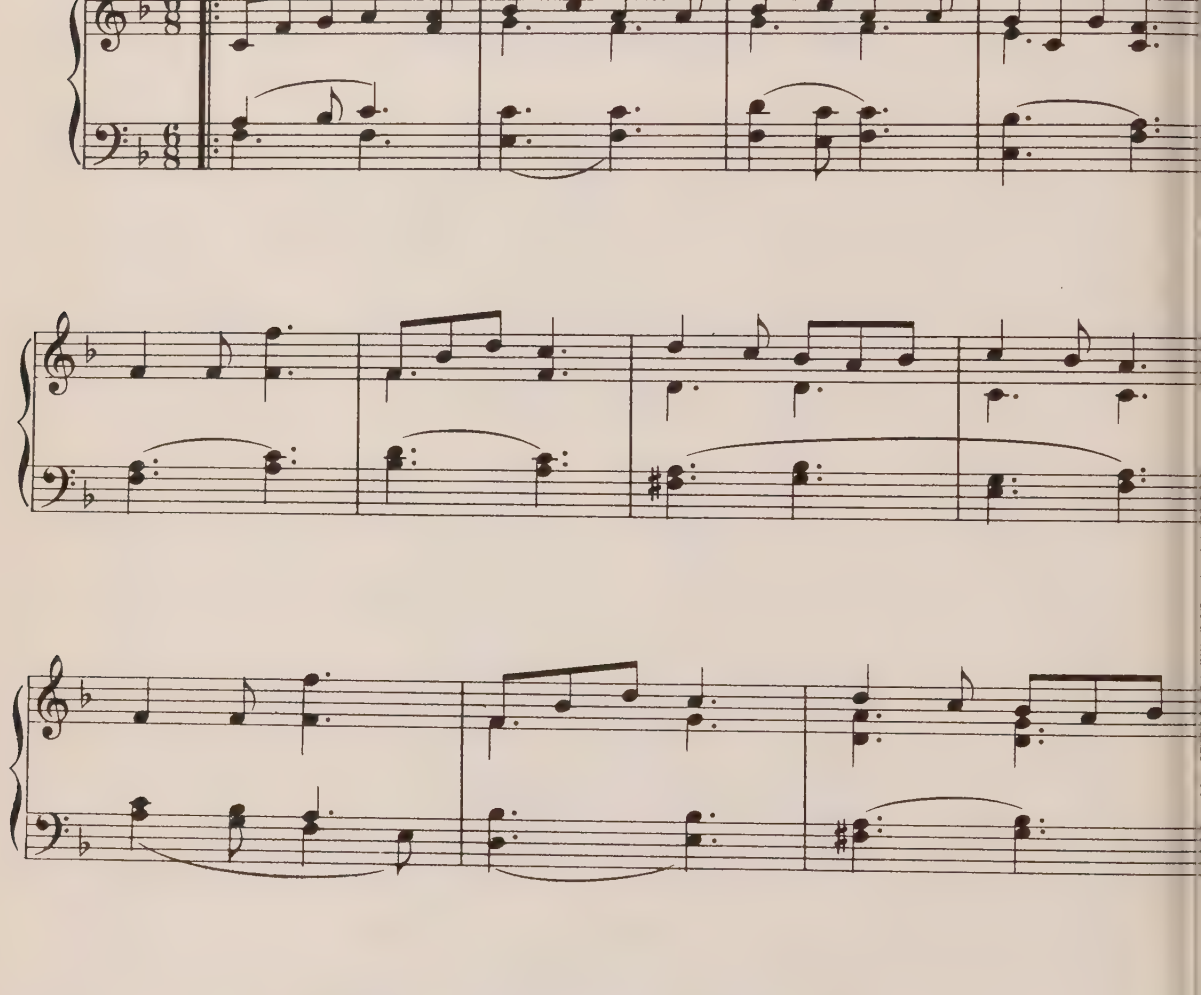
Her golden hair, in ringlets fair,
Her eyes like diamonds shining,
Her slender waist, with carriage chaste,
May leave the swan repining.
Ye gods above! oh, hear my prayer,
To my beauteous fair to bind me,
And send me safely back again
To the girl I left behind me.

4

The bee shall honey taste no more,
The dove become a ranger,
The falling waves shall cease to roar,
Ere I shall seek to change her.
The vows we register'd above
Shall ever cheer and bind me,
In constancy to her I love,—
The girl I left behind me.

52 GODDESSES THREE*

Translated from the French — Offenbac



*By kind permission of Messrs Chappell, who publish (under the title of "The Judgement of Paris") an edi for solo-singing.

1

Goddesses three to Ida went,
Immortal strife to settle there;
Each upon victory was bent,
And each the palm of beauty would wear.
Ev-o-e! wonderful ways
Have these goddesses now and then;
Ev-o-e! wonderful ways
For subduing the hearts of men. *(twice)*

2

Wandering idly through a wood,
A handsome shepherd they beheld;
All amazed the shepherd stood;
An apple in his hand he held.
Ev-o-e! . . . . .

3

"Hither, O! hither come," they cried;
"And tell us your opinion, sir;
Which is the fairest, pray decide,
And give the golden apple to her."
Ev-o-e! . . . . .

4

Said the first, "I am wondrous wise;
Of all attainments I can boast;
To Minerva give the prize,
Minerva surely merits it most."
Ev-o-e! . . . . .

5

Said the second, "I'm the queen.
O'er gods and men I hold my sway;
Shepherd, mark my royal mien;
Juno surely wins the day."
Ev-o-e! . . . . .

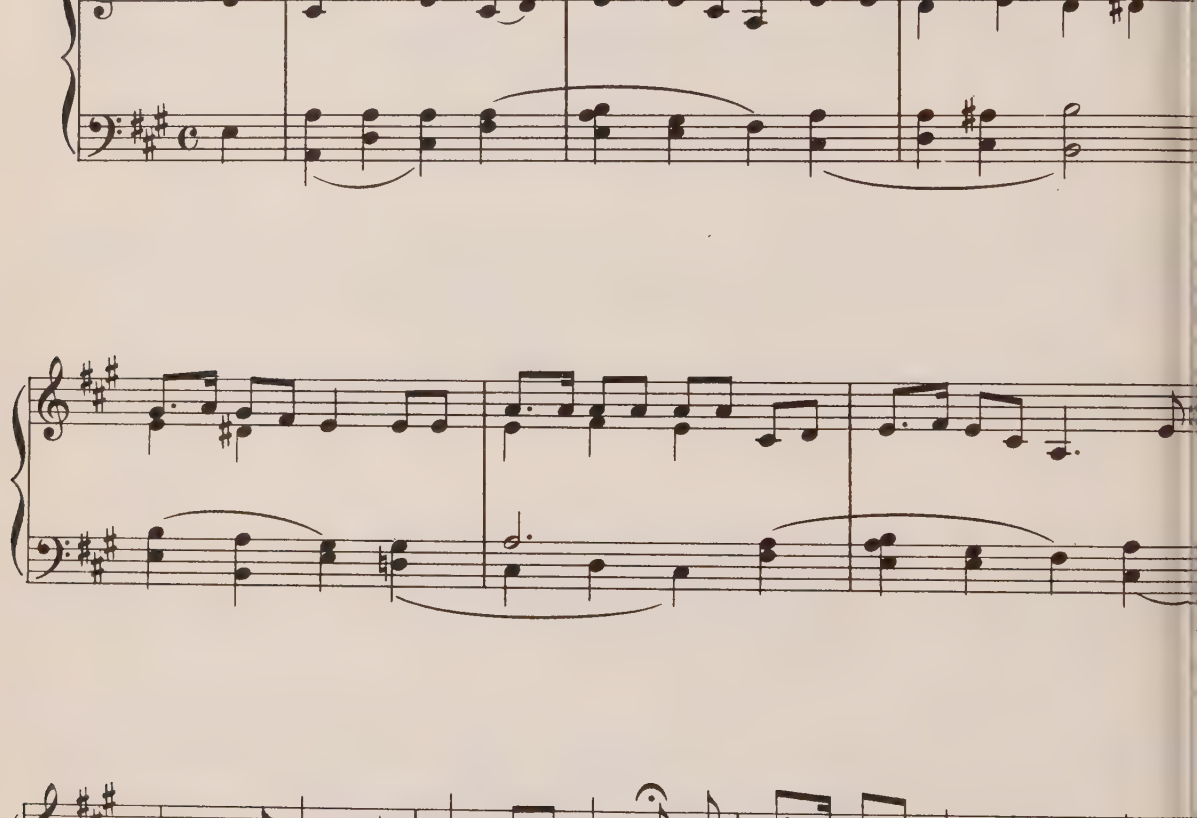
6

Ah! but the third one, ah! the third,
She only raised her beautiful eyes,
Uttered she not one single word,
Yet she it was that bore off the prize.
Ev-o-e! . . . . .

53 THE GOLDEN VANITY*

Traditional

Traditional



*By kind permission of the Editors (Miss Lucy Broadwood & J. A. Fuller Maitland, Esq.) and Publishers (The Leadenhall Press) of *English County Songs*, whose edition should be used by solo-singers.

1

There was a ship came from the north country,
And the name of the ship was the Golden Vanity,
And they feared she might be taken by the Turkish enemy,
That sails upon the Lowland, the Lowland,
That sails upon the Lowland sea.

2

Then up there came a little cabin-boy,
And he said to the skipper, "What will you give to me,
If I swim alongside of the Turkish enemy,
And sink her in the Lowland sea?"

3

"O I will give you silver and I will give you gold,
And my only daughter your bride to be,
If you'll swim alongside of the Turkish enemy,
And sink her in the Lowland sea."

4

Then the boy made him ready, and overboard sprang he,
And he swam alongside of the Turkish enemy;
And with his auger sharp in her sides he bored holes three,
And he sank her in the Lowland sea.

5

Then the boy turned round, and back again swam he,
And he cried out to the skipper of the Golden Vanity;
But the skipper did not heed, for his promise he would need;
And he left him in the Lowland sea.

6

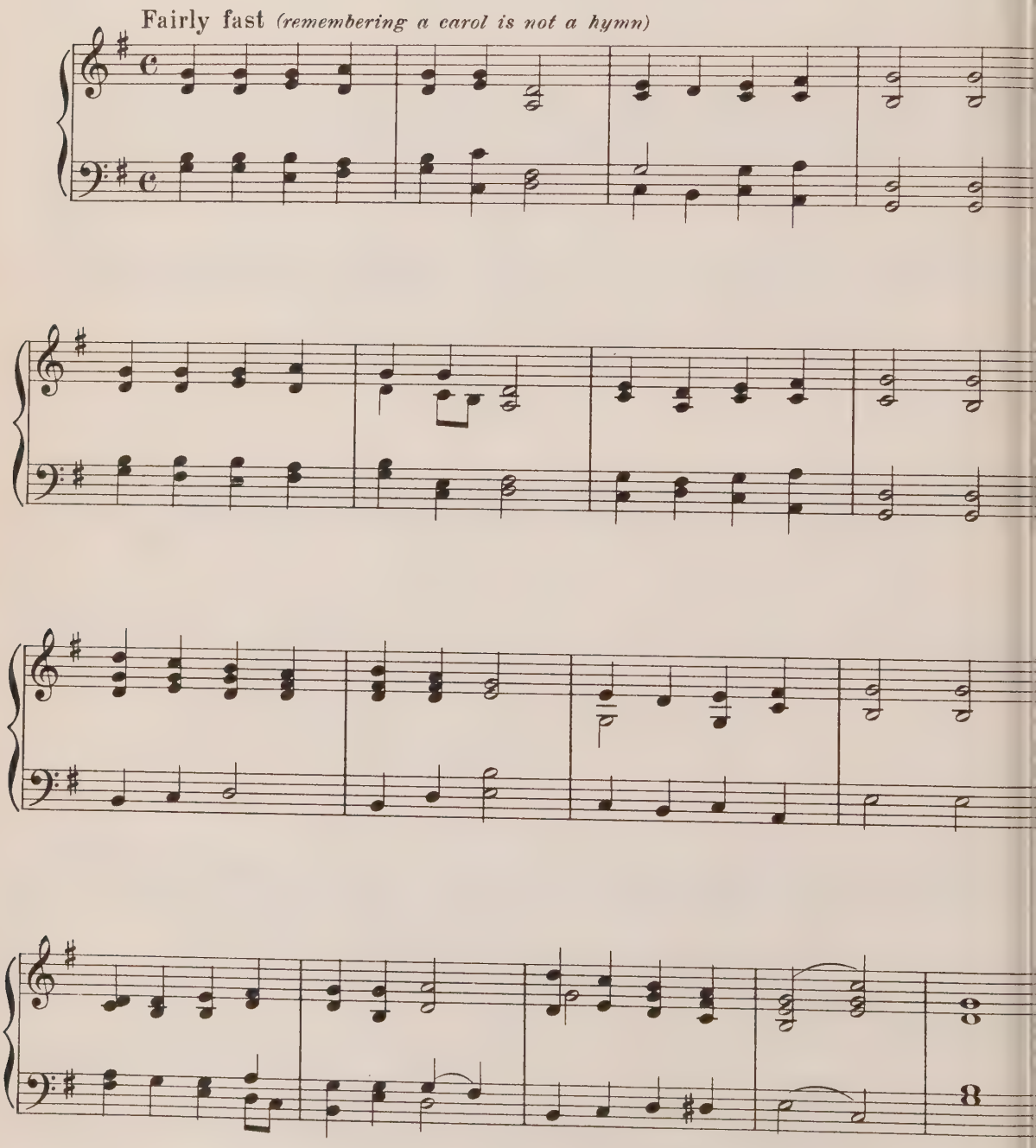
Then the boy swam round, and came to the port side,
And he looked up at his messmates, and bitterly he cried;
"O messmates, take me up, for I'm drifting with the tide,
And I'm sinking in the Lowland sea!"

7

Then his messmates took him up, but on the deck he died;
And they sewed him in his hammock that was so large and wide;
And they lowered him overboard– but he drifted with the tide,
And he sank beneath the Lowland sea.

54 GOOD KING WENCESLAS

J. M. Neale — Tradition



1

Good King Wenceslas look'd out,
On the Feast of Stephen;
When the snow lay round about,
Deep, and crisp, and even.
Brightly shone the moon that night,
Though the frost was cruel,
When a poor man came in sight,
Gathering winter fuel.

2

"Hither, page, and stand by me,
If thou know'st it, telling,
Yonder peasant, who is he?
Where and what his dwelling?"
"Sire, he lives a good league hence,
Underneath the mountain:
Right against the forest fence,
By Saint Agnes' fountain."

3

"Bring me flesh and bring me wine,
Bring me pine-logs hither:
Thou and I will see him dine,
When we bear them thither."
Page and monarch, forth they went,
Forth they went together,
Through the rude wind's wild lament
And the bitter weather.

4

"Sire, the night is darker now,
And the wind blows stronger:
Fails my heart, I know not how;
I can go no longer."
"Mark my footsteps, good my page;
Tread thou in them boldly:
Thou shalt find the winter's rage
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

5

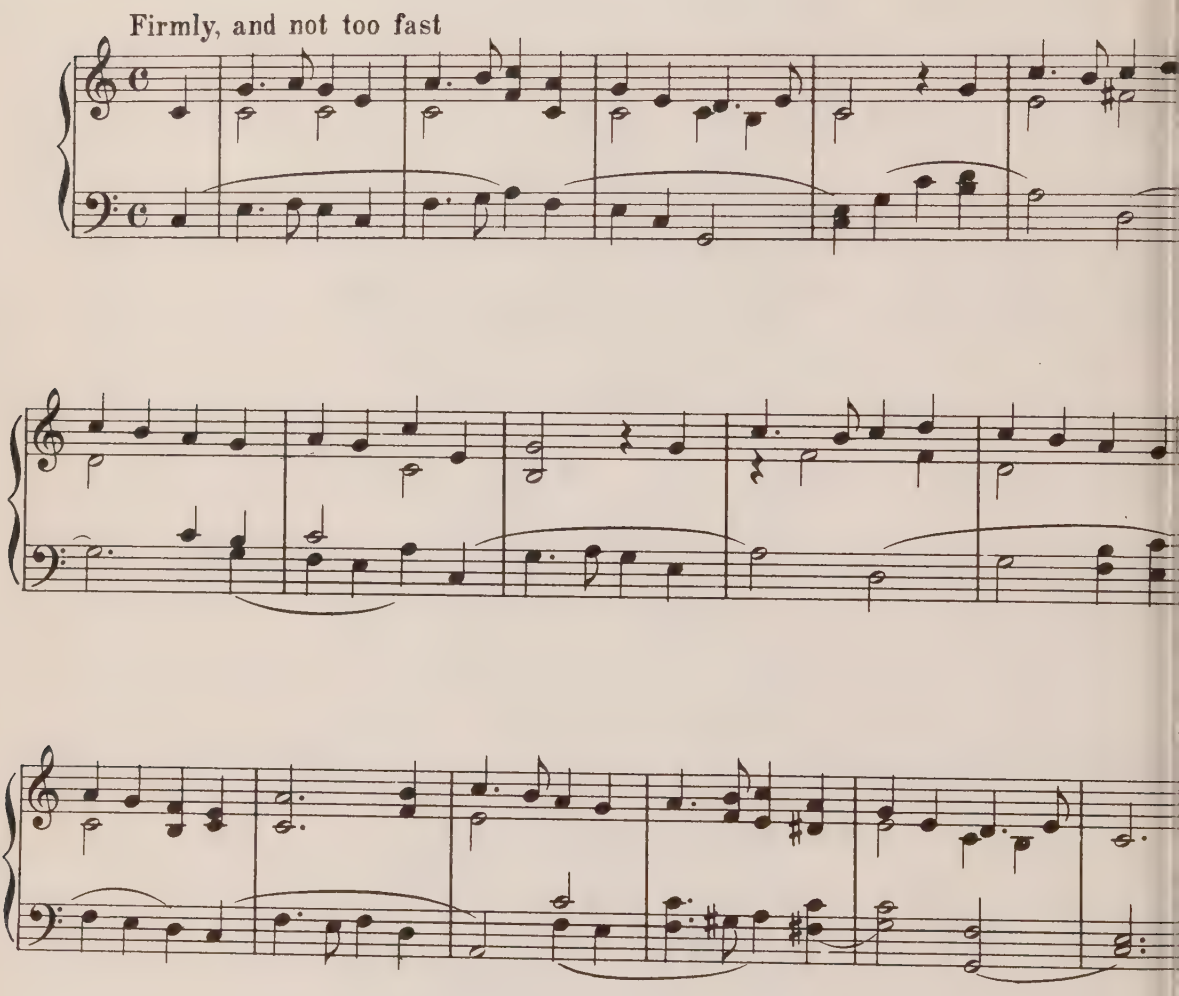
In his master's steps he trod,
Where the snow lay dinted;
Heat was in the very sod
Which the Saint had printed.
Therefore, Christian men, be sure,
Wealth or rank possessing,
Ye who now will bless the poor,
Shall yourselves find blessing.

55

THE HARP THAT ONCE THRO' TARA'S HALLS

Moore

Old Irish Melc



1

The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed,
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls,
As if that soul were fled –
So sleeps the pride of former days,
So glory's thrill is o'er;
And hearts, that once beat high for praise,
Now feel that pulse no more.

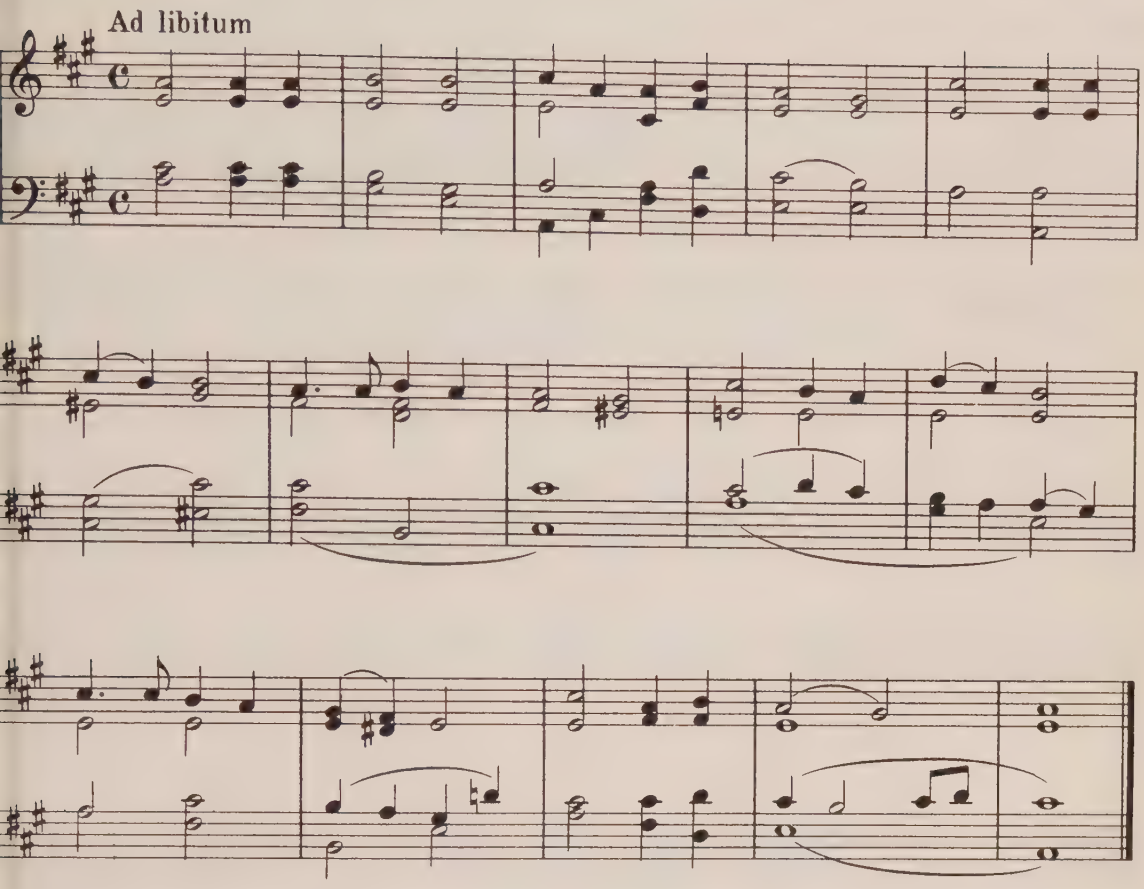
2

No more to chiefs and ladies bright
The harp of Tara swells;
The chord alone, that breaks at night
Its tale of ruin tells.
Thus Freedom now so seldom wakes,
The only throb she gives,
Is when some heart indignant breaks,
To show that still she lives.

INTEGER VITAE

ace: carm. 22

Flemming



1

Integer vitae scelerisque purus
Non eget Mauris jaculis nec arcu,
Nec venenatis gravida sagittis,
Fusce, pharetra.

2

Sive per Syrtis iter aestuosas
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum vel quae loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes.

3

Namque me silva lupus in Sabina,
Dum meam canto Lalagen et ultra
Terminum curis vagor expeditis,
Fugit inermem.

4

Quale portentum neque militaris
Daunias latis alit æsculetis;
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum
Arida nutrix.

5

Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis
Arbor aestiva recreatur aura,
Quod latus mundi nebulæ malusque
Jupiter urget;

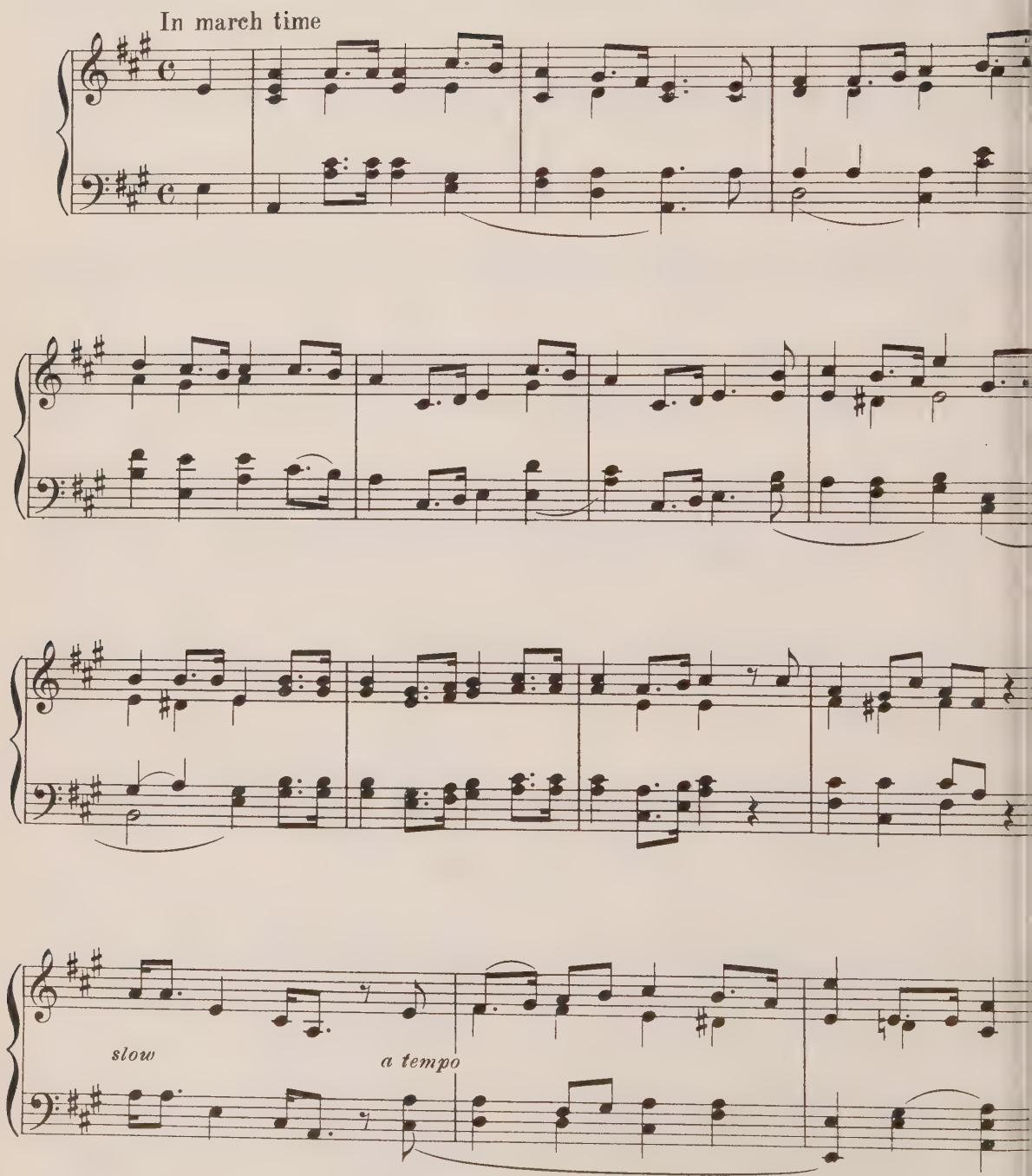
6

Pone sub curru nimium propinqui
Solis in terra domibus negata:
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,
Dulce loquentem.

57 HEART OF OAK

David Garrick

Dr Boy



1

Come, cheer up, my lads! 'tis to glory we steer,
To add something more to this wonderful year;
To honour we call you, not press you like slaves–
For who are so free as we sons of the waves?
Heart of oak are our ships,
Heart of oak are our men;
We always are ready;
Steady, boys, steady;
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

2

We ne'er see our foes but we wish 'em to stay,
They never see us but they wish us away;
If they run, why, we follow, and run 'em ashore,
For if they won't fight us, we cannot do more.
Heart of oak are our ships,
Heart of oak are our men;
We always are ready;
Steady, boys, steady;
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

3

They swear they'll invade us, these terrible foes,
They frighten our women, our children and beaux;
But should their flat-bottoms in darkness get o'er,
Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore.
Heart of oak are our ships,
Heart of oak are our men;
We always are ready;
Steady, boys, steady;
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

4

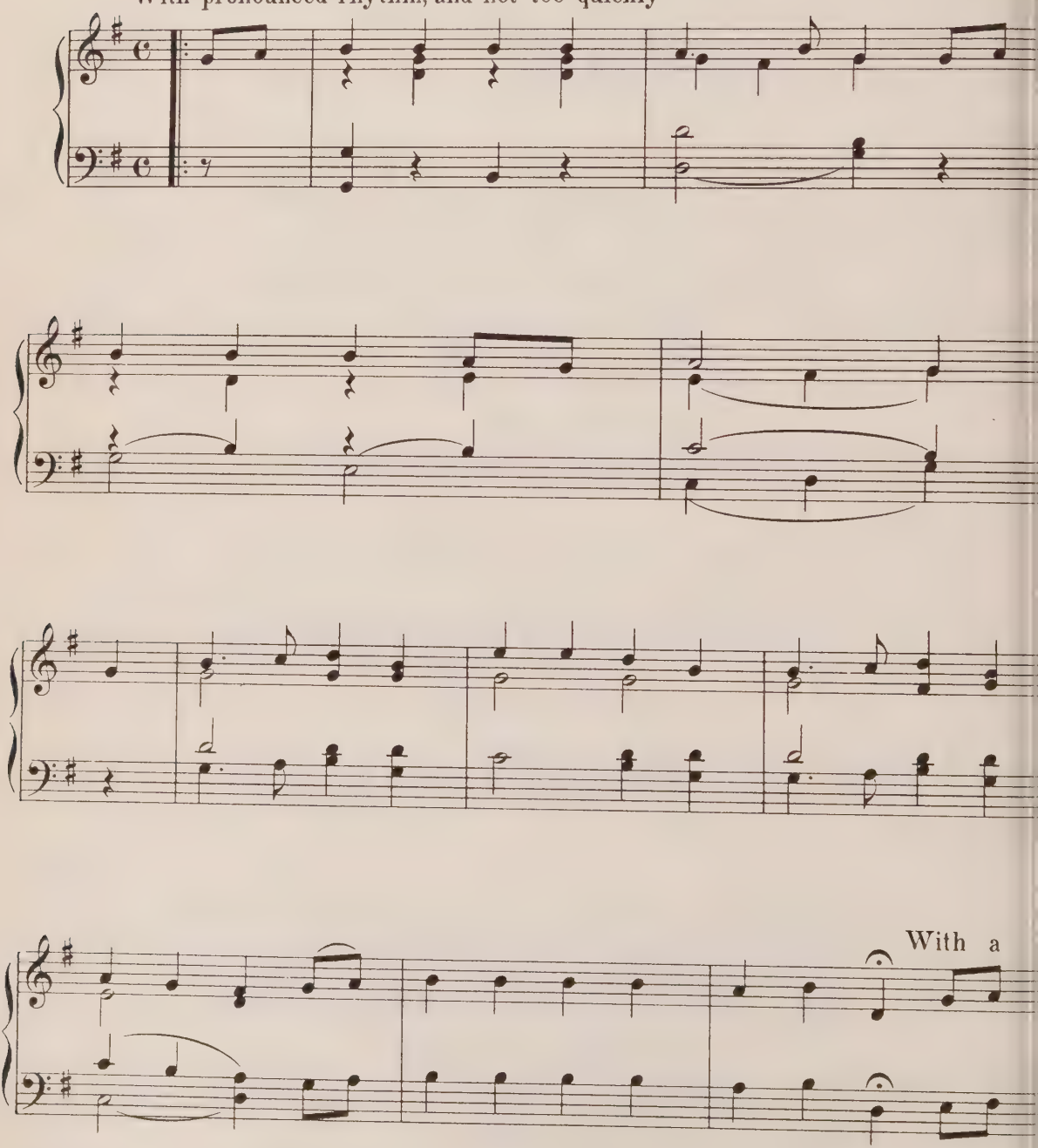
We'll still make 'em run, and we'll still make 'em sweat,
In spite of the devil and Brussels Gazette;
Then cheer up, my lads, with one heart let us sing,
Our soldiers, our sailors, our statesmen, and King.
Heart of oak are our ships,
Heart of oak are our men;
We always are ready;
Steady, boys, steady;
We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again.

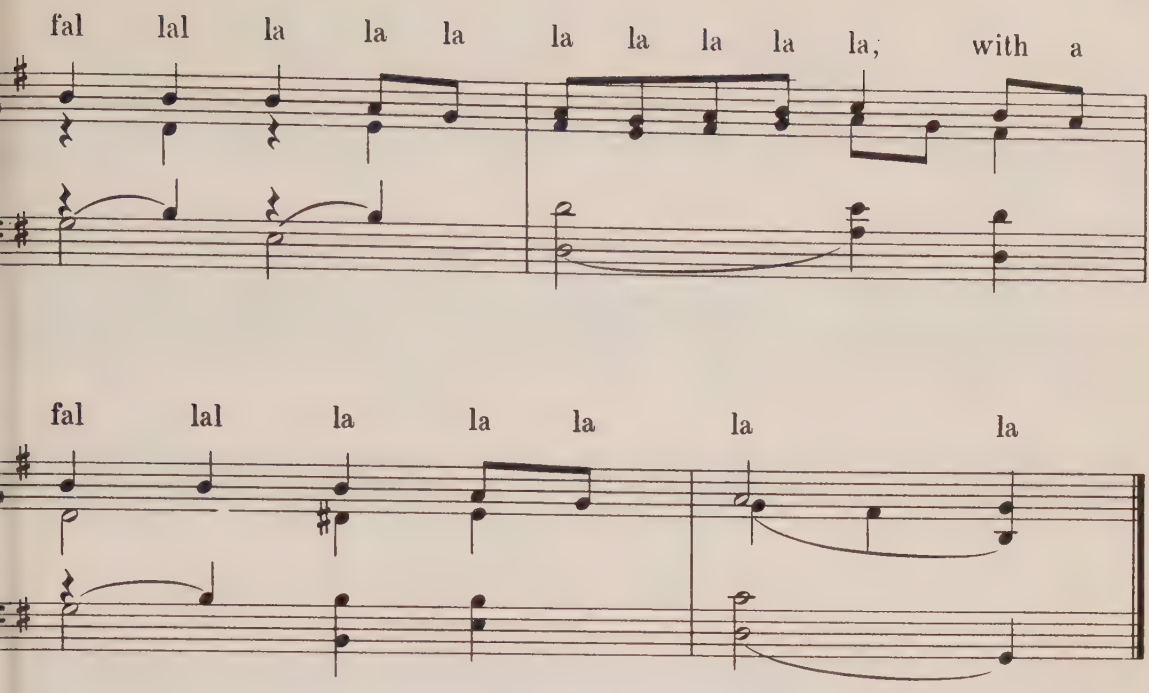
58 HERE'S A HEALTH UNTO HIS MAJESTY

Traditional

Tradition

With pronounced rhythm, and not too quickly





1

Here's a health unto his Majesty,
With a fal lal la la la la la!
Confusion to his enemies,
With a fal lal la la la la la!
And he that will not drink his health,
I wish him neither wit nor wealth,
Nor yet a rope to hang himself.
With a fal lal la. . . . .

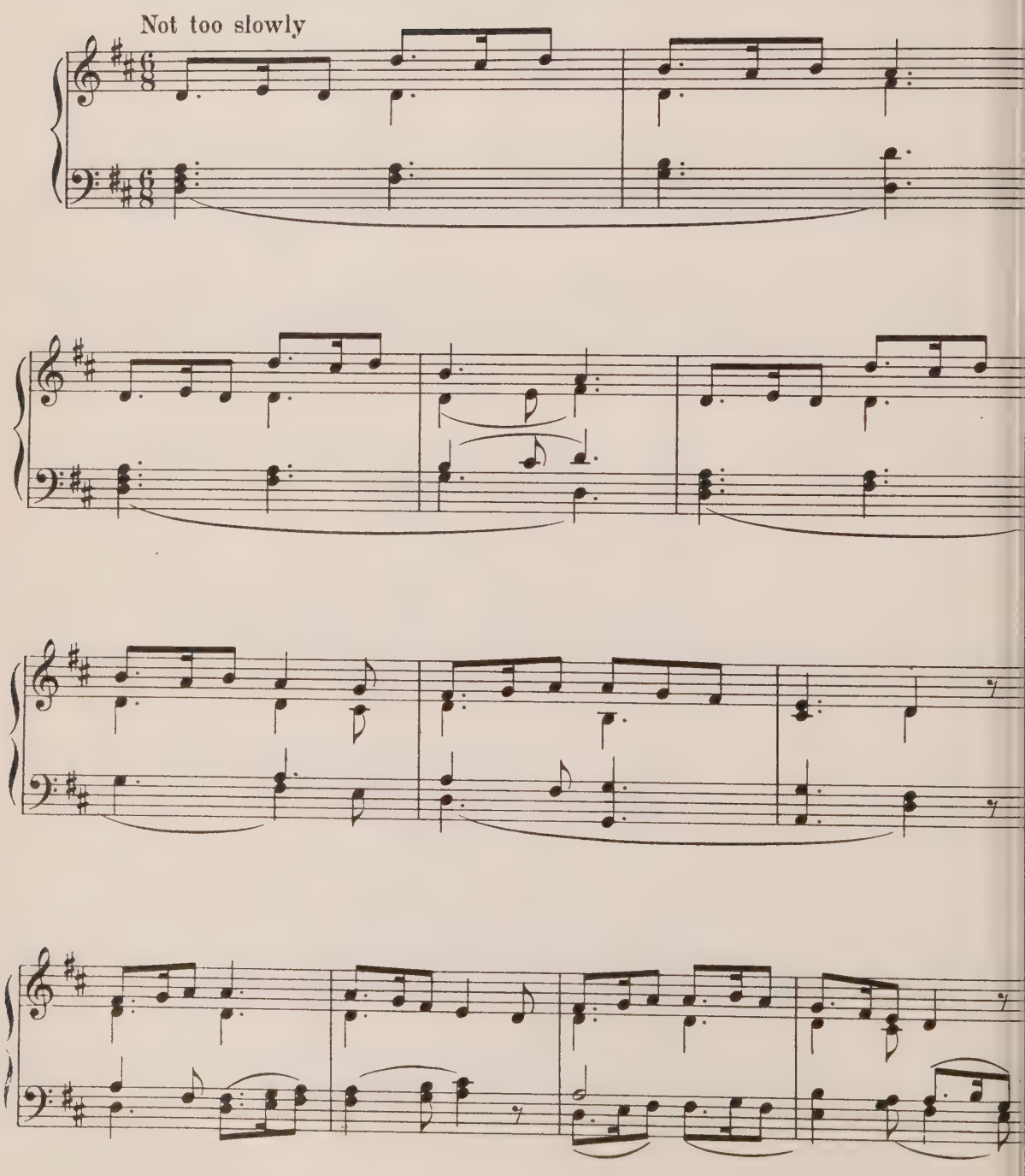
2

All Cavaliers will please combine,
With a fal lal la la la la la!
To drink this loyal toast of mine,
With a fal lal la la la la la!
If anyone should answer 'No'
I only wish that he may go
With Roundhead rogues to Jericho,
With a fal lal la. . . . .

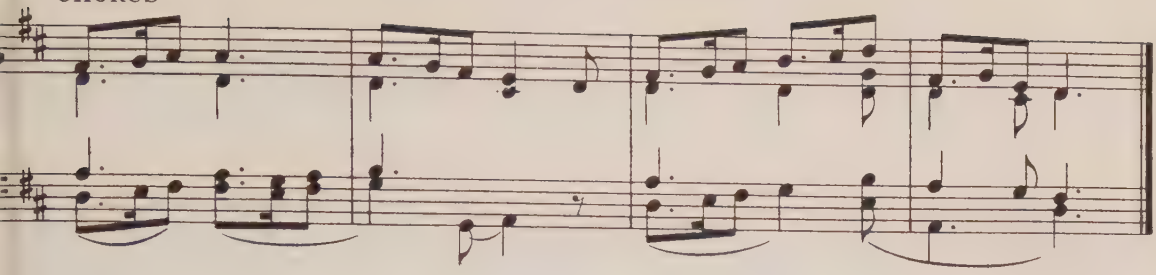
59 HERE'S TO THE MAIDEN

R. B. Sheridan

Traditional



CHORUS



1

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen;
  Here's to the widow of fifty:
Here's to the flaunting extravagant quean,
  And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.
Let the toast pass, drink to the lass;
I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass. *(repeat for Chorus)*

2

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize:
  Now to the maid who has none, Sir;
Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,
  And here's to the nymph with but *one*, Sir.
Let the toast pass, ...

3

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow;
  Now to her that's as brown as a berry:
Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
  And now to the girl that is merry.
Let the toast pass, ...

4

For let 'em be clumsy, or let 'em be slim,
  Young or ancient, I care not a feather;
So fill a pint bumper quite up to the brim,
  And let us e'en toast them together.
Let the toast pass, ...

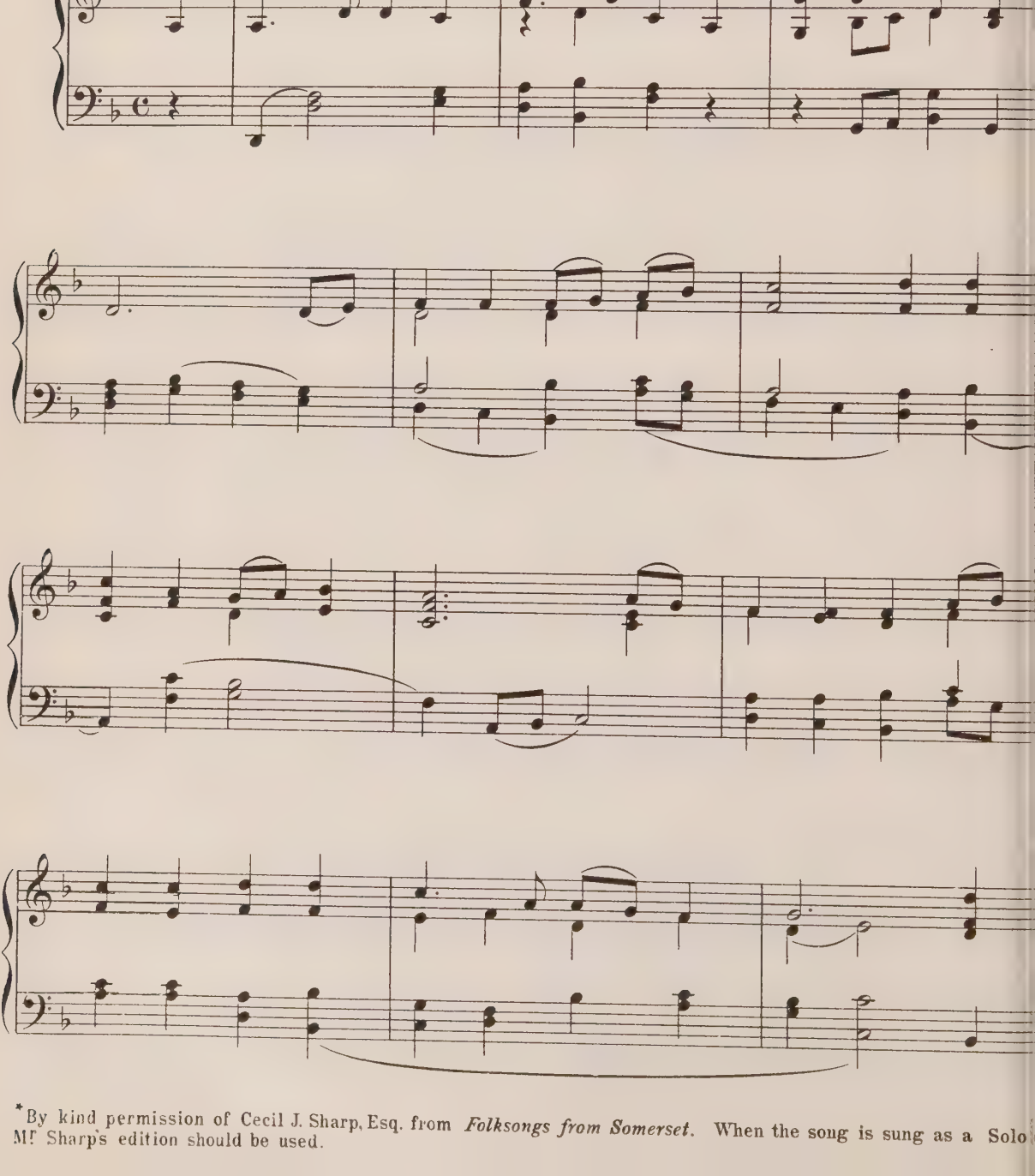
60

HIGH GERMANY*

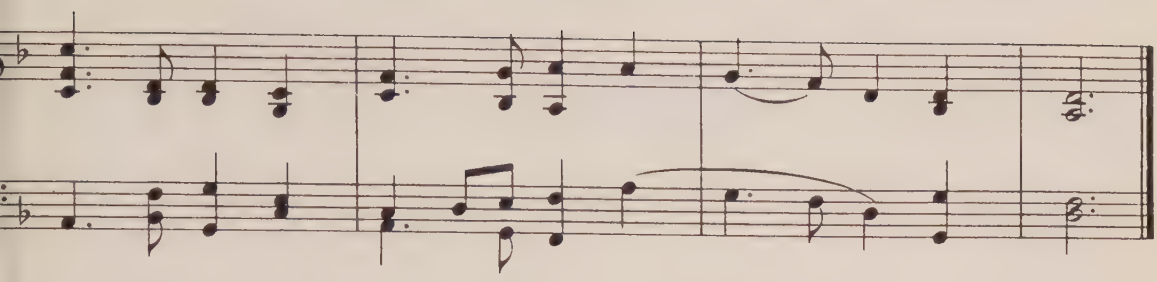
Somerset

Somerse

Firmly



*By kind permission of Cecil J. Sharp, Esq. from *Folksongs from Somerset*. When the song is sung as a Solo Mr Sharp's edition should be used.



1

O Polly, Love, O Polly, the rout has now begun,
And we must march away at the beating of the drum:
Go dress yourself in all your best and come along with me,
I'll take you to the cruel wars in High Germany.

2

O Harry, O Harry, you mind what I do say,
My feet they are so tender I cannot march away,
And besides, my dearest Harry, though I'm in love with thee,
How am I fit for cruel wars in High Germany?

3

I'll buy you a horse, my Love, and on it you shall ride,
And all my heart's delight shall be riding by your side;
We'll call at every ale-house. and drink when we are dry,
So quickly on the road, my Love, we'll marry by and by.

4

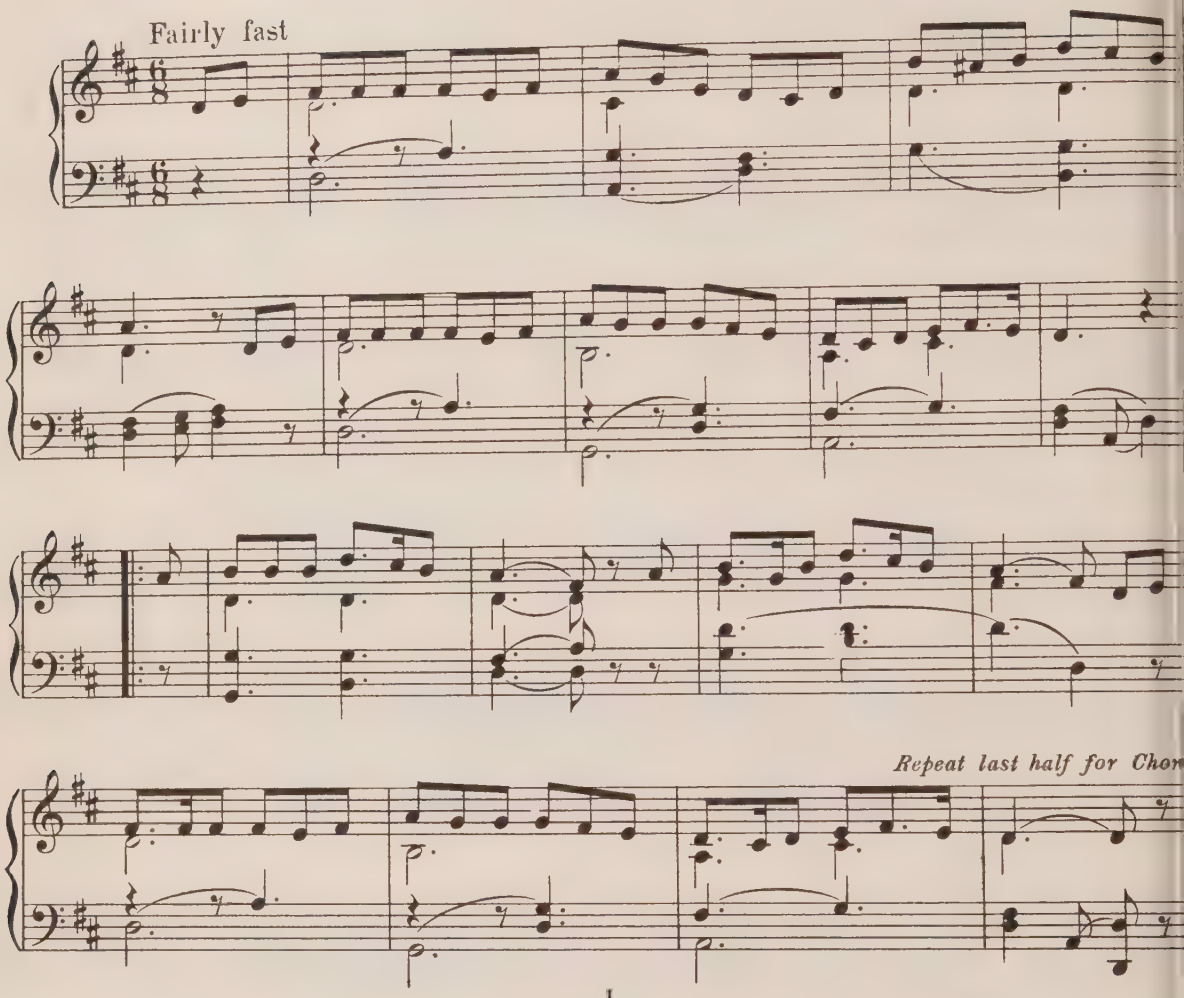
O cursèd were the cruel wars that ever they should rise,
And out of merry England press many a lad likewise!
They pressed young Harry from me, likewise my brothers three,
And sent them to the cruel wars in High Germany.

61

THE HUNTING DAY*

W. Williams

W. William



1

What a fine hunting day,
'Tis as balmy as May,
And the hounds to the village will come:
Every friend will be there,
And all trouble and care
Will be left far behind them at home.
See, servants and steeds on their way;
And sportsmen their scarlet display:
Let us join the glad throng
That goes laughing along,
And we'll all go a-hunting to-day.

Chorus We'll all go a-hunting to-day,
All nature looks smiling and gay;
So we'll join the glad throng
That goes laughing along,
And we'll all go a-hunting to-day.

*By kind permission of the executors of Mr Williams and the publishers of the song (Messrs Stockley, of Birmin

2

Farmer Hodge to his dame
Says, "I'm sixty and lame;
Times are hard, yet my rent I must pay:
But I don't care a jot
If I raise it or not,
For I will go a-hunting to-day.
There's a fox in the spinney, they say;
We shall find him and get him away:
I'll be first in the rush,
And ride hard for the brush,
So I must go a-hunting to-day."
Chorus I must go . . . . . .

3

There's the Doctor in boots,
With a breakfast that suits
Him of strong home-brewed ale and good beef;
And his patients in pain
Say, "We're come once again
To consult you in hope of relief."
To the poor he advice gave away,
For the rich he prescribed and took pay;
But to each one he said,
"You will shortly be dead,
If you don't go a-hunting to-day."
Chorus You must go . . . . . .

4

As the Judge sits in court,
He gets wind of the sport,
For the lawyers apply to adjourn,
As no witnesses come,
And there's none found at home,
They have followed the hounds and the horn.
Says his Worship, "Great fines they must pay,
If they will not our summons obey;–
Yet it's very fine sport,–
So we'll break up the court,
And we'll all go a-hunting to-day."
Chorus We'll all go . . . . . .

5

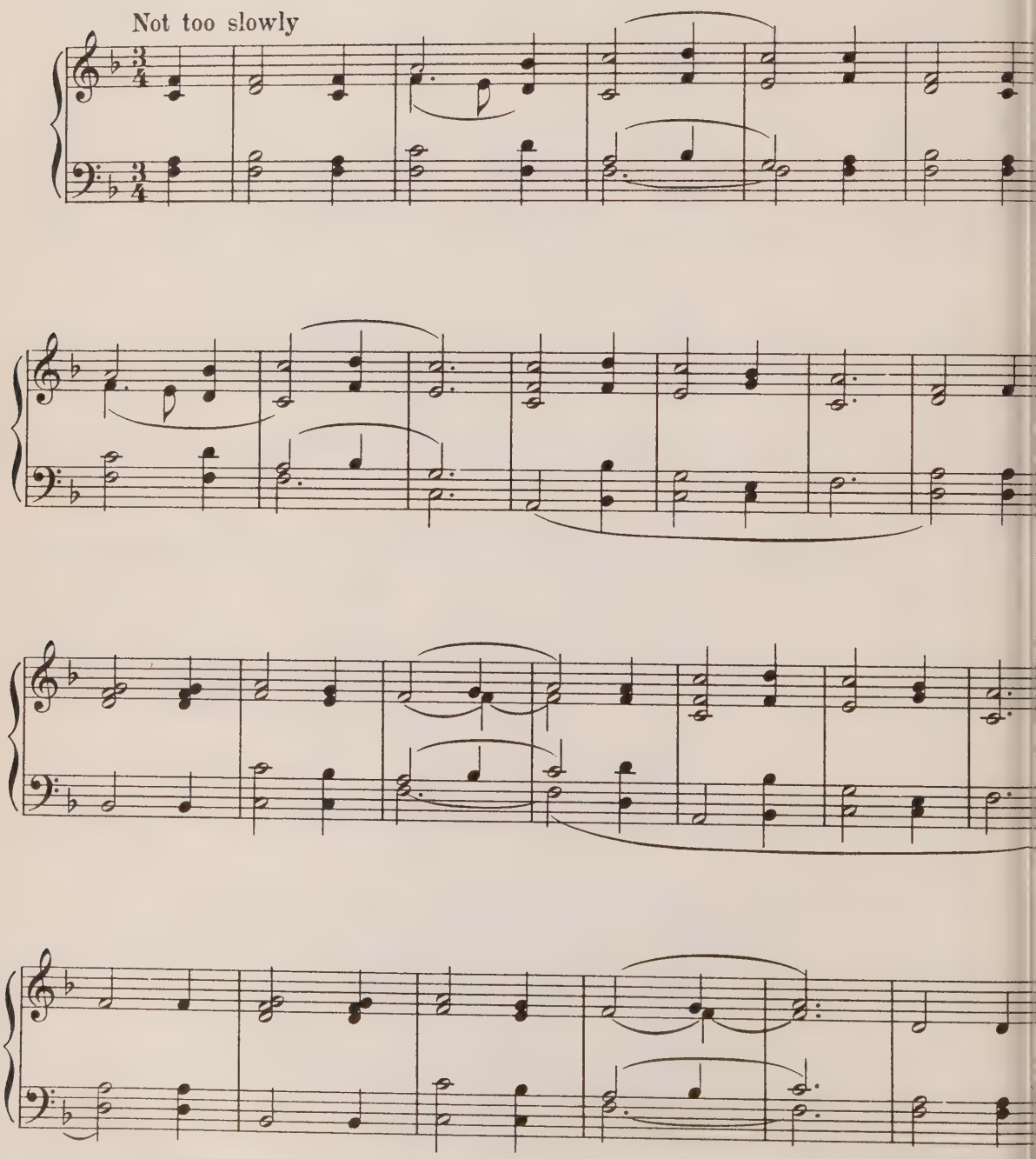
There is only one cure
For all maladies sure,
That reaches the heart to its core.
'Tis the sound of the horn
On a fine hunting morn,
And where is the heart wishing more?
It turneth the grave into gay,
Makes pain unto pleasure give way,
Makes the weak become strong,
And the old become young,
So we'll all go a-hunting to-day.
Chorus We'll all go . . . . . .

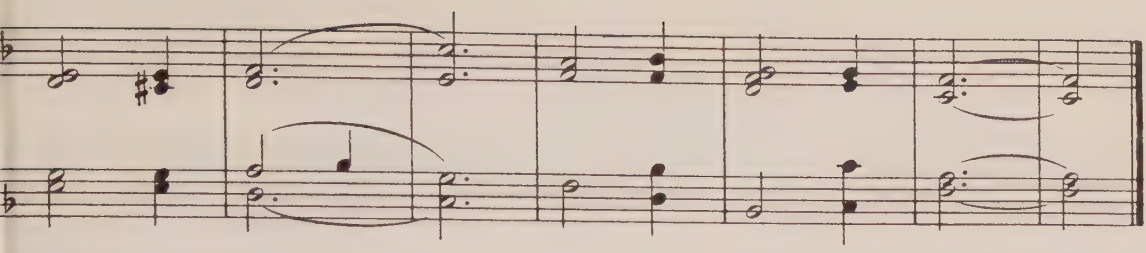
62

IN DULCI JUBILO

Traditional

Tradition





1

In dulci jubilo,
Now sing we all *Io;*
He, my love, my wonder,
Lieth *in presepio,*
Like any sunbeam, yonder
Matris in gremio:
Alpha es et O. (twice)

2

O Jesu parvule,
I yearn for thee alway:
Listen to my ditty,
O puer optime,
Have pity on me, pity:
O princeps glorie,
Trahe me post te.

3

O Patris charitas,
O Nati lenitas;
All with us was over,
Per nostra crimina:
But then thou didst recover
Celorum gaudia:
O that we were there!

4

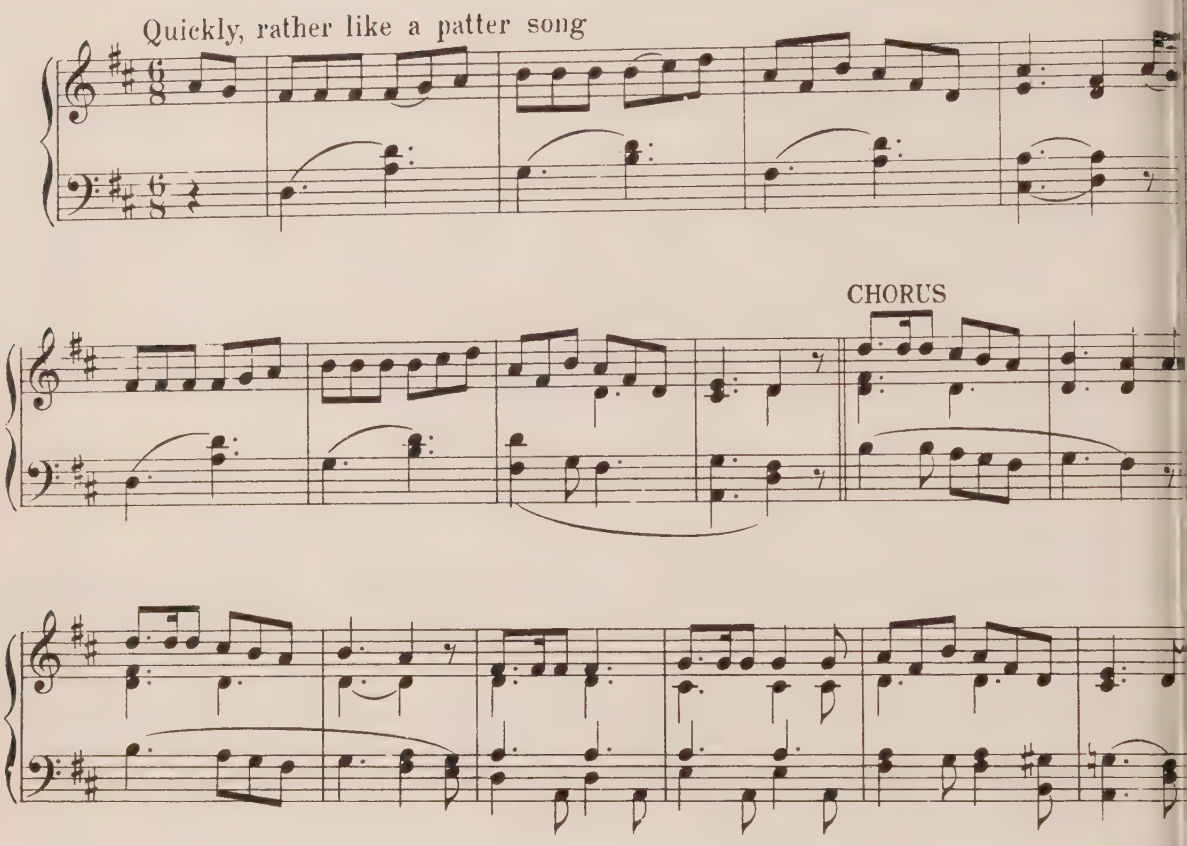
Ubi sunt gaudia
If that they be not there?
Angels there are singing
Nova cantica.
Sweet bells the while a-ringing
In regis curia:
O that we were there!

63

THE ISLAND

Dibdin

"The Rogues' Mare



1

Daddy Neptune one day to Freedom did say,
"If ever I liv'd upon dry land,
The spot I should hit on would be little Britain."
Says Freedom, "Why, that's my own Island."
Oh! what a snug little Island,
A right little, tight little Island;
All the globe round, none can be found
So happy as this little Island.

2

Julius Cæsar the Roman, who yielded to no man,
Came by water, he couldn't come *by* land!
And Dane, Pict, and Saxon, their homes turn'd their backs on,
And all for the sake of our Island.
Oh! what a snug little Island,
They'd all have a touch at the Island,
Some were shot dead– some of them fled,
And some stay'd to live on the Island.

3

Then a very great war-man, called Billy the Norman,
Cried "Hang it! I never liked my land;
It would be much more handy, to leave this Normandy,
And live on yon beautiful Island."
Says he, "'Tis a snug little Island,
Shan't us go visit the Island?"
Hop, skip, and jump,– there he was plump,
And he kicked up a dust in the Island.

4

But party deceit helped the Normans to beat,
Of traitors they managed to buy land;
By Dane, Saxon, or Pict, we ne'er had been licked,
Had they stuck to the King of their Island.
Poor Harold, the King of the Island,
He lost both his life and his Island;
That's very true,– what could he do?
Like a Briton he died for his Island.

5

Then the Spanish Armada set out to invade–a,
Quite sure if they ever came nigh land,
They couldn't do less than tuck up Queen Bess,
And take their full swing in the Island.
Oh! the poor Queen and the Island,
The drones came to plunder the Island,
But snug in her hive, the Queen was alive,
And buzz was the word in the Island.

6

These proud puffed-up cakes thought to make ducks and drakes
Of our wealth; but they scarcely could spy land,
Ere our Drake had the luck to make their pride duck
And stoop to the lads of the Island.
The good wooden walls of the Island;
Huzza! for the lads of the Island;
Devil or Don, let them come on,
But how'd they come off at the Island!

7

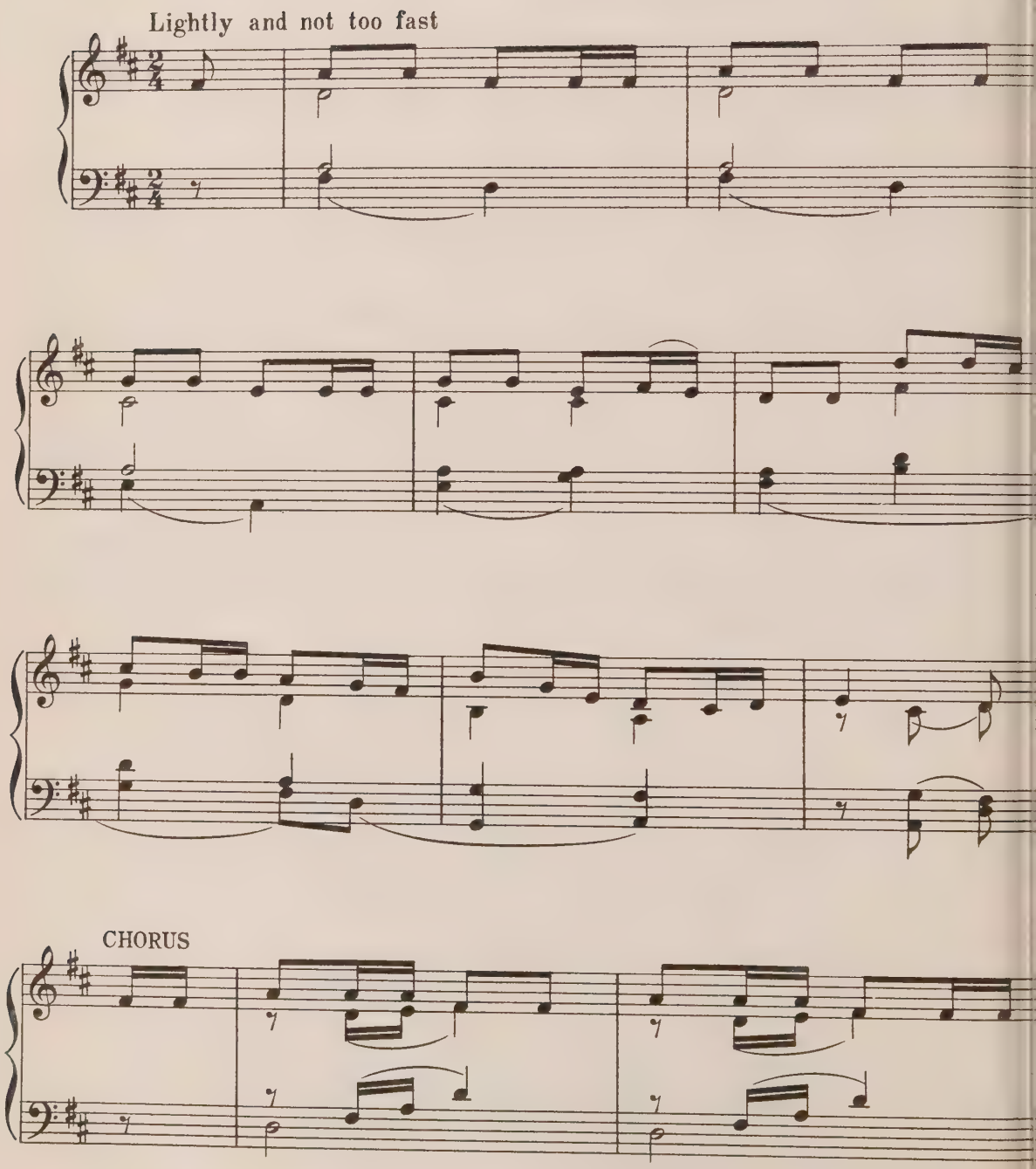
I don't wonder much that the French and the Dutch
Have since been oft tempted to try land,
And I wonder much less they have met no success,
For why should we give up our Island?
Oh! 'tis a wonderful Island,
All of 'em long for the Island;
Hold a bit there, let 'em take fire and air,
But we'll have the sea and the Island.

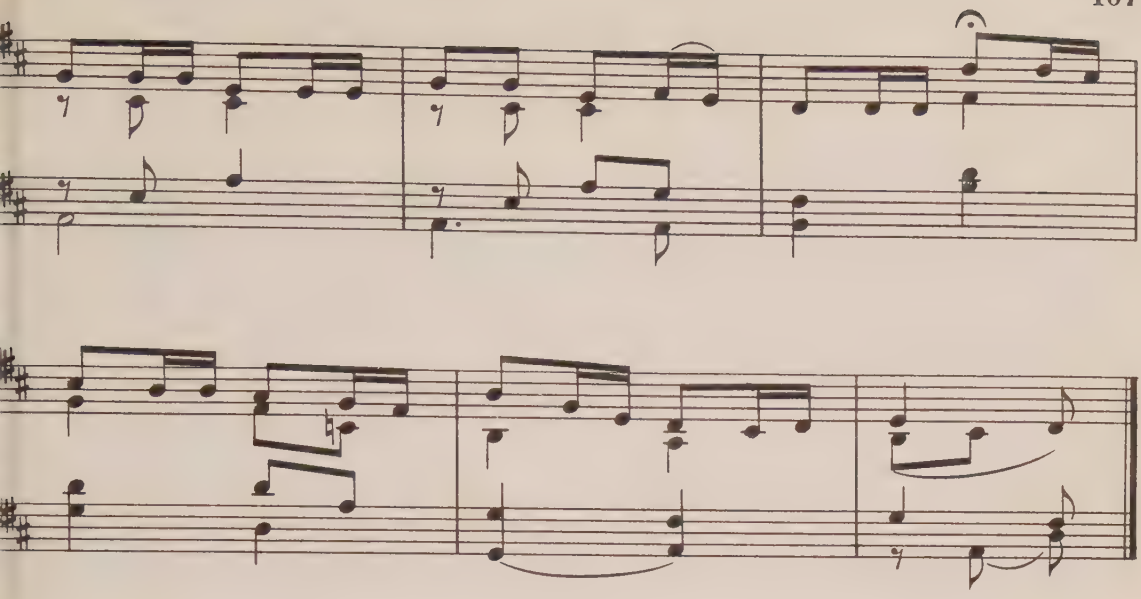
8

Then since Freedom and Neptune have hitherto kept tune
In each saying, "This shall be my land;"
Should the "Army of England," or all it could bring, land,
We'd show 'em some play for the Island.
We'd fight for our right to the Island,
We'd give them enough of the Island;
Invaders should just– bite at the dust,
But not a bit more of the Island.

64 JOHN PEEL

John W. Graves — Old Border Melo





1

D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay,
D'ye ken John Peel at the break of day,
D'ye ken John Peel when he's far, far away,
With his hounds and his horn in the morning?

Chorus For the sound of his horn brought me from my bed,
And the cry of his hounds which he oft-times led,
For Peel's "View halloo" would awaken the dead
Or the fox from his lair in the morning.

2

Yes, I ken John Peel, and Ruby too,
Ranter and Ringwood, Bellman and True,
From a find to a check, from a check to a view,
From a view to a death in the morning.
For the sound of his horn, &c.

3

Then here's to John Peel from my heart and soul,
Let's drink to his health, let's finish the bowl,
We'll follow John Peel thro' fair and thro' foul
If we want a good hunt in the morning.
For the sound of his horn, &c.

4

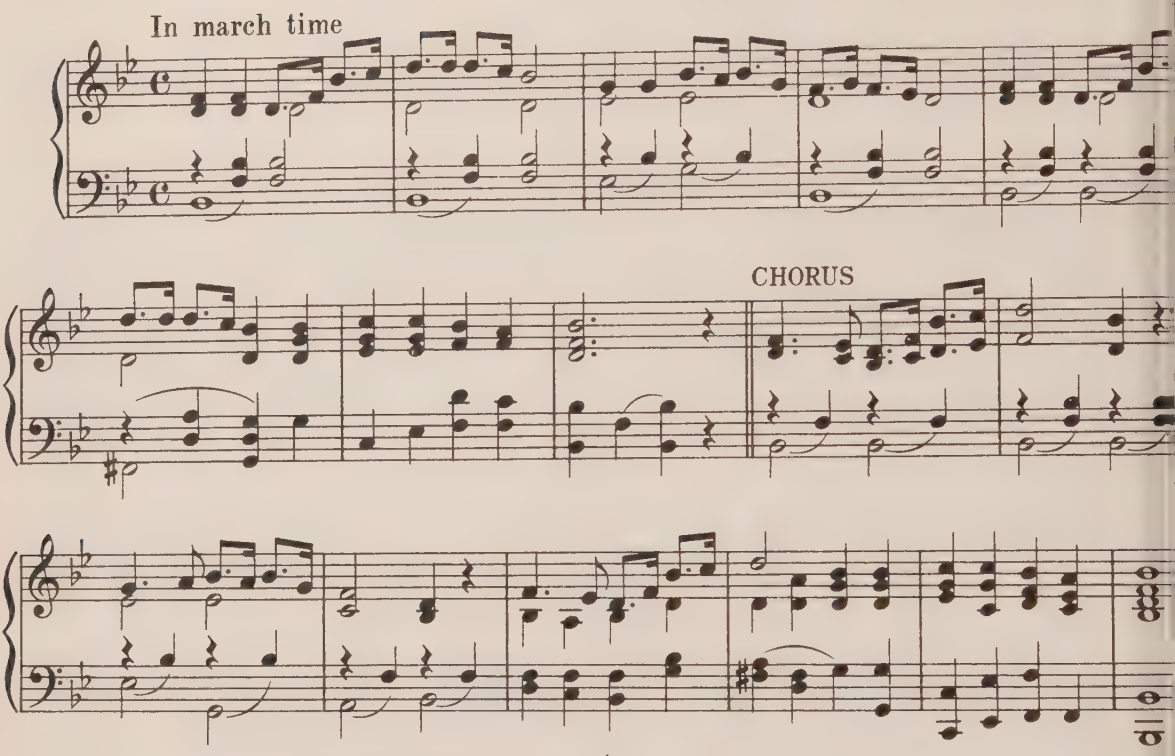
D'ye ken John Peel with his coat so gay?
He lived at Troutbeck once on a day,
Now he has gone far, far, far away,
We shall ne'er hear his voice in the morning.
For the sound of his horn, &c.

65

JOHN BROWN'S BODY*

Anon.

March Song of tH
American Civil W



1

John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,
John Brown's body lies a-mould'ring in the grave,
His soul is marching on!
Chorus Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
Glory, Glory, Hallelujah!
His soul is marching on!

2

The stars of heaven are looking kindly down, *(three times)*
On the grave of old John Brown.

3

He's gone to be a soldier in the army of the Lord,
His soul is marching on.

4

John Brown's knapsack is strapp'd upon his back,
His soul is marching on.

5

His pet lambs will meet him on the way,
And they'll go marching on.

6

We'll hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree,
As we go marching on.

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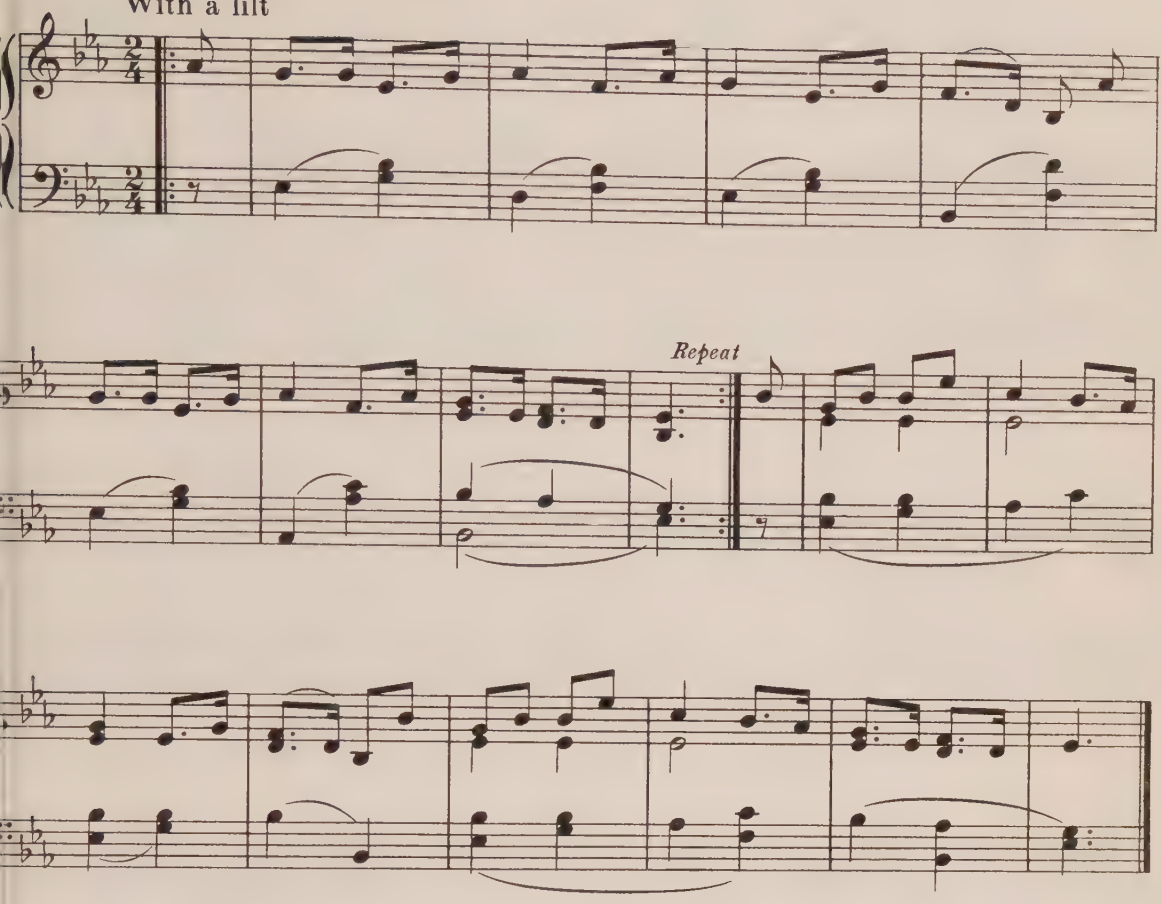
THE KEEL ROW

aditional

Tyneside Ballad

With a lilt



1

As I cam' doon the Sandgate, the Sandgate, the Sandgate,
As I cam' doon the Sandgate, I heard a lassie sing! } *(twice)*
"O merry may the keel row, the keel row, the keel row,
O merry may the keel row the ship my laddie's in."

2

My love he wears a bonnet, a bonnet, a bonnet,
A snawy rose upon it, a dimple in his chin. } *(twice)*
O merry, &c.

3

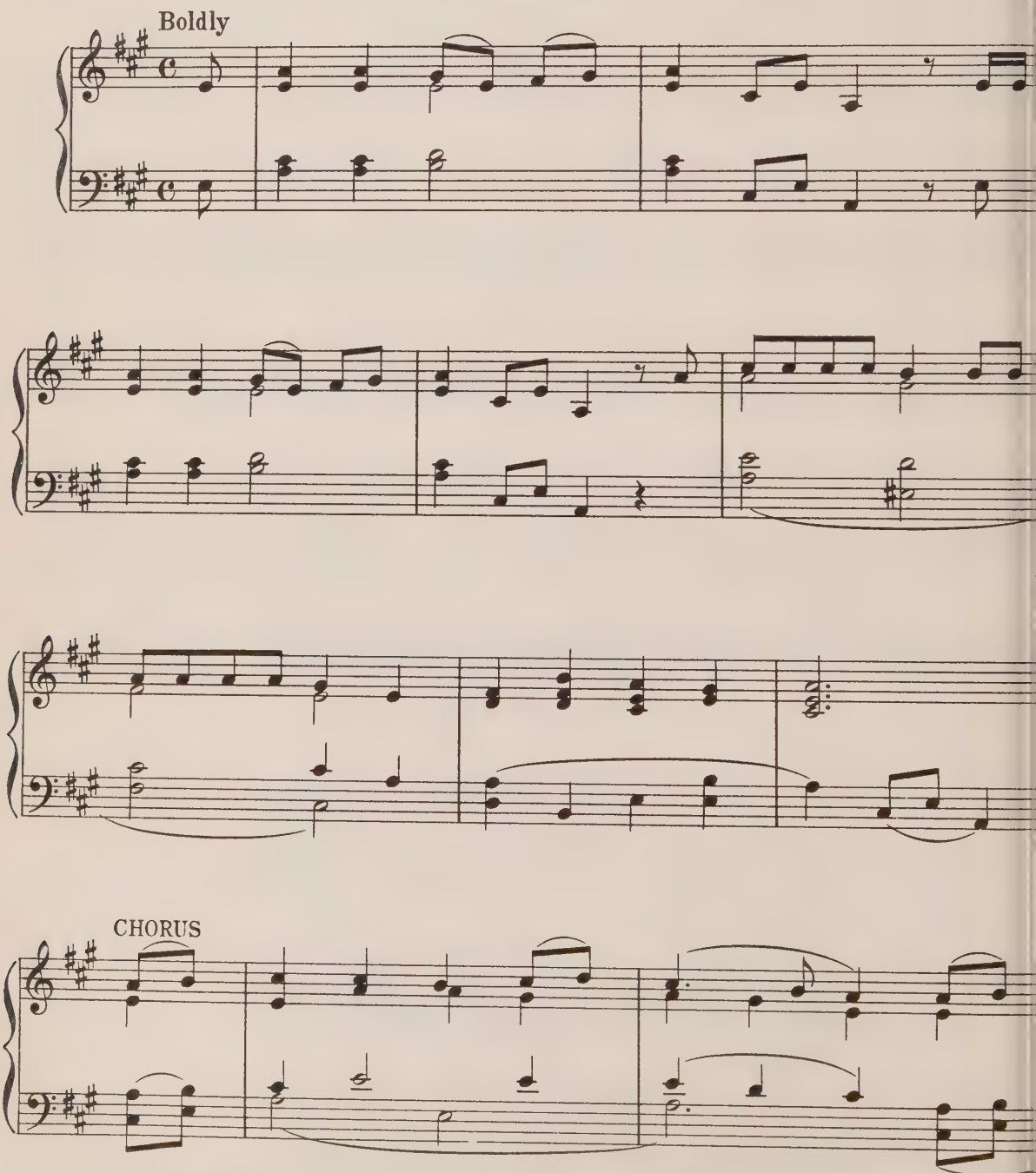
And soon I heard her lover, her lover, her lover,
Had landed from the Rover, and joined her in this strain. } *(twice)*
O merry, &c.

67

KING ARTHUR*

Dorsetshire

Dorsetshi



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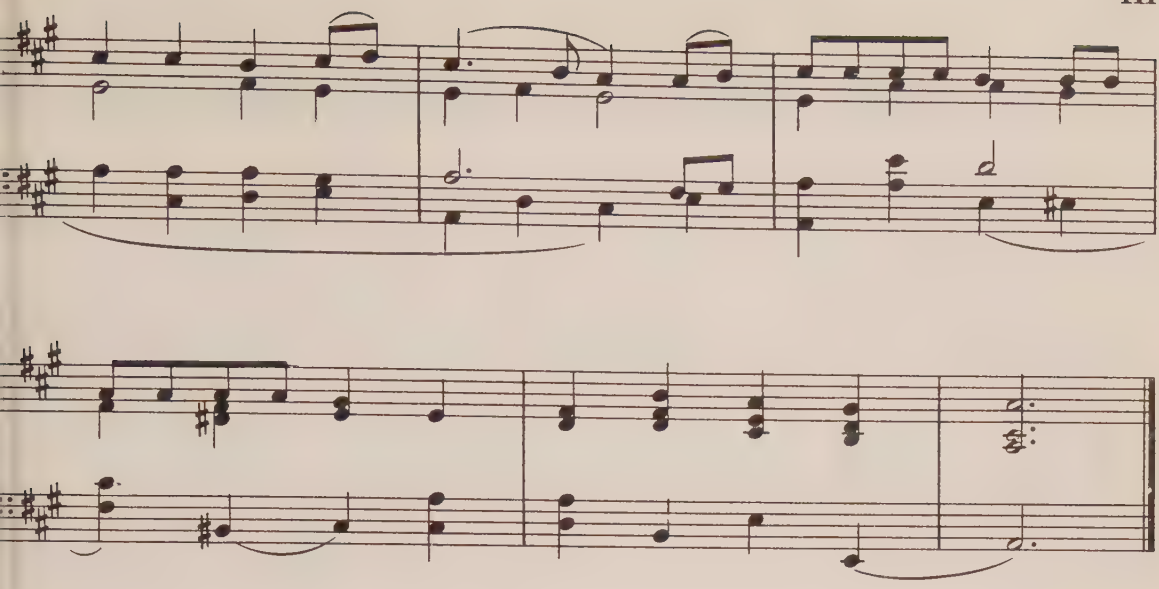


1

King Arthur ruled the land– that he did.
And a right good ruler was he– that he was.
He had three sons of yore, and he kicked them to the door,
Because they would not sing,
Chorus Because they would not sing–
Because they would not sing–
He had three sons of yore, and he kicked them to the door,
Because they would not sing.

2

The first he was a miller– that he was;
The second he was a weaver– that he was;
And the third he was a little tailor boy,
With his broad-cloth under his arm.
With his broad-cloth under his arm. . . . . .

3

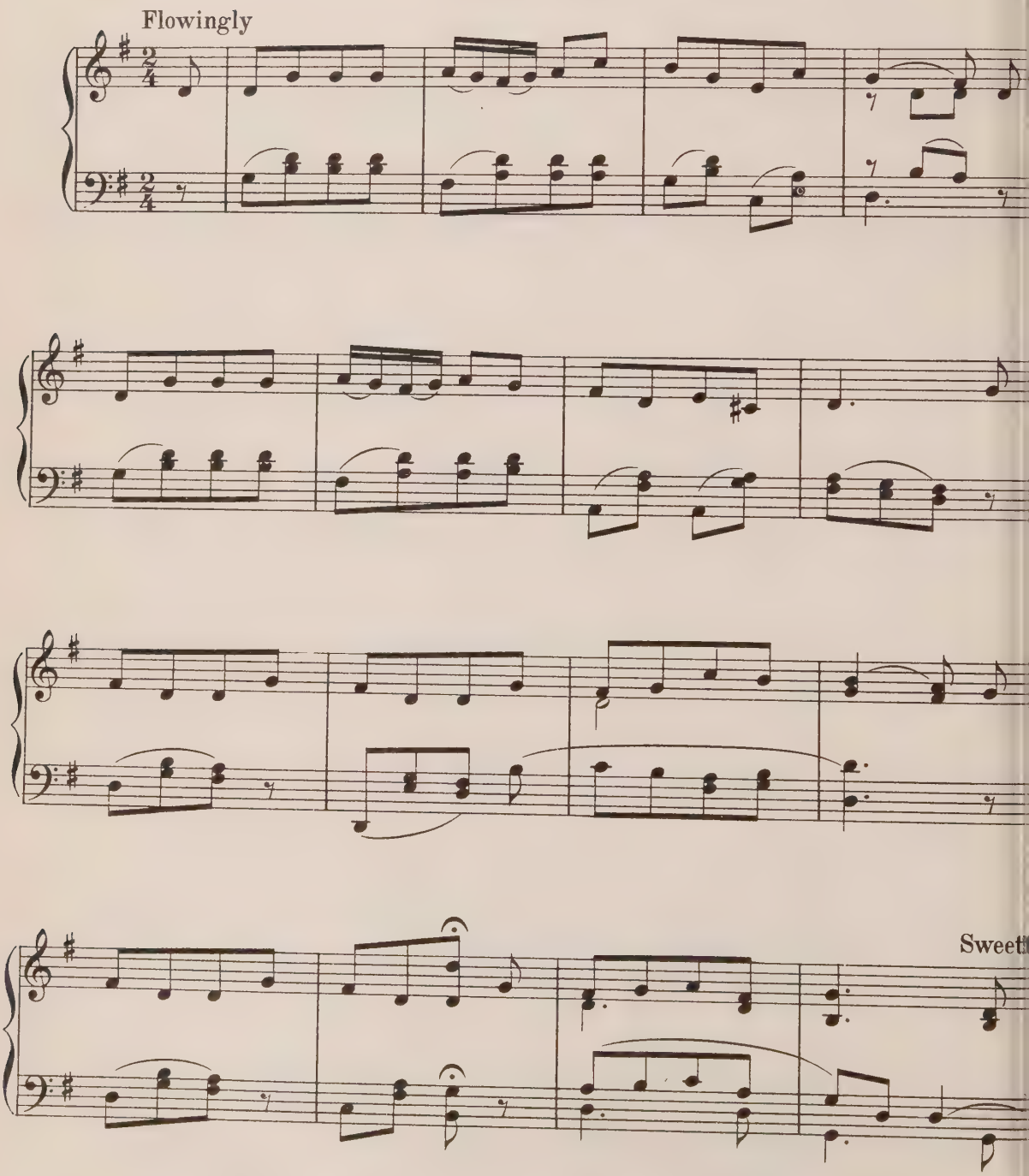
The miller he stole corn– that he did;
The weaver he stole yarn– that he did;
And the little tailor boy he stole corduroy
To keep the other fellows warm.
To keep the other fellows warm. . . . . .

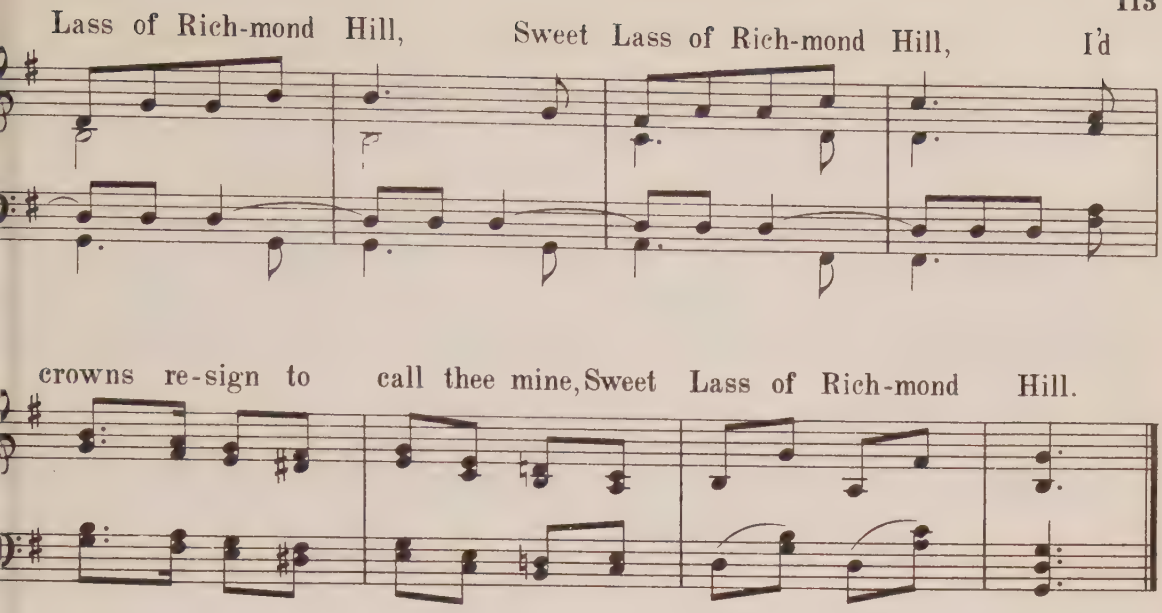
4

The miller he was drowned in his dam– that he was;
The weaver he was hanged with his yarn– that he was;
But the devil ran away with the little tailor boy,
With the broad-cloth under his arm.
With the broad-cloth under his arm. . . . . .

68 THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL

W. Upton J. Hoc





1

On Richmond Hill there lives a lass,
More bright than May-day morn,
Whose charms all other maids surpass,
A rose without a thorn.
This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet,
Has won my right good will,
I'd crowns resign to call thee mine,
Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill.

2

Ye zephyrs gay that fan the air,
And wanton thro' the grove,
O whisper to my charming fair,
I die for her I love.
This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet,
Has won my right good will,
I'd crowns resign to call thee mine,
Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill.

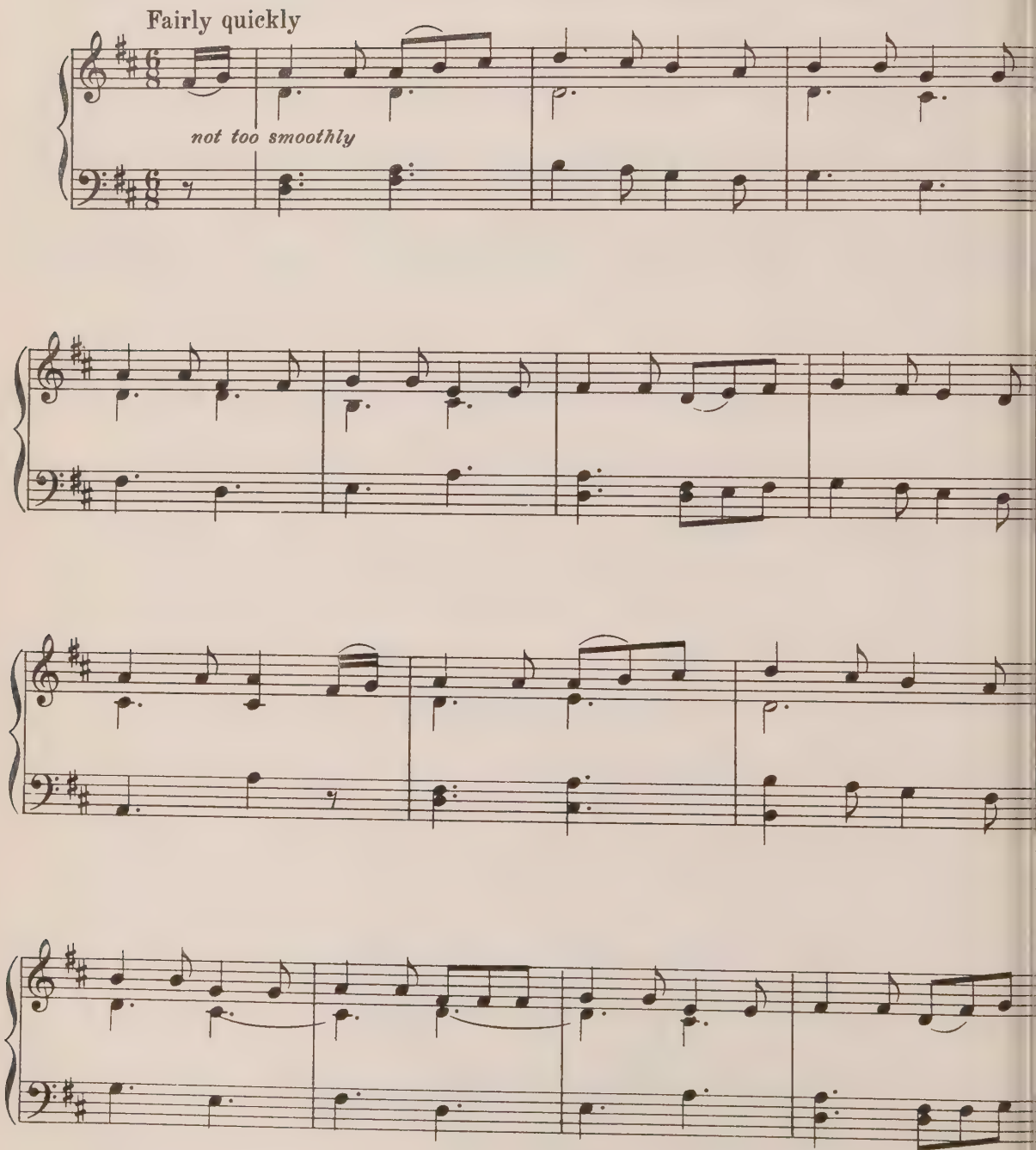
3

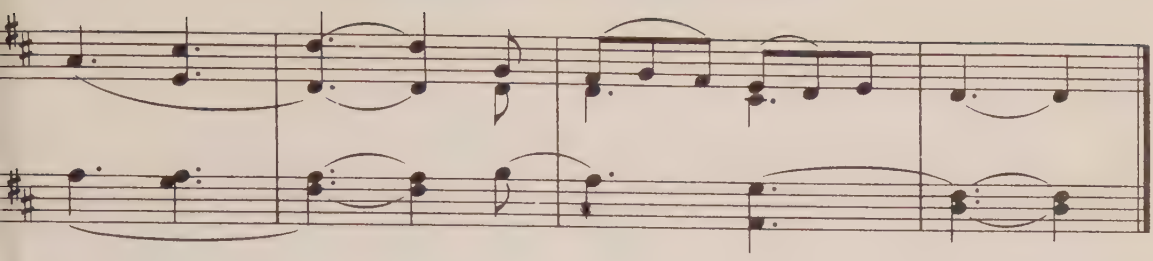
How happy will the Shepherd be
Who calls this Nymph his own.
O may her choice be fixed on me,
Mine's fixed on her alone.
This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet,
Has won my right good will,
I'd crowns resign to call thee mine,
Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill.

69 THE LEATHER BOTTÉL

17th Century

Traditiona





1

When I survey the world around,
The wondrous things that do abound,
The ships that on the sea do swim,
To keep out foes that none come in;
Well! let them all say what they can,
'Twas for one end– the use of man.
So I wish him joy where'er he dwell,
That first found out the leather bottél.

2

Now, what do you say to these cans of wood?
Oh no, in faith they cannot be good,–
For if the bearer fall by the way,
Why, on the ground your liquor doth lay:
But had it been in a leather bottél,
Although he had fallen, all had been well.
So I wish him joy, &c.

3

Then what do you say to these glasses fine?
Oh, they shall have no praise of mine,
For if you chance to touch the brim,
Down falls the liquor and all therein;
But had it been in a leather bottél,
And the stopper in, all had been well.
So I wish him joy, &c.

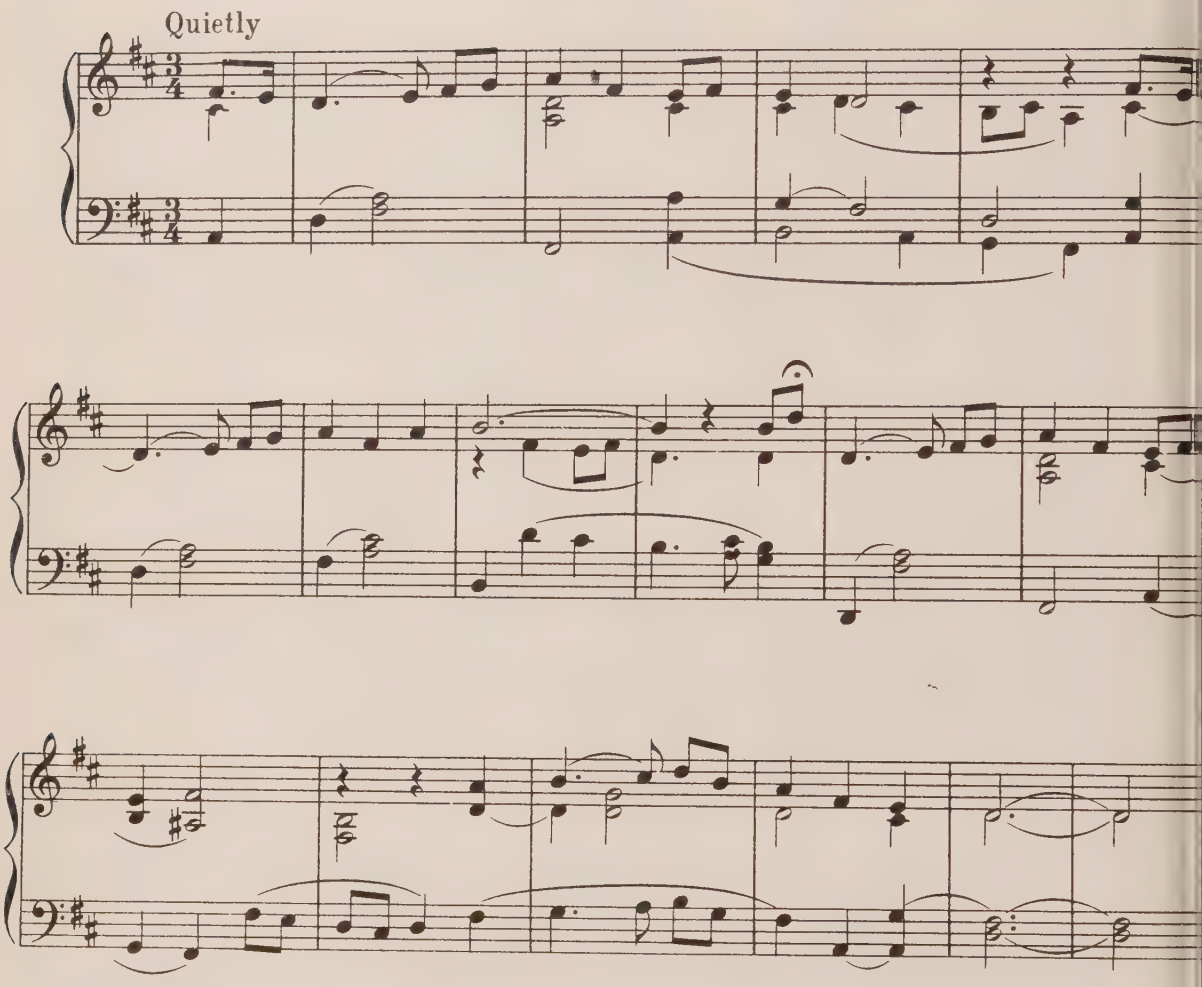
4

And when the bottle at last grows old
And will good liquor no longer hold,
Out of the sides you may make a clout,
To mend your shoes when they're worn out;
Or take and hang it up on a pin,
'Twill serve to put hinges and odd things in.
So I wish him joy, &c.

70 LEEZIE LINDSAY

Traditional

Traditiona



1

"Will ye gang to the Hielands, Leezie Lindsay?
Will ye gang to the Hielands wi' me?
Will ye gang to the Hielands, Leezie Lindsay,
My bride and my darling to be?"

2

"To gang to the Hielands wi' you, sir,
I dinna ken how that may be,
For I ken na the land that ye live in,
Nor ken I the lad I'm gaun wi'."

3

"Leezie, lassie, 'tis little that ye ken,
If sae be that ye dinna ken me,
For my name is Lord Ronald Mac Donall
A chieftain o' high degree."

4

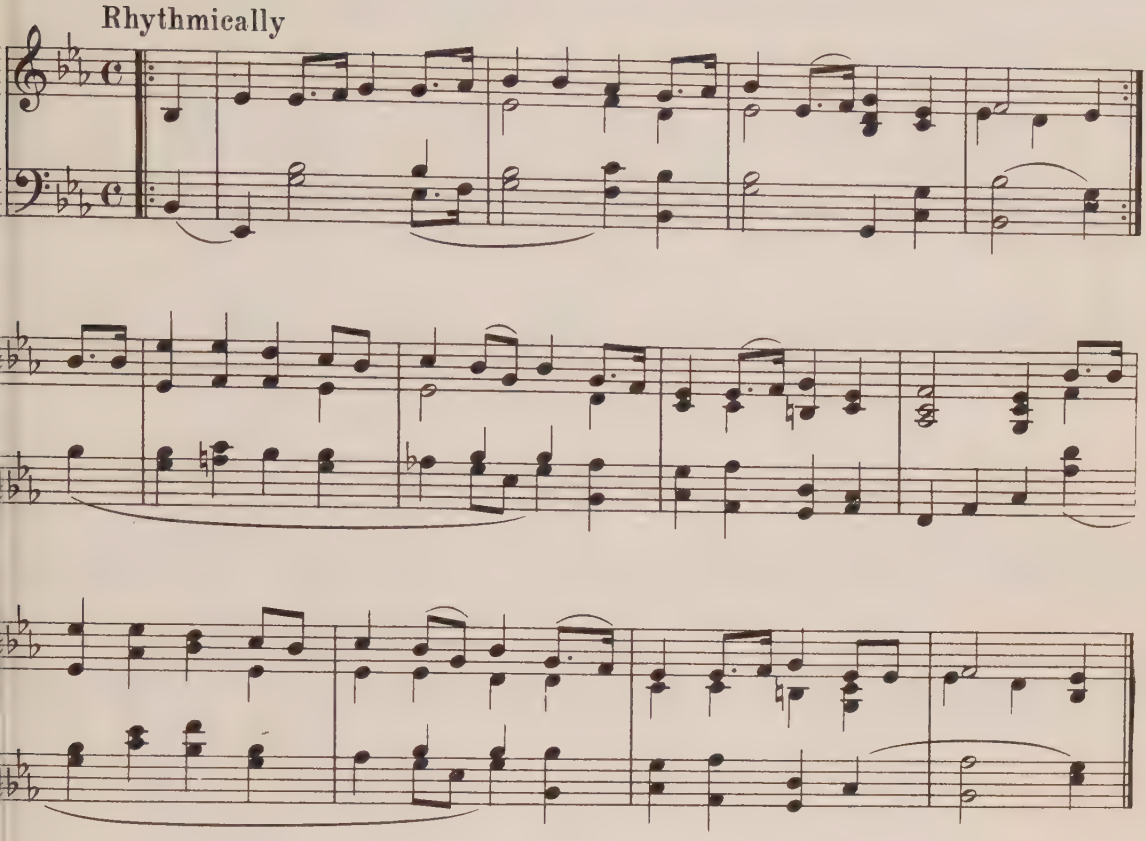
She has kilted her coats o' green satin,
She has kilted them up to the knee,
And she's aff wi' Lord Ronald Mac Dona
His bride and his darling to be.

LET ERIN REMEMBER

ore

"The red fox"

Rhythmically



1

Let Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her faithless sons betray'd her;
When Malachi wore the collar of gold,
Which he won from her proud invader,
When her Kings, with standard of green unfurl'd,
Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger;–
Ere the emerald gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of a stranger.

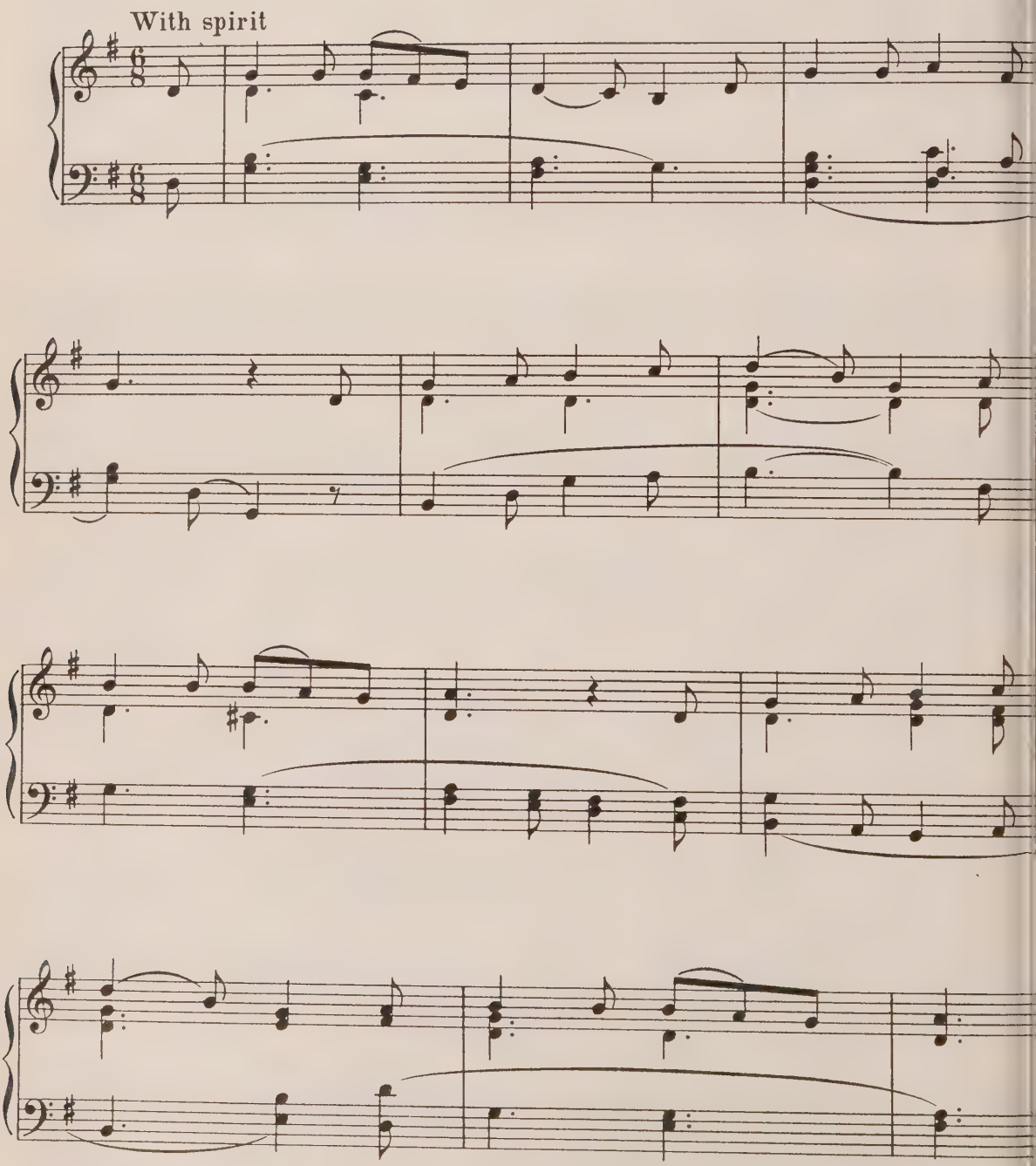
2

On Lough Neagh's bank, as the fisherman strays,
When the clear cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the wave beneath him shining;
Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time
For the long-faded glories they cover.

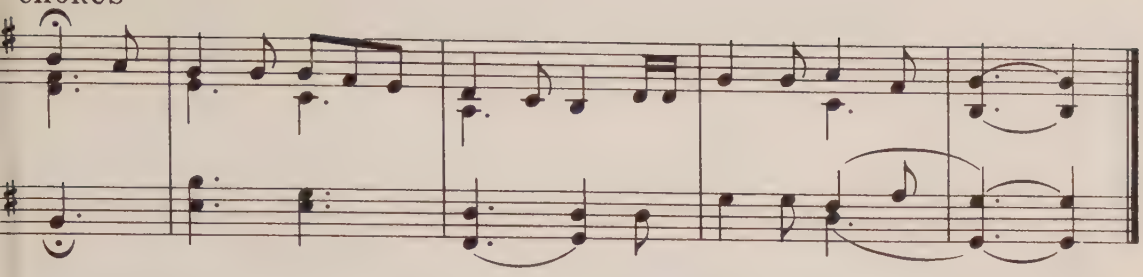
72 THE LINCOLNSHIRE POACHER*

Traditional

Tradition



*By kind permission of Messrs Chappell & Co, who publish an edition for solo voice with accompaniment.

CHORUS

1

When I was bound apprentice, in famous Lincolnshire,
Full well I serv'd my master for more than seven year,
Till I took up to poaching, as you shall quickly hear;
Chorus Oh, 'tis my delight on a shining night, in the season of the year.

2

As me and my companions were setting of a snare,
'Twas then we spied the gamekeeper, for him we did not care,
For we can wrestle and fight, my boys, and jump o'er anywhere.
Chorus Oh, 'tis my delight . . . . . .

3

As me and my companions were setting four or five,
And, taking on 'em up again, we caught a hare alive,
We took the hare alive, my boys, and through the woods did steer.
Chorus Oh, 'tis my delight . . . . . .

4

I threw him on my shoulder, and then we trudgèd home,
We took him to a neighbour's house and sold him for a crown,
We sold him for a crown, my boys, but I did not tell you where.
Chorus Oh, 'tis my delight . . . . . .

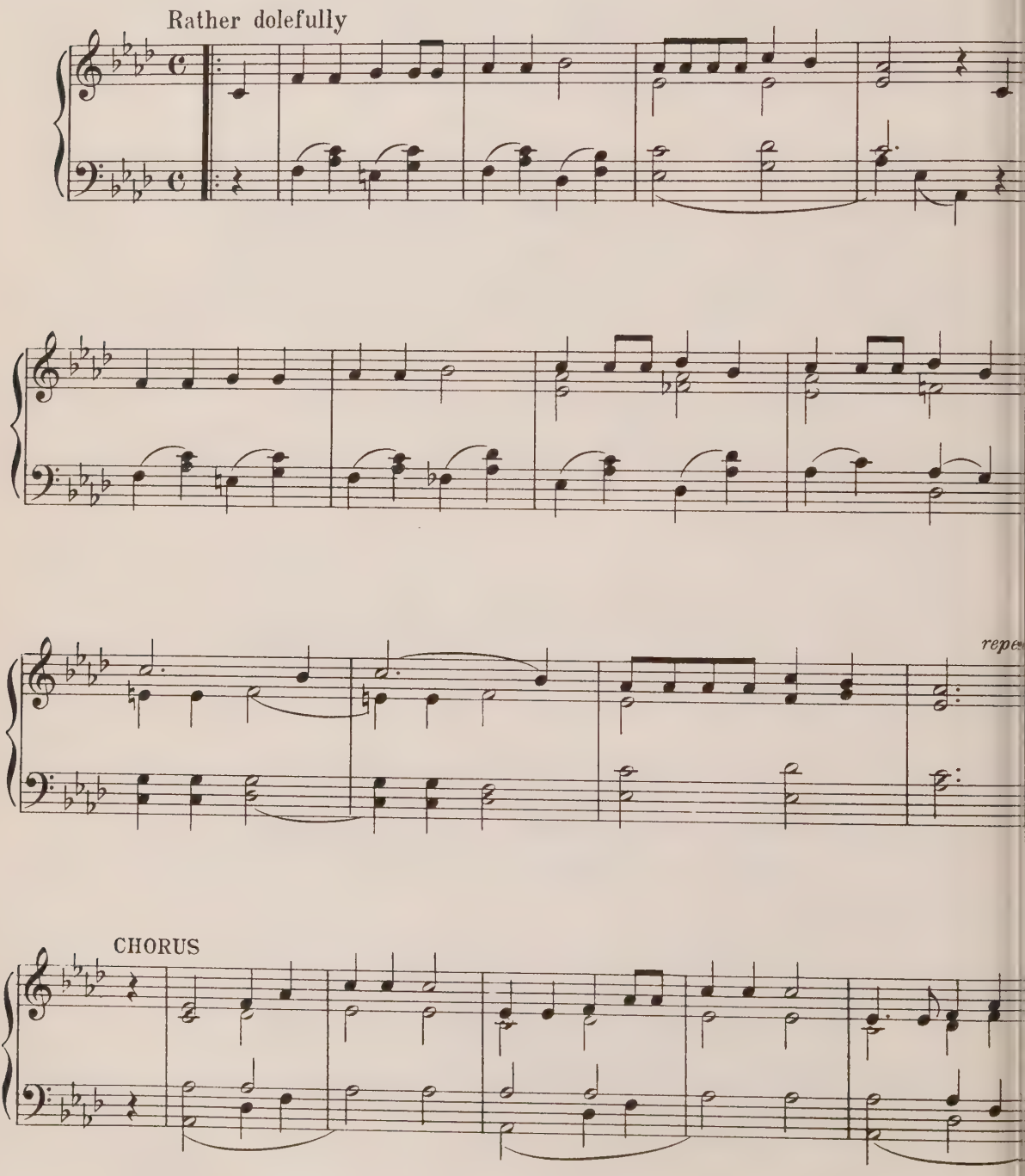
5

Success to every gentleman that lives in Lincolnshire,
Success to every poacher that wants to sell a hare,
Bad luck to every gamekeeper that will not sell his deer.
Chorus Oh, 'tis my delight . . . . . .

73 LISTEN TO MY TALE OF WOE*

Eugene Field

Hubbard T. Smi



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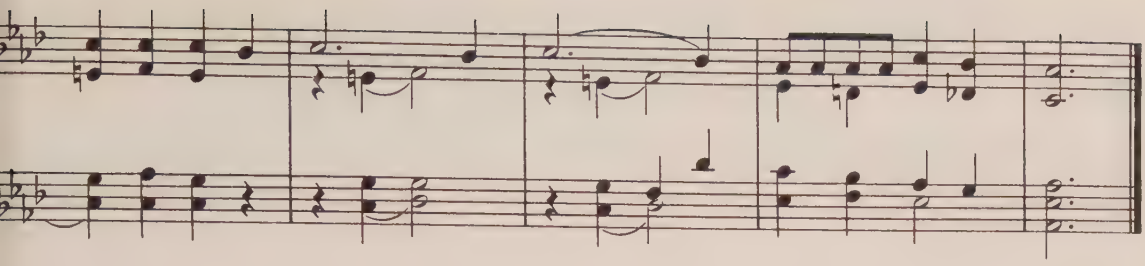


1

ttle peach in an orchard grew,–
en to my tale of woe.
ttle peach of em'rald hue;
m'd by the sun and wet by the dew,
It grew, it grew!–
en to my tale of woe.
day, in passing the orchard through–
en to my tale of woe,–
little peach dawn'd on the view
Johnny Jones and his sister Sue,
Them two, them two–
en to my tale of woe.
Hard trials for them two,
ohnny Jones and his sister Sue,
nd the peach of em'rald hue,
That grew, that grew,–
isten to my tale of woe.

2

up at the peach a club they threw,–
en to my tale of woe.
n from the limb on which it grew,
the little peach of em'rald hue,–
Poor John! poor Sue!
en to my tale of woe.
John took a bite. and Sue a chew–
en to my tale of woe,–
then the trouble began to brew,–
ouble the doctor couldn't subdue,
Too true, too true,–
en to my tale of woe.
Hard trials . . . . .

3

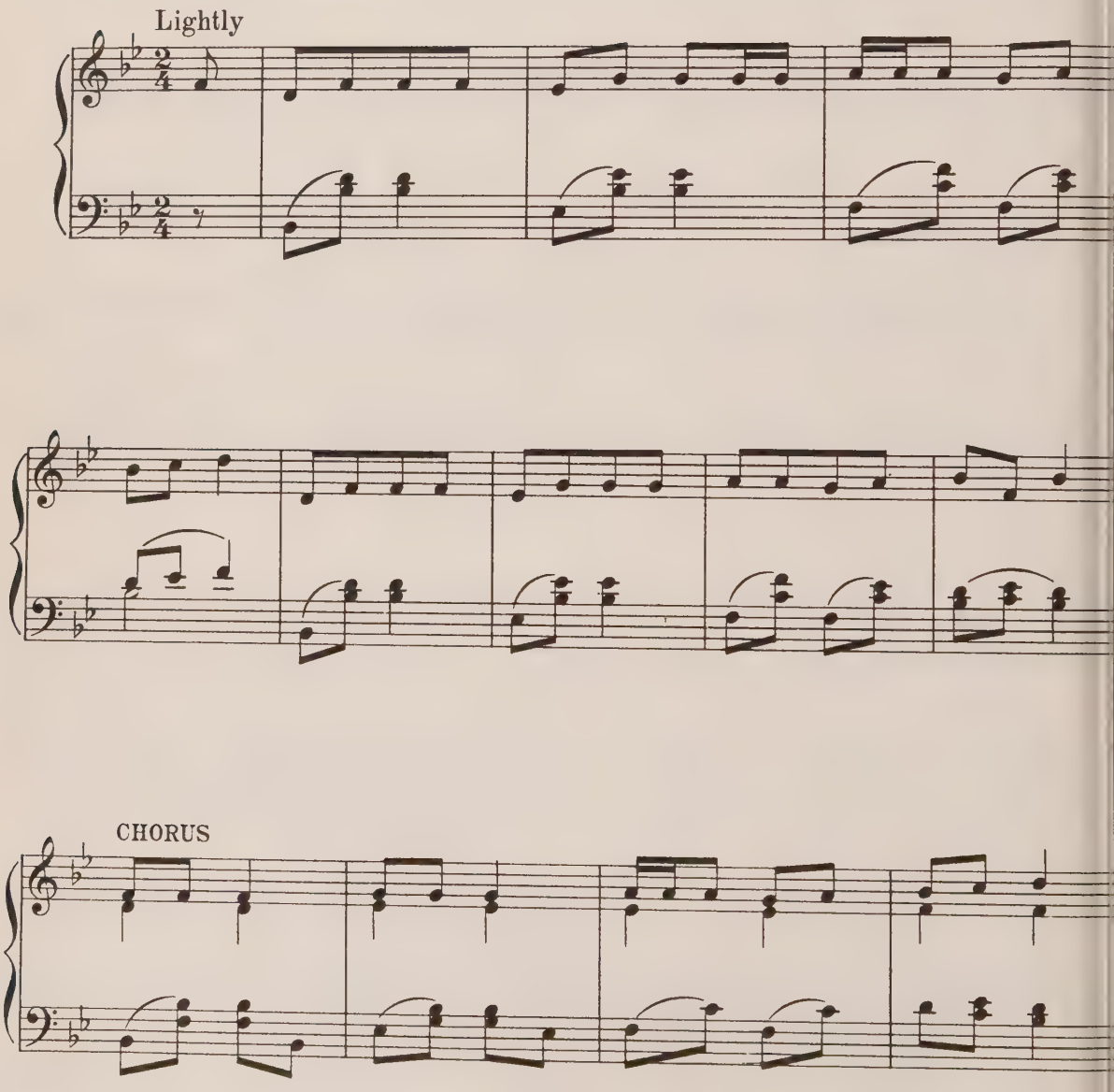
Under the turf where the daisies grew,–
Listen to my tale of woe,–
They planted John and his sister Sue,
And their little souls to the angels flew.
Boohoo! Boohoo!–
Listen to my tale of woe.
But what of the peach of em'rald hue–
Listen to my tale of woe– [the dew?
That was warm'd by the sun, and wet by
Ah, well, its mission on earth is through.
Adieu! Adieu!
Listen to my tale of woe.
Cho. Hard trials . . . . .

4

Up thro' the turf where they laid them two–
Listen to my tale of woe.
There sprang a tree of a kind we knew,
And soon through its branches the zephyrs [blew,
Awhoo! Awhoo!
Listen to my tale of woe.
And upon its trunk where all could view,–
Listen to my tale of woe,–
They cut the names of John and Sue,
And "Beware of the peach of em'rald hue,
It slew them two!"
Listen to my tale of woe.
Cho. Hard trials . . . . .

74 THE LITTLE BROWN JUG*

Unknown R. A. Eastbu



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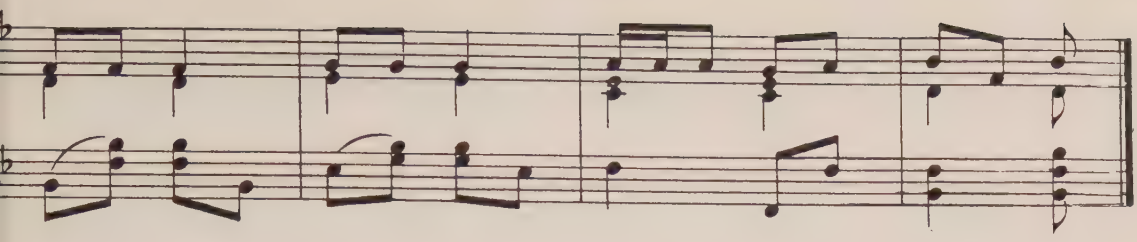


1

My wife and I liv'd all alone,
In a little log-hut we call'd our own;
She lov'd gin and I lov'd rum–
I tell you what, we'd lots of fun.
Chorus Ha-ha-ha, you and me,
Little brown jug, don't I love thee. } *twice*

2

'Tis you who make my friends my foes,
'Tis you who make me wear old clothes;
Here you are, so near my nose,
So tip her up and down she goes.
Chorus Ha-ha-ha, ...

3

When I go toiling to my farm
I take little brown jug under my arm;
I place it under a shady tree–
Little brown jug 'tis you and me.
Chorus Ha-ha-ha, ...

4

If all the folks in Adam's race
Were gather'd together in one place;
Then I'd prepare to shed a tear,
Before I'd part from you, my dear.
Chorus Ha-ha-ha, ...

5

If I'd a cow that gave such milk,
I'd clothe her in the finest silk;
I'd feed her on the choicest hay,
And milk her forty times a day.
Chorus Ha-ha-ha, ...

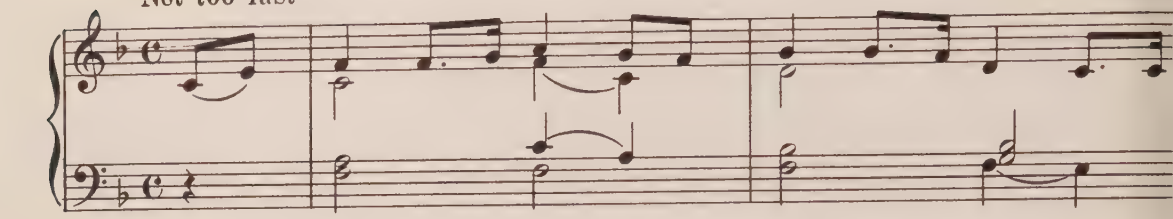
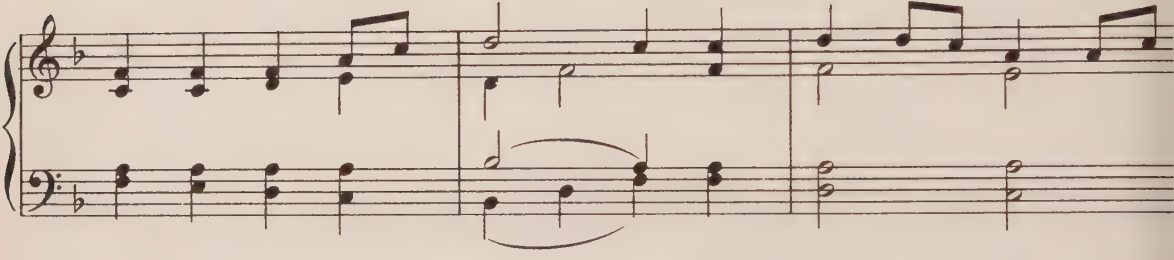
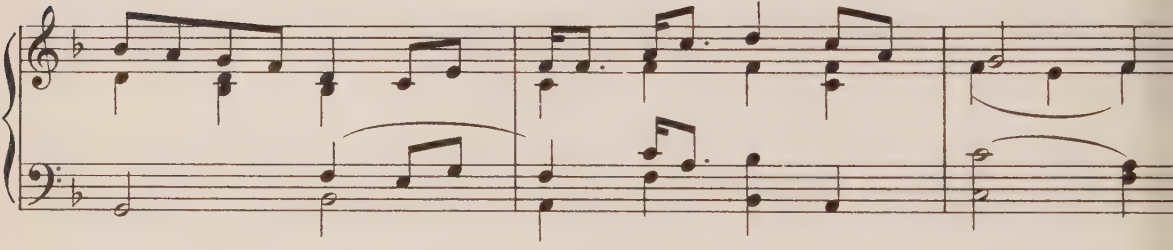
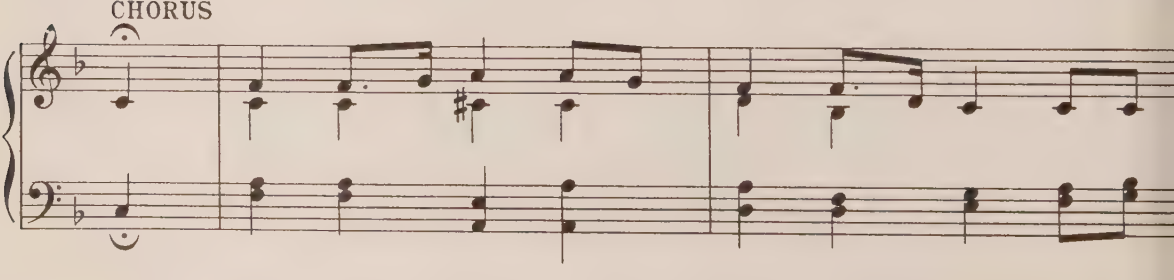
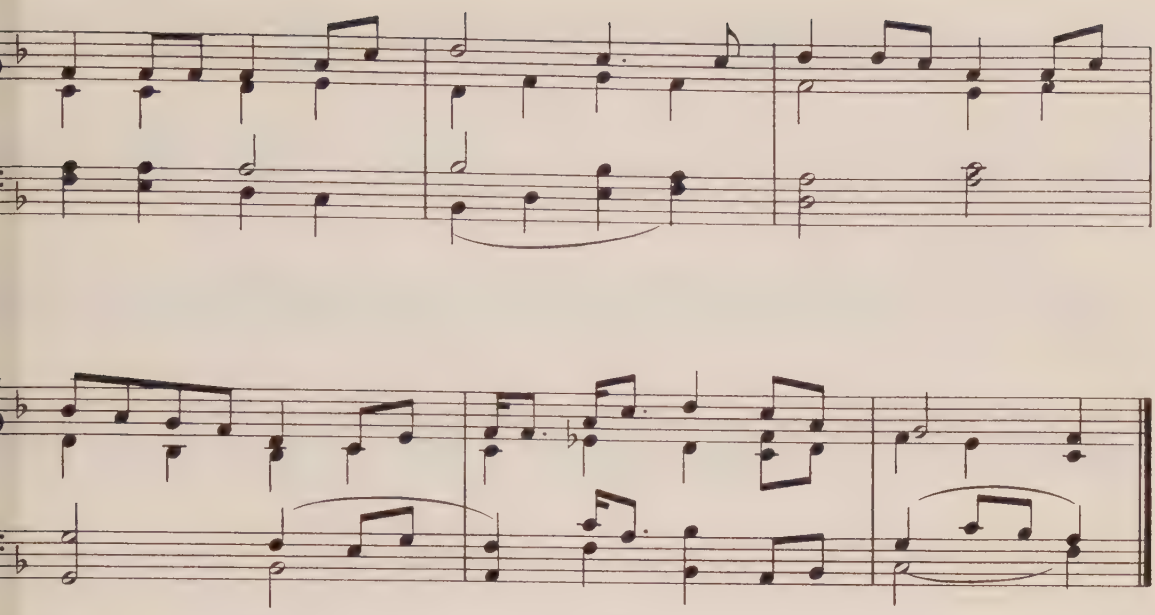
6

The rose is red, my nose is, too,
The violets blue and so are you;
And yet I guess, before I stop,
We'd better take another drop.
Chorus Ha-ha-ha, ...

75 THE BONNIE BANKS O' LOCH LOMON'

Scottish

Scotti

Not too fast

CHORUS



1

By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes,
Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomon',
Where me and my true love were ever wont to gae,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomon'.
O ye'll tak' the high road, and I'll tak' the low road,
And I'll be in Scotland afore ye,
But me and my true love will never meet again,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomon'.

2

'Twas there that we parted in yon shady glen,
On the steep, steep side o' Ben Lomon',
Where in deep purple hue, the Hieland hills we view,
And the moon comin' out in the gloamin'.
O ye'll tak' the high road, &c.

3

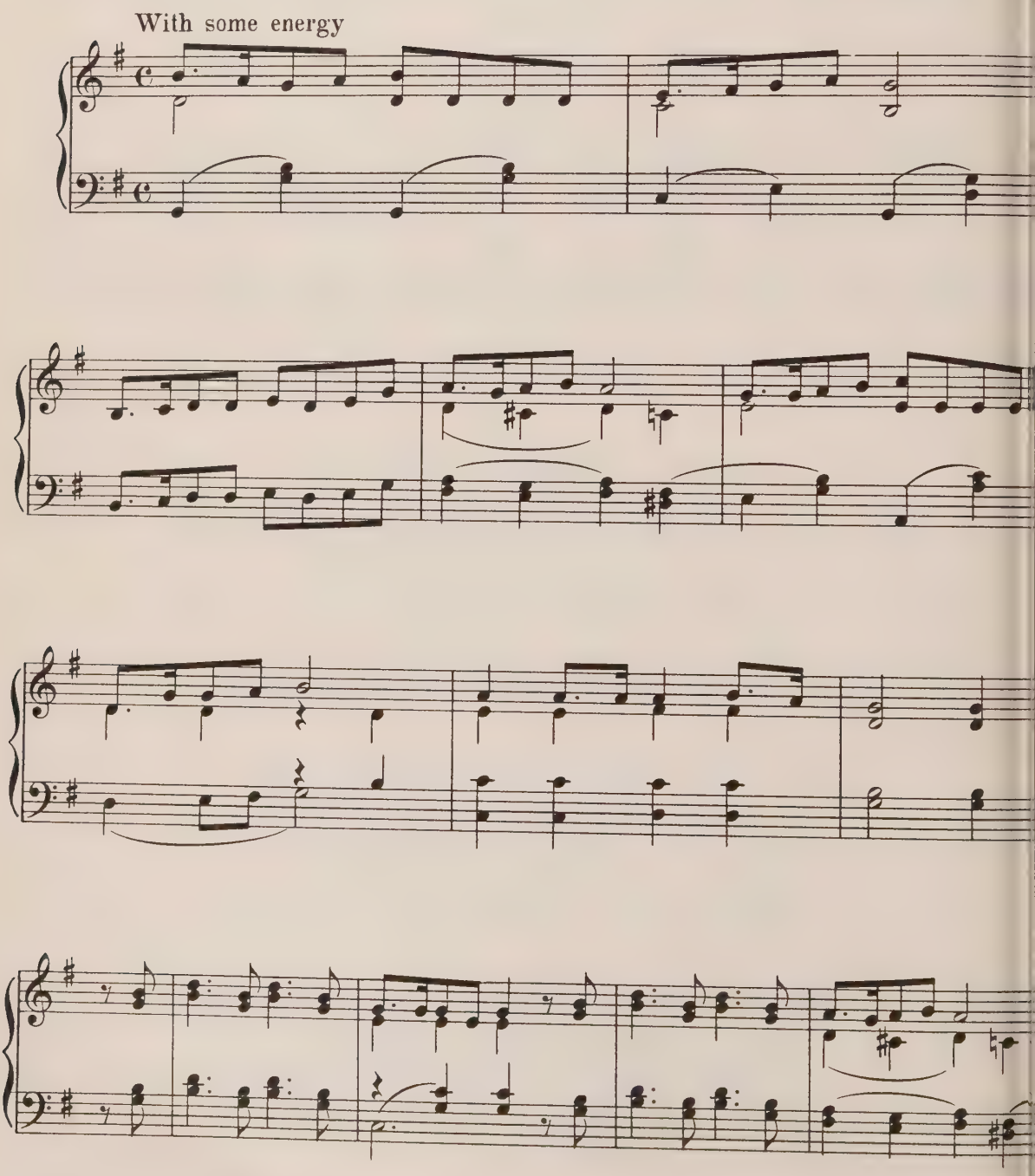
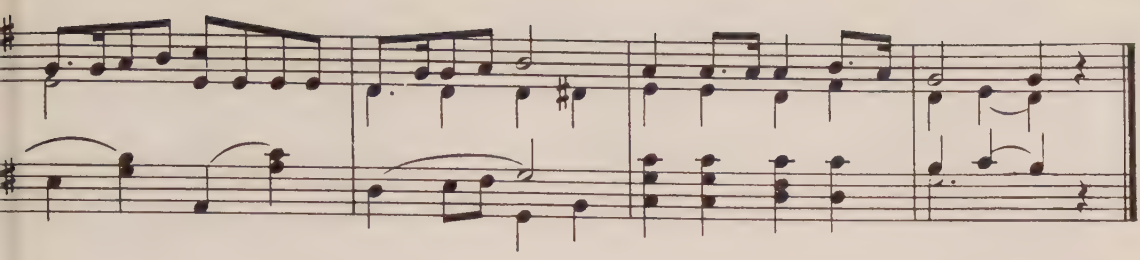
The wee birdies sing and the wild flowers spring,
And in sunshine the waters are sleeping;
But the broken heart it kens nae second spring again,
Tho' the waefu' may cease frae their greeting.
O ye'll tak' the high road, &c.

76 MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA

Henry C. Work

Henry C. Wor

With some energy



1

Bring the good old bugle, boys, we'll sing another song;
Sing it with a spirit that will start the world along,
Sing it as we used to sing it– fifty thousand strong,
As we were marching through Georgia.
"Hurrah! hurrah! we bring the Jubilee!
Hurrah! hurrah! the flag that makes you free!"
So we sang the chorus from Atlanta to the sea,
As we were marching through Georgia.

2

How the darkies shouted when they heard the joyful sound,
How the turkeys gobbled which our Commissary found!
How the sweet potatoes even started from the ground,
As we were marching through Georgia.
"Hurrah! hurrah! &c.

3

Yes, and there were "Union" men who wept with joyful tears,
When they saw the honour'd flag they had not seen for years:
Hardly could they be restrained from breaking forth in cheers,
As we were marching through Georgia.
"Hurrah! hurrah! &c.

4

"Sherman's dashing Yankee boys will never reach the coast,"
So the saucy rebels said,– and 'twas a handsome boast,
Had they not forgot. alas! to reckon with the host,
As we were marching through Georgia.
"Hurrah! hurrah! &c.

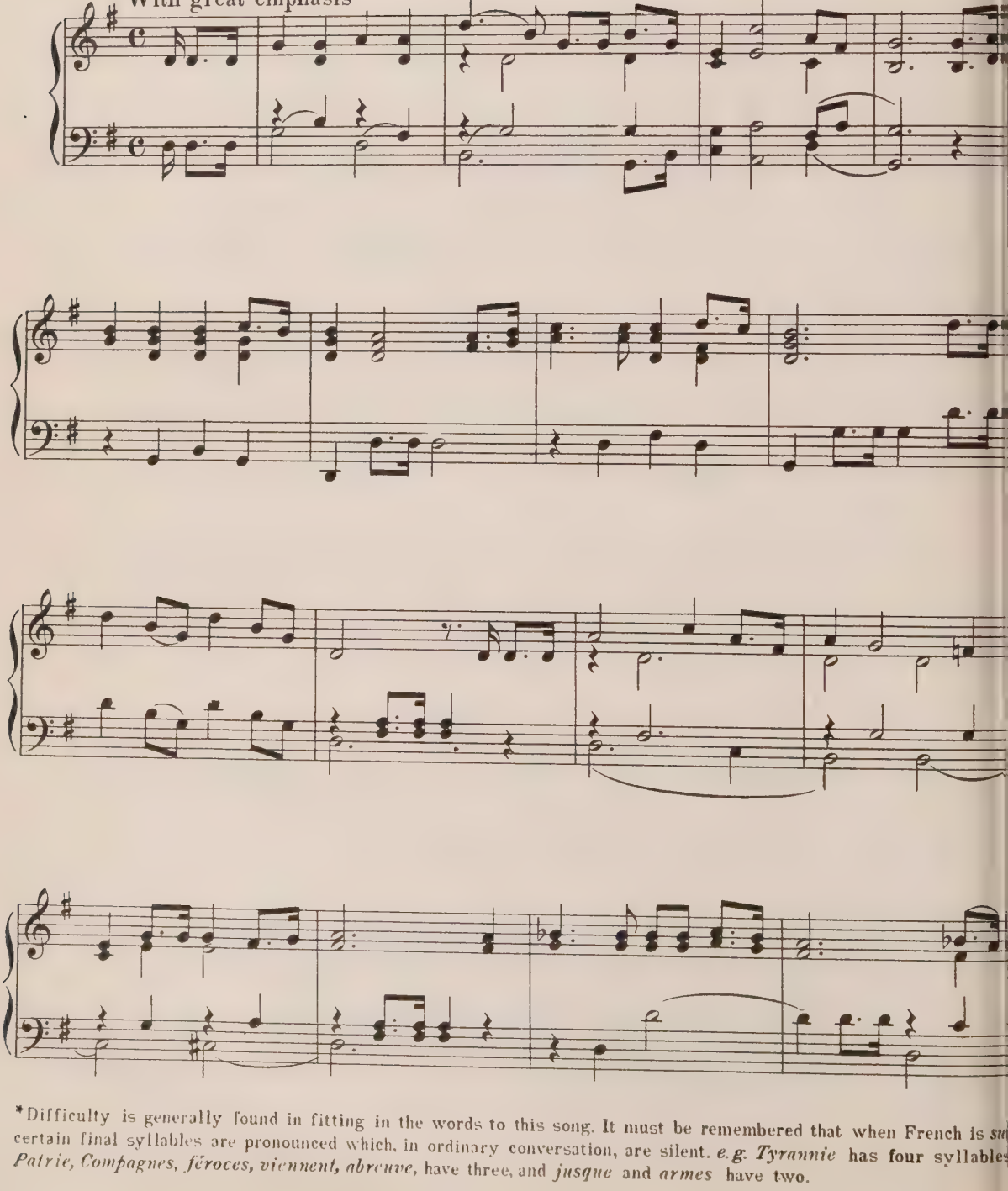
5

So we made a thoroughfare for Freedom and her train,
Sixty miles in latitude,– three hundred to the main;
Treason fled before us, for resistance was in vain,
As we were marching through Georgia.
"Hurrah! hurrah! &c.

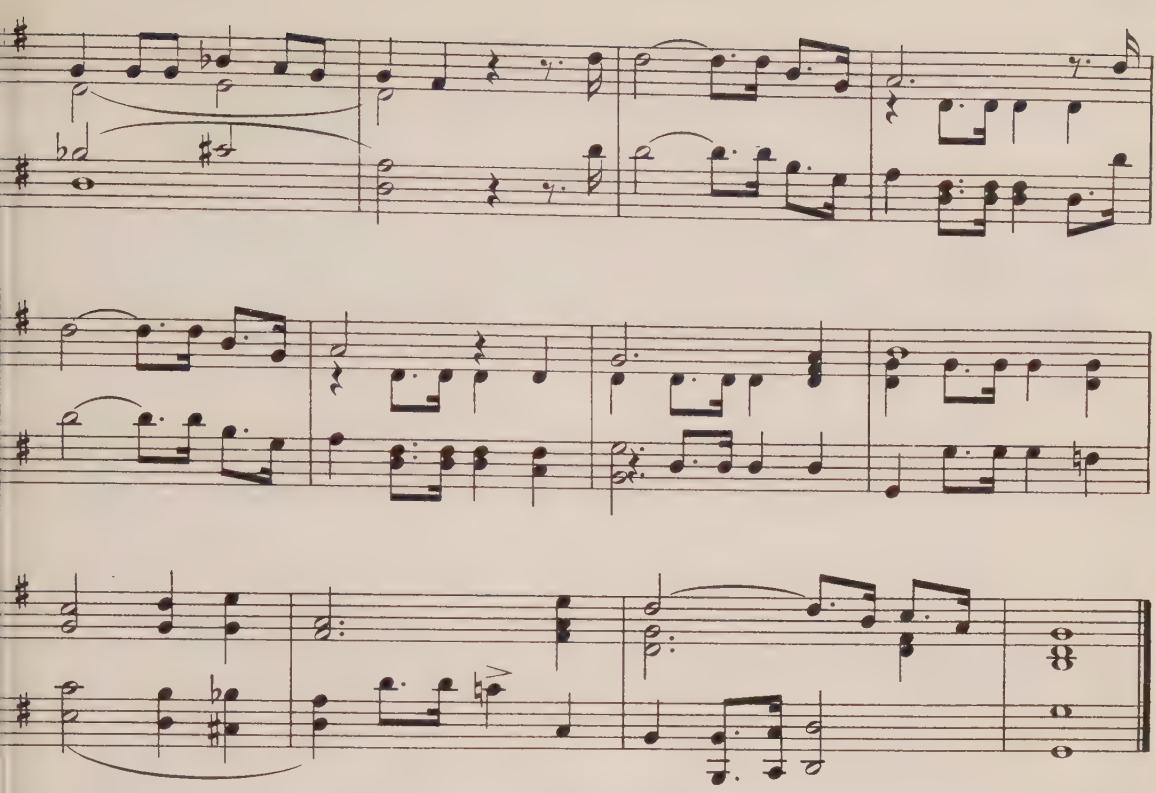
77 LA MARSEILLAISE

Rouget de Lisle

Rouget de Lisl



*Difficulty is generally found in fitting in the words to this song. It must be remembered that when French is *su* certain final syllables are pronounced which, in ordinary conversation, are silent. *e.g. Tyrannie* has four syllables *Patrie, Compagnes, féroces, viennent, abreuve,* have three, and *jusque* and *armes* have two.



1

Allons, enfants de la Patrie,
Le jour de gloire est arrivé;
Contre nous de la tyrannie
L'étendard sanglant est levé. *(bis)*
Entendez-vous dans les campagnes
Mugir ces féroces soldats?
Ils viennent jusque dans nos bras,
Égorger nos fils, nos compagnes!
Aux armes, Citoyens!
Formez vos bataillons,
Marchons, marchons,
Qu'un sang impur
Abreuve nos sillons!

2

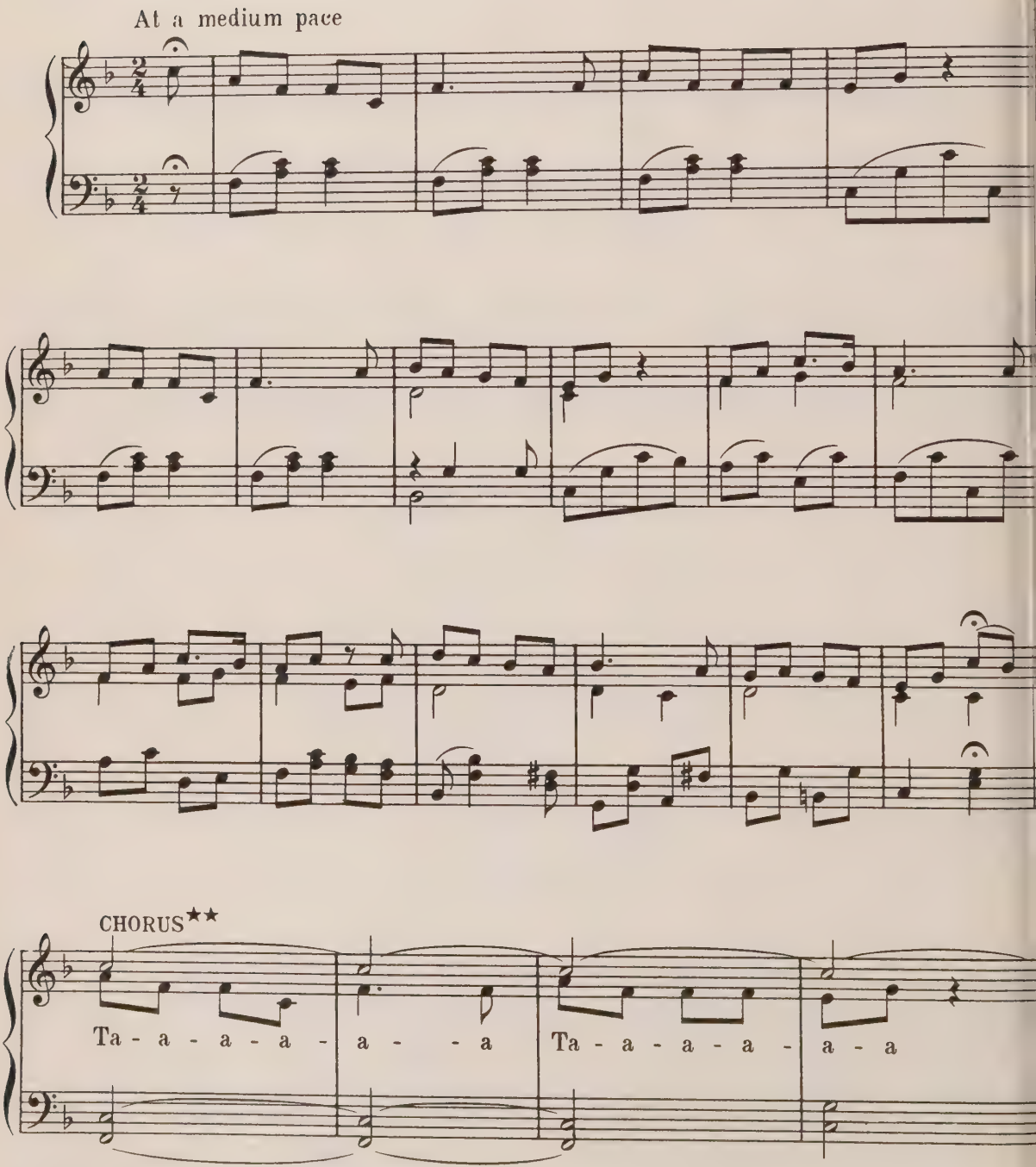
Tremblez, tyrans, et vous, perfides,
L'opprobre de tous les partis!
Tremblez! vos projets parricides
Vont enfin recevoir leur prix. *(bis)*
Tout est soldat pour vous combattre;
S'ils tombent, nos jeunes Héros,
La terre en produit de nouveaux,
Contre vous tout prêts à se battre.
Aux armes, &c.

3

Amour sacré de la Patrie,
Conduits, soutiens nos bras vengeurs.
Liberté, liberté chérie,
Combats avec tes défenseurs, *(bis)*
Sous nos drapeaux que la Victoire
Accoure à tes mâles accents;
Que tes ennemis expirants
Voient ton triomphe et notre gloire!
Aux armes, &c.

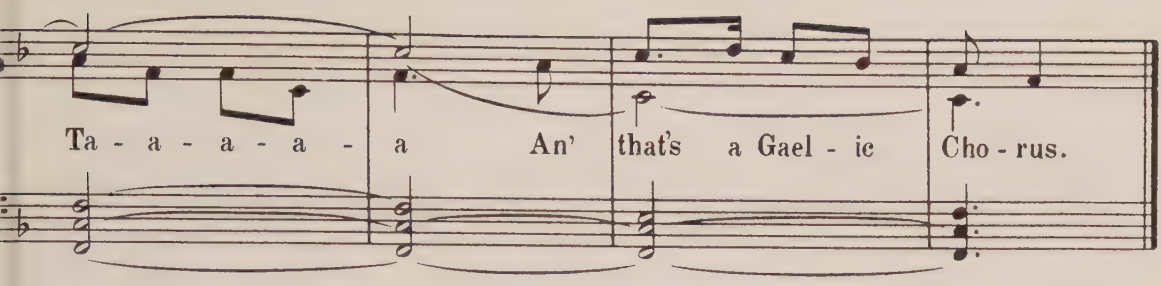
78 THE MASSACRE OF MACPHERSON*

"Bobbing Joan



* The words (from the *Bon Gaultier Ballads)* are printed by kind permission of Messrs W. Blackwood & Sons.

** The chorus is intended to be an imitation of bagpipes. It is generally performed with a nasal tone, some voice taking the tune whilst the others sustain the long notes.



1
Oh! Fhairshon swore a feud
Against the clan Mc Tavish;
March'd into their land
To murder and to rafish;
For he did resolve
To extirpate ta vipers,
With four and twenty men,
And five and thirty pipers. (Oh!)

2
But when he had gone
Half-way down Strath Canaan,
Of his fighting tail
Just three were remainin';
They were all he had,
To back him in ta battle;
All the rest had gone
Off, to drive ta cattle. (Oh!)

3
"Fery coot!" cried Fhairshon,
"So my clan disgraced is;
Lads, we'll need to fight
Pefore we touch ta peasties.
Here's Mhic-Mac-Methuselah
Coming wi' his fassals,
Ghillies seventy-three,
And sixty Dhuinéwassails." (Oh!)

4
"Coot tay to you, sir;
Are you not ta Fhairshon?
Was you comin' here
To fisit any person?
You are a plackguard, sir!
It is now six hundred
Coot long years, and more
Since my glen was plundered." (Oh!)

5
"Fat is tat you say?
Dare you cock your peaver?
I will teach you, sir,
Fat is coot pehaviour!
You shall not exist
For another day more;
I will shoot you, sir,
Or stap you with my claymore." (Oh!)

6
"I am fery glad
To learn what you mention,
Since I can prevent
Any such intention."
So Mhic-Mac-Methuselah
Gave some warlike howls,
Trew his skhian-dhu,
An' stuck it in his powels. (Oh!)

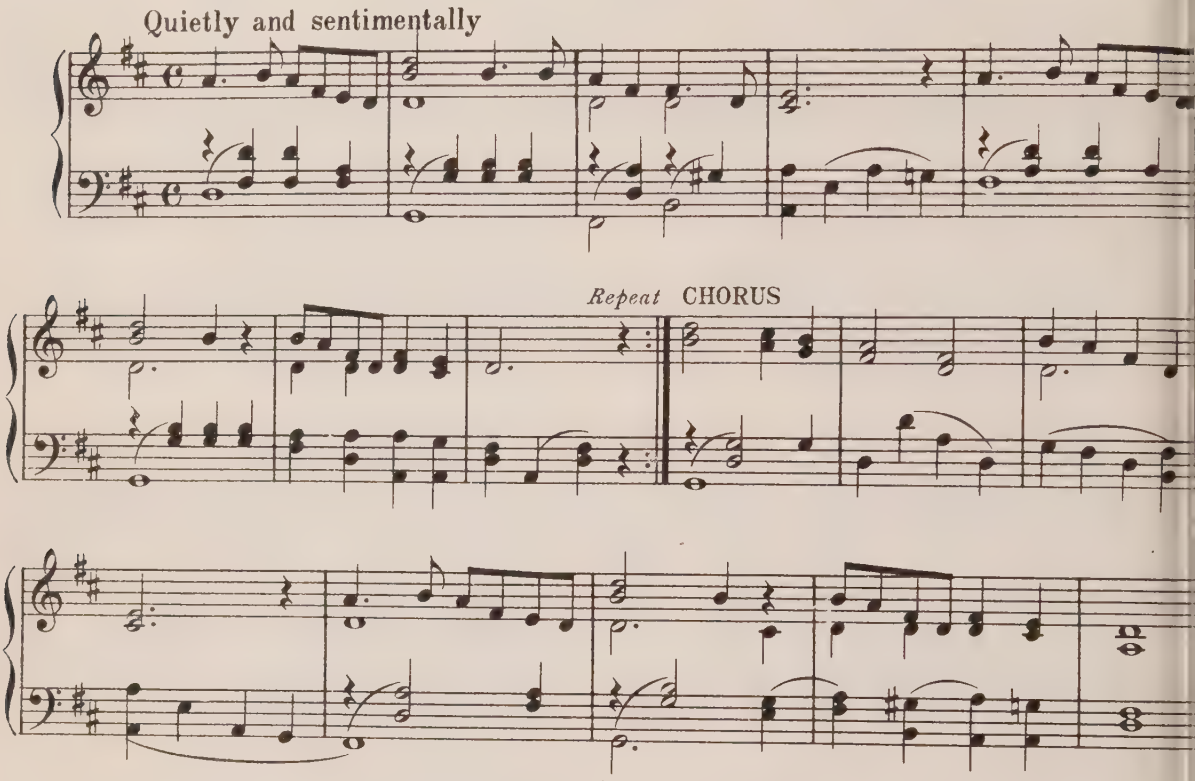
7
In this fery way
Tied ta faliant Fhairshon,
Who was always thought
A superior person.
Fhairshon had a son,
Who married Noah's daughter,
And nearly spoil'd ta flood,
By trinking up ta water. (Oh!)

8
Which he would have done,
I at least believe it,
Had ta mixture peen
Only half Glenlivet.
This is all my tale:
Sirs, I hope 'tis new t'ye!
Here's your fery coot healths,
And tamn ta whusky duty! (Oh!)

79 MASSA'S IN DE COLD, COLD GROUND*

Stephen C. Foster

Stephen C. Foste



1

Round de meadows am a-ringing
De darkeys' mournful song,
While de mocking-bird am singing,
Happy as de day am long.
Where de ivy am a-creeping
O'er de grassy mound,
Dare ole massa am a-sleeping,
Sleeping in de cold, cold ground.
Down in de cornfield
Hear dat mournful sound:
All de darkeys am a-weeping.
Massa's in de cold, cold ground.

2

When de autumn leaves were falling,
When de days were cold,
'Twas hard to hear ole massa calling,
'Cause he was so weak and old.
Now de orange-tree am blooming,
On de sandy shore,
Now de summer days are coming,
Massa nebber calls no more.
Down in de cornfield. . . .

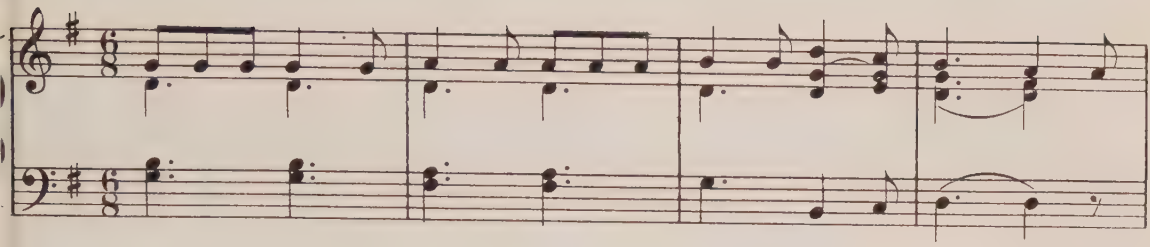
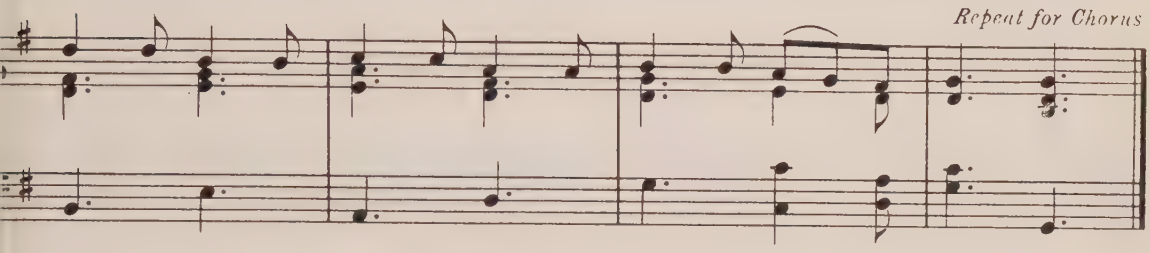
3

Massa make de darkeys love him,
'Cause he was so kind;
Now dey sadly weep above him,
Mourning 'cause he leave dem behind
I cannot work before tomorrow,
'Cause de teardrop flow,
I try to drive away my sorrow,
Pickin' on de old banjo.
Down in de cornfield. . . .

*By kind permission of the Editors of the *Scottish Students' Song Book*.

Mr JOHN BLUNT

known

Unknown

1

Mr John Blunt he went to bed,
As he'd often done before, oh!
But one thing he forgot to do,
Which was to bar the door, oh!
Ri fe rol, ri fe rol, ri fe rol de ri do.

2

The wind is cold, and I am old,
And it blows across the floor, oh!
Mrs John Blunt, you're younger than I,
Get out and bar the door, oh!
Ri fe rol, &c.

3

"A bargain, a bargain I'll make," says she,
"A bargain I'll make to be sure, oh!
That whoever speaks the very first word
Shall get out and bar the door, oh!
Ri fe rol, &c.

4

There came three travellers travelling by,
And they travelled o'er the moor, oh!
But ne'er a house did they stop at
Till they came to John Blunt's door, oh!
Ri fe rol, &c.

5

They eat up his victuals, they drank up his drink,
And then they called for more, oh!
But ne'er a word did the old man speak
For fear of barring the door, oh!
Ri fe rol, &c.

6

They pulled the old lady out of bed,
And rolled her along the floor, oh!
But ne'er a word did the old woman speak
For fear of barring the door, oh!
Ri fe rol, &c.

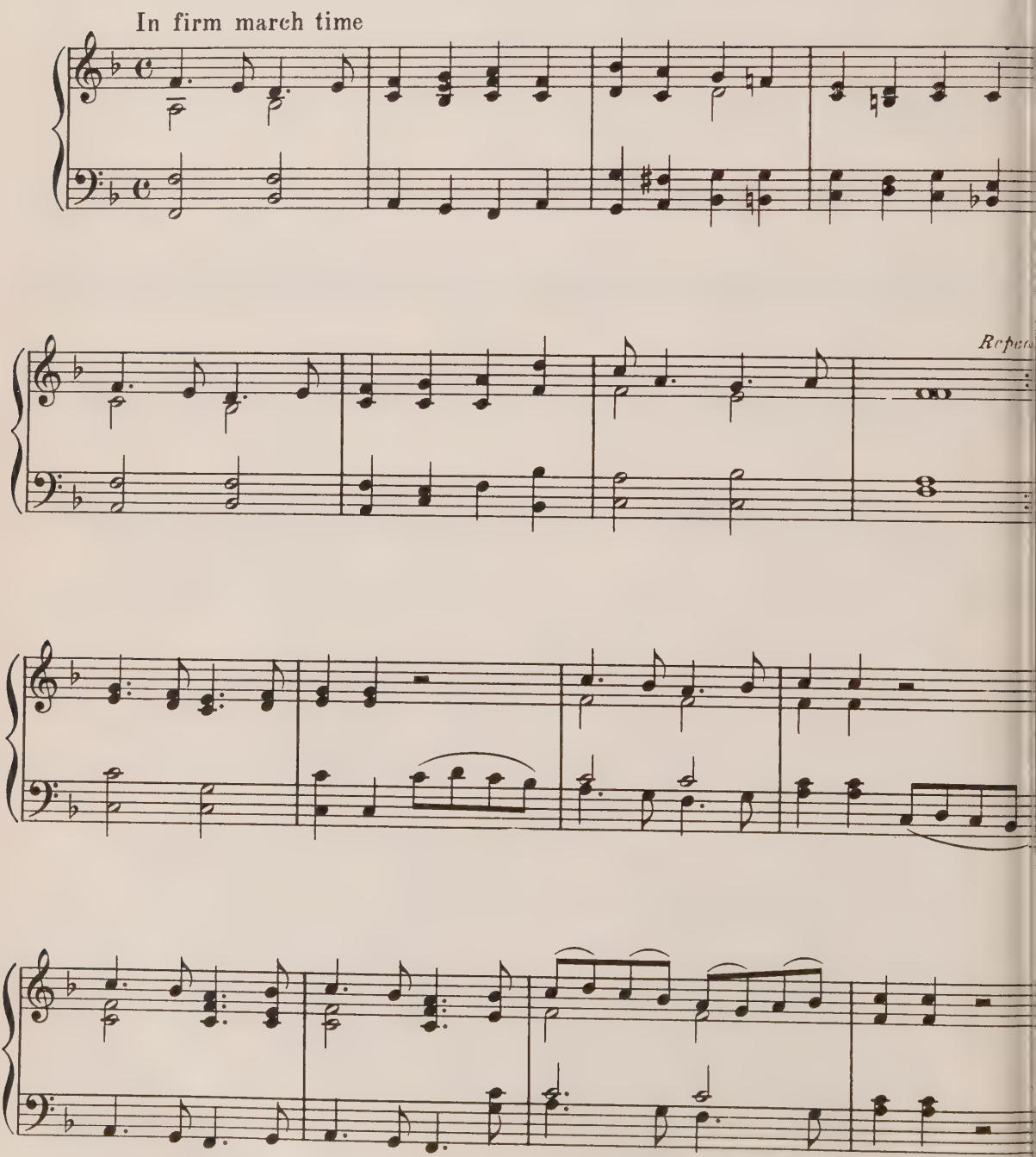
7

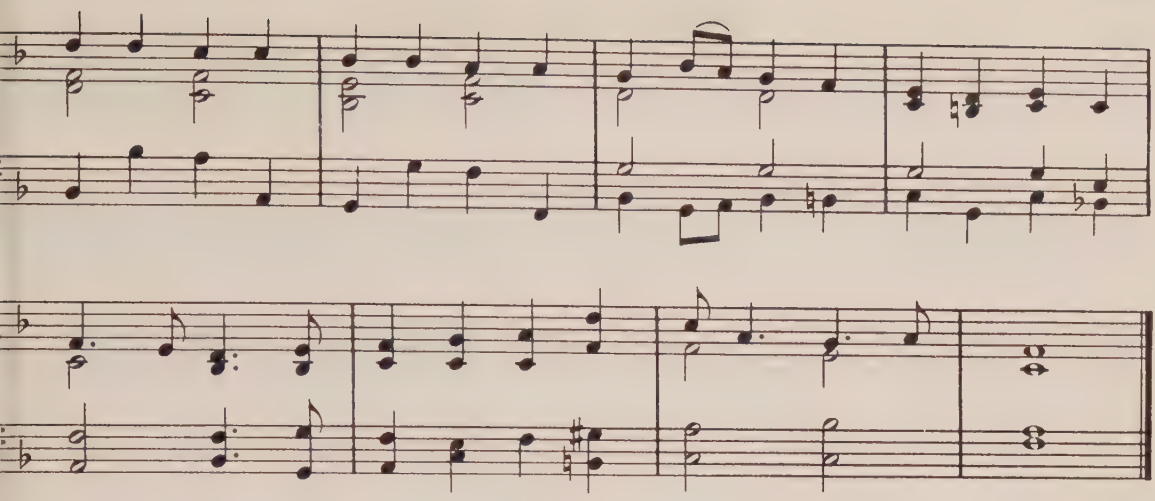
"You've eat up my victuals, and drunk up my drink,
And you've rolled my wife on the floor, oh!"
Says Mrs John Blunt, "You've spoke the first word,
Get out and bar the door, oh!"
Ri fe rol, &c.

Each verse of this song is generally sung a little quicker than the one before: the last verse being as quick as possible.

81 THE MARCH OF THE MEN OF HARLECH

Thomas Oliphant — Old Welsh





1

Hark! I hear the foe advancing,
Barbèd steeds are proudly prancing;
Helmets, in the sunbeams glancing,
  Glitter through the trees.
Men of Harlech, lie ye dreaming?
See ye not their falchions gleaming,
While their pennons gaily streaming
  Flutter in the breeze?
From the rocks rebounding,
Let the war-cry sounding
  Summon all
  At Cambria's call,
The haughty foe surrounding.
Men of Harlech, on to glory!
See your banner fam'd in story
Waves these burning words before ye,
  "Britain scorns to yield!"

2

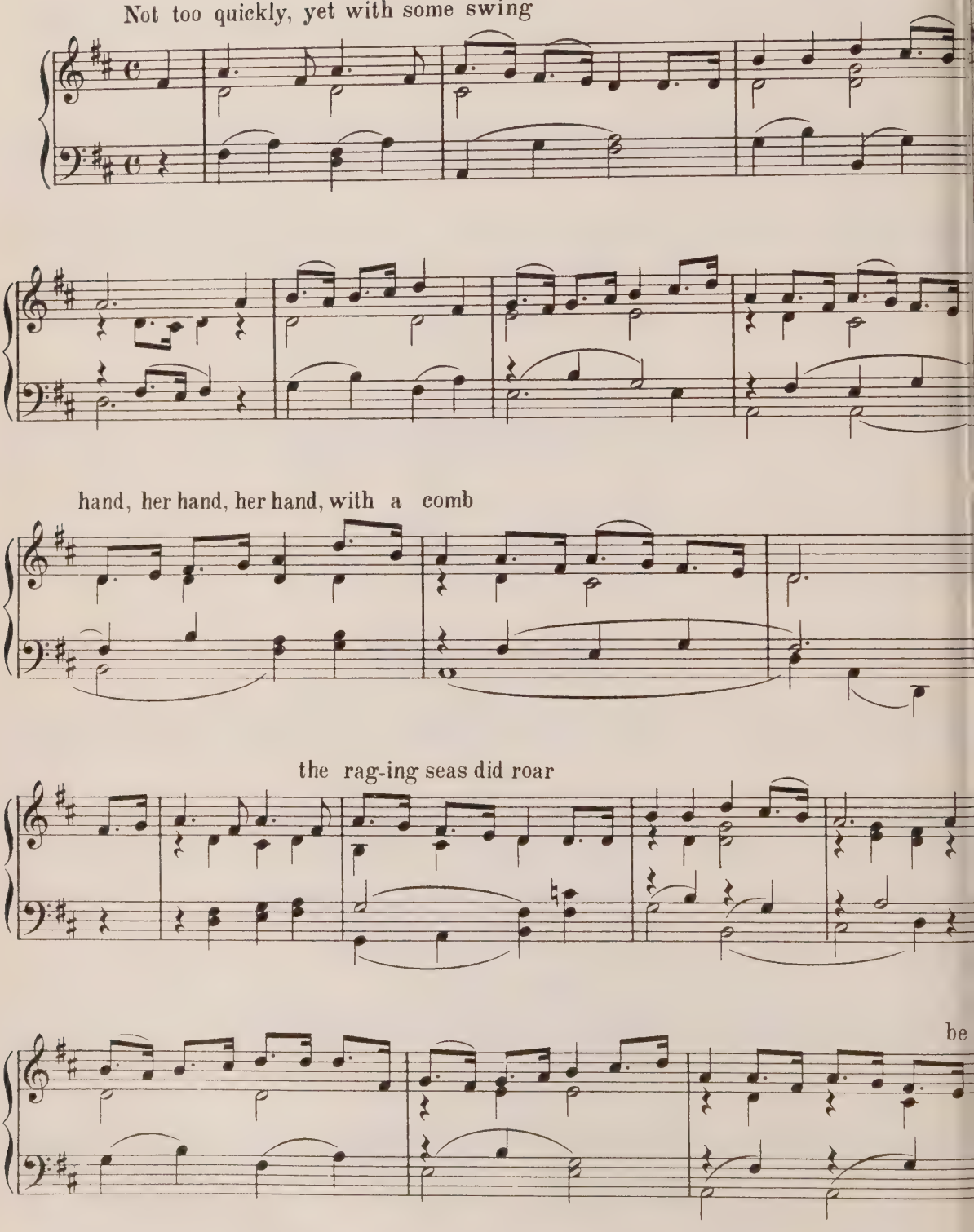
'Mid the fray see dead and dying,
Friend and foe together lying;
All around the arrows flying
  Scatter sudden death!
Frightened steeds are wildly neighing,
Brazen trumpets hoarsely braying,
Wounded men for mercy praying
  With their parting breath!
See—they're in disorder!—
Comrades, keep close order!
  Ever they
  Shall rue the day
They ventured o'er the border!
Now the Saxon flees before us;
Victory's banner floateth o'er us!
Raise the loud, exulting chorus,
  "Britain wins the field!"

82 THE MERMAID

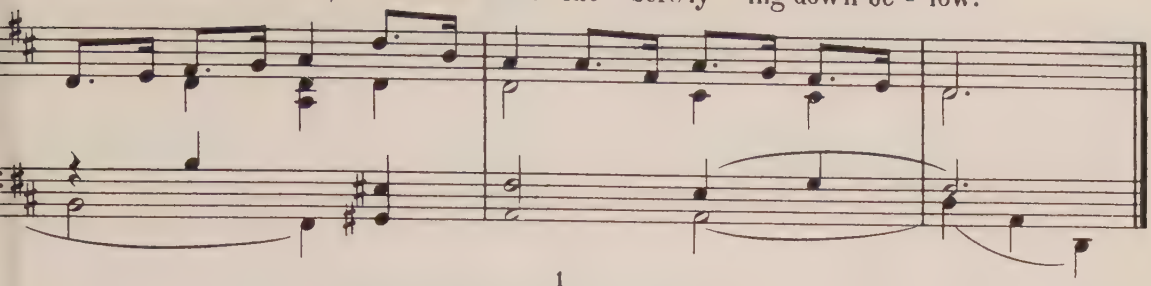
Traditional

Traditional

Not too quickly, yet with some swing



-low be-low be-low, and the land lub - bers ly - ing down be - low.



1

One Friday morn when we set sail,
And our ship not far from land,
We there did espy a pretty fair maid,
With a comb and a glass in her hand. *(twice)*
While the raging seas did roar,
And the stormy winds did blow,
And we jolly sailor boys were all up aloft
And the land-lubbers lying down below. *(twice)*

2

Then up spoke the captain of our gallant ship,
And a well-spoken captain was he,
"For the loss of our long boat we all shall be lost,
And go to the bottom of the sea."
For the raging seas did roar, &c.

3

Then up spoke the mate so sturdy for to view,
And a well-spoken mate was he,
"I've married a wife in fair London town,
And to-night she will weep for me."
For the raging seas did roar, &c.

4

Then up spoke the cook with his ladle in his hand,
And a well-spoken cook was he,
"I care no more for the pots and the pans
Than I do for the galleys of the sea."
For the raging seas did roar, &c.

5

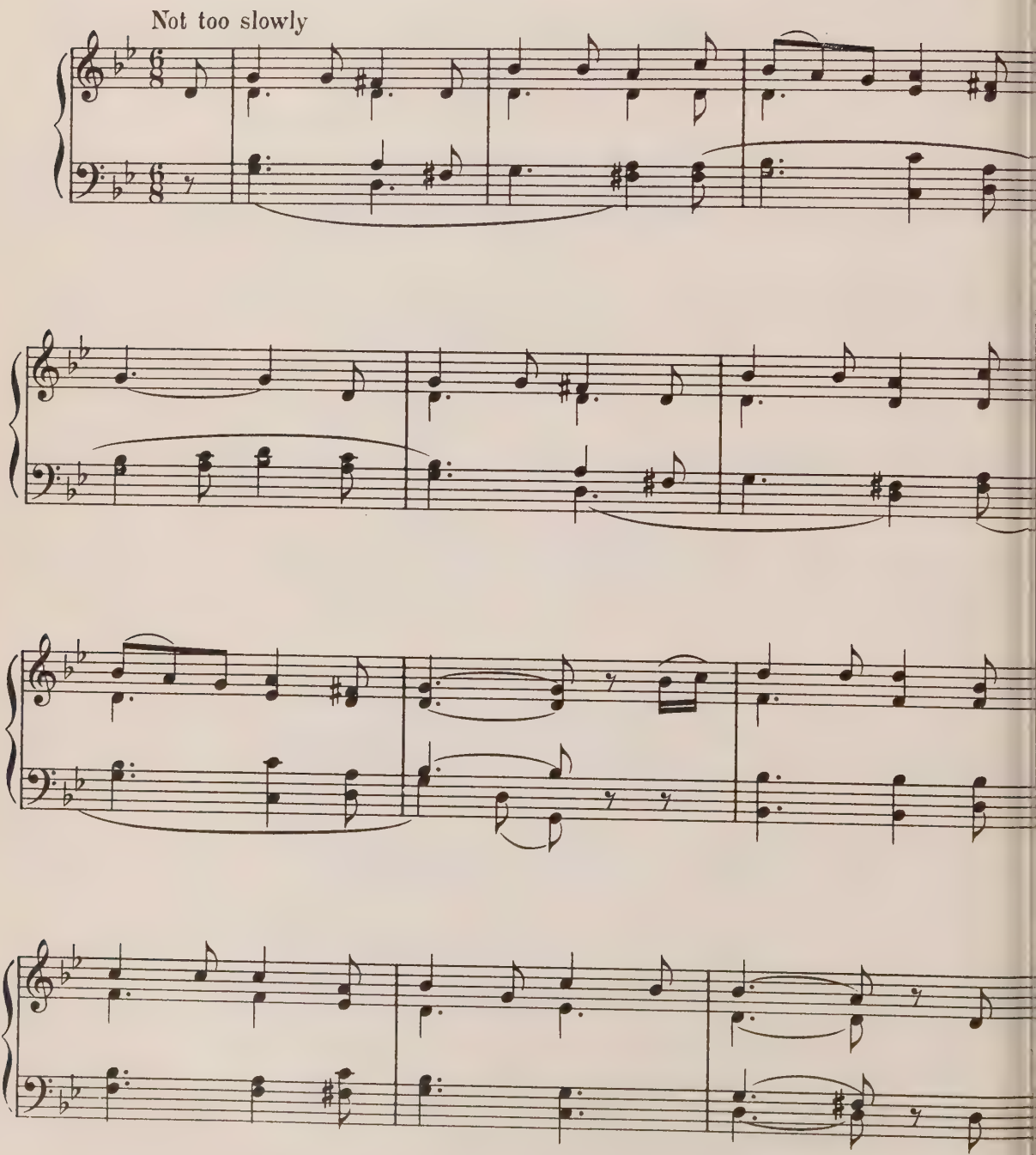
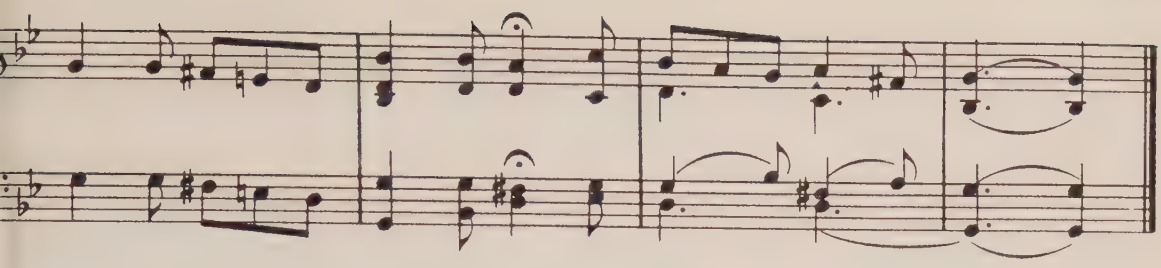
And then up spoke the little cabin boy,
And a well-spoken cabin boy was he,
"I've a father and mother in fair Portsmouth town,
And to-night they will weep for me."
For the raging seas did roar, &c.

6

Then three times round went our gallant ship,
And three times round went she,
And she gave one whirl, and she gave one twirl,
As she sank to the bottom of the sea.
For the raging seas did roar, &c.

83 THE MILLER OF THE DEE

From "Love in a Village," 1762 — 17th Centur



1

There was a jolly miller once
Lived on the river Dee;
He worked and sang from morn till night,
No lark so blithe as he.
And this the burden of his song
For ever used to be —
"I care for nobody, no, not I,
If nobody cares for me."

2

I live by my mill, she is to me
Like parent, child, and wife;
I would not change my station
For any other in life.
No lawyer, surgeon, or doctor,
E'er had a groat from me —
I care for nobody, no, not I,
If nobody cares for me.

3

When Spring begins its merry career,
Oh! how his heart grows gay;
No Summer drought alarms his fears,
Nor Winter's sad decay;
No foresight mars the miller's joy,
Who's wont to sing and say —
Let others toil from year to year,
I live from day to day.

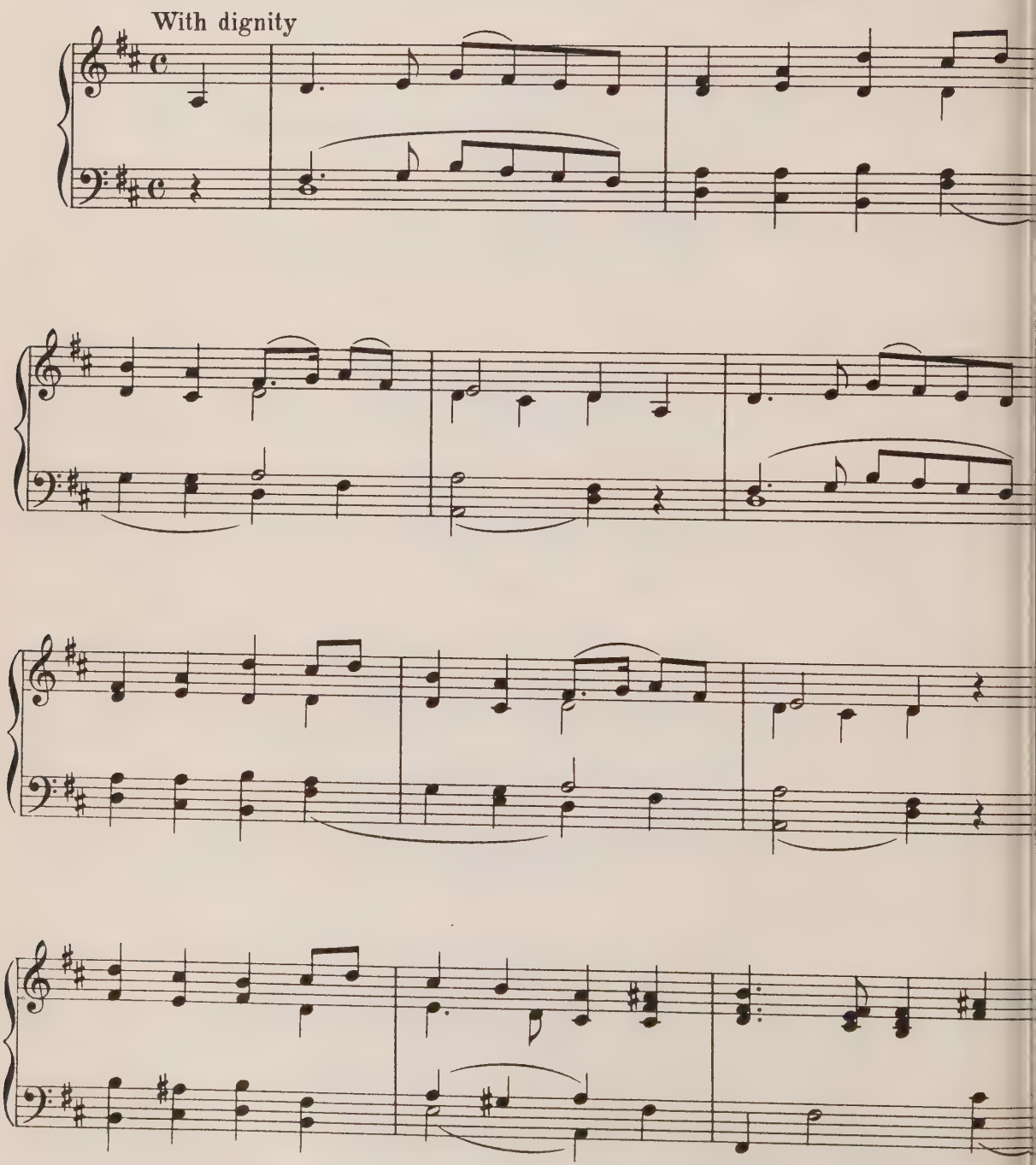
4

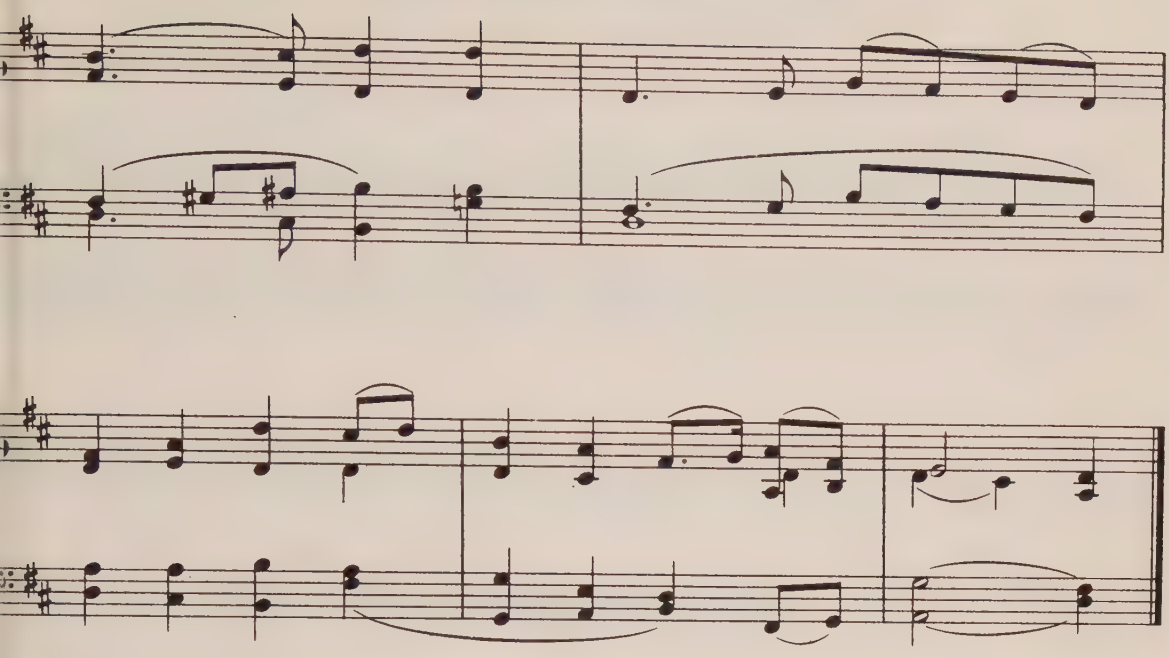
Thus, like the miller, bold and free,
Let us rejoice and sing;
The days of youth are made for glee,
And time is on the wing.
This song shall pass from me to thee,
Along this jovial ring —
Let heart and voice and all agree
To say "Long live the king."

84 THE MINSTREL BOY

Moore

Old Irish Melod





1

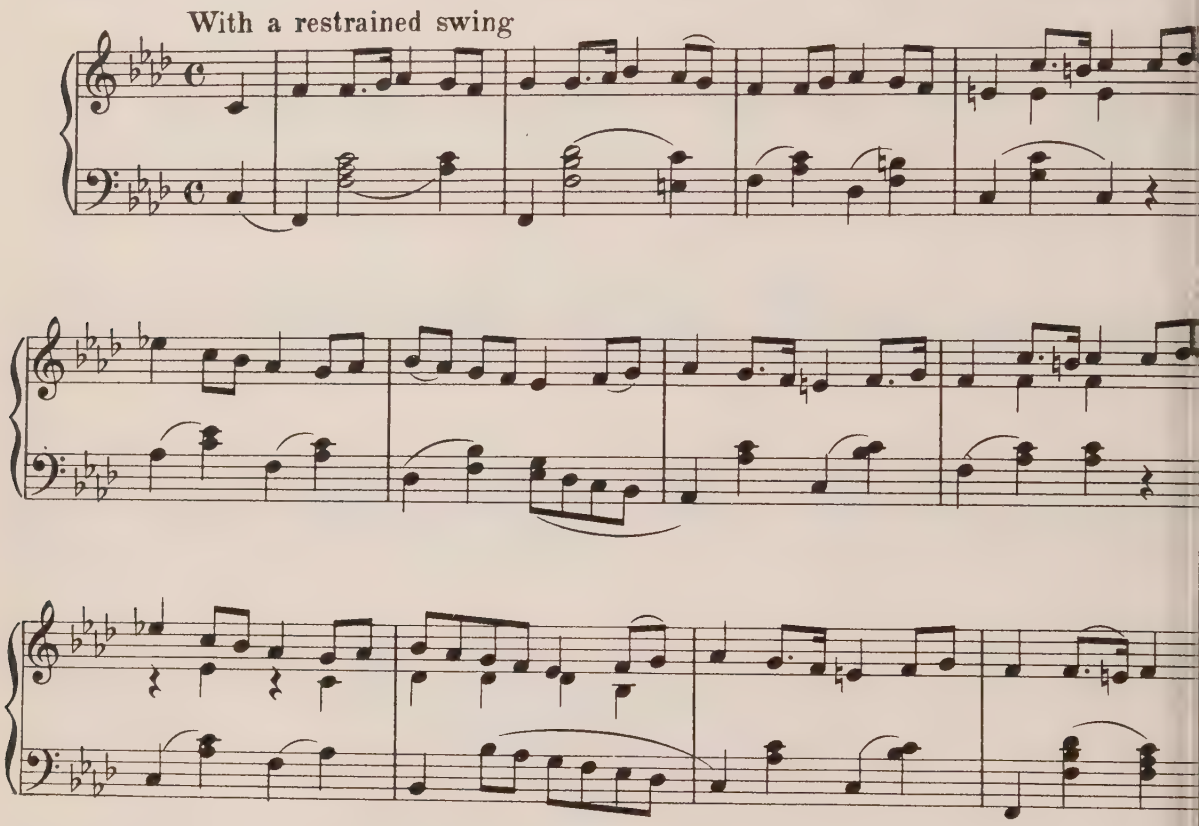
The Minstrel Boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.–
"Land of song!" said the warrior-bard,
"Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee."

2

The Minstrel fell!– but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its chords asunder;
And said, "No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the pure and free,
They shall never sound in slavery."

85 O THE OAK AND THE ASH

Traditional — North Country Melody, c. 165



1

A north-country maid up to London had stray'd,
Although with her nature it did not agree;
She wept, and she sigh'd, and she bitterly cried,
I wish once again in the north I could be.
"Oh! the oak, and the ash, and the bonny ivy tree,
They flourish at home in my own country."

2

While sadly I roam, I regret my dear home,
Where lads and young lasses are making the hay;
The bells they do ring, and the birds they do sing,
And the fields and the gardens so pleasant and gay.
"Oh! the oak, and the ash," &c.

3

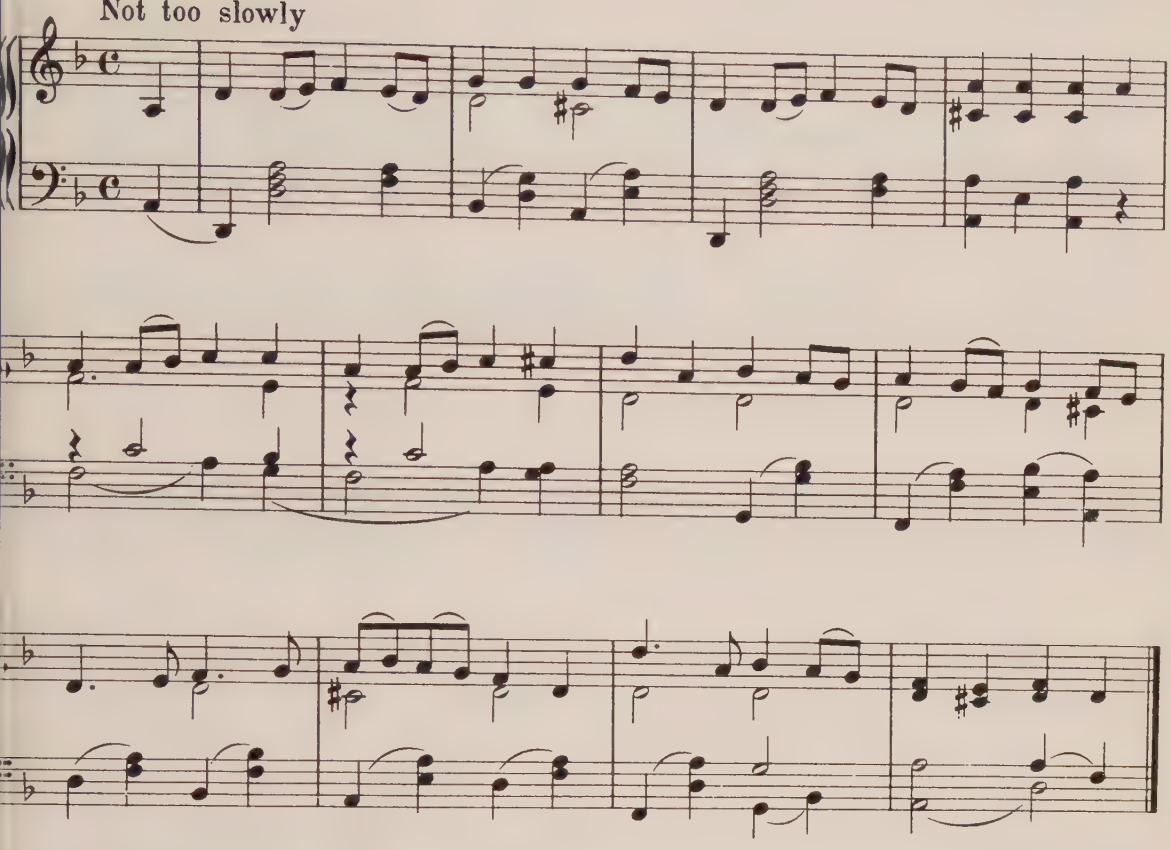
No doubt, did I please, I could marry with ease;
Where maidens are fair, many lovers will come;
But he whom I wed must be north-country bred,
And carry me back to my north-country home.
"Oh! the oak, and the ash," &c.

O, GOOD ALE

aditional

Traditional

Not too slowly



1

The landlord, he looks very big
With his high cock'd hat and his powder'd wig;
Methinks he looks both fair and fat,
But he may thank you and me for that,
Chorus For 'tis, O, good Ale, thou art my darling
And my joy both night and morning.

2

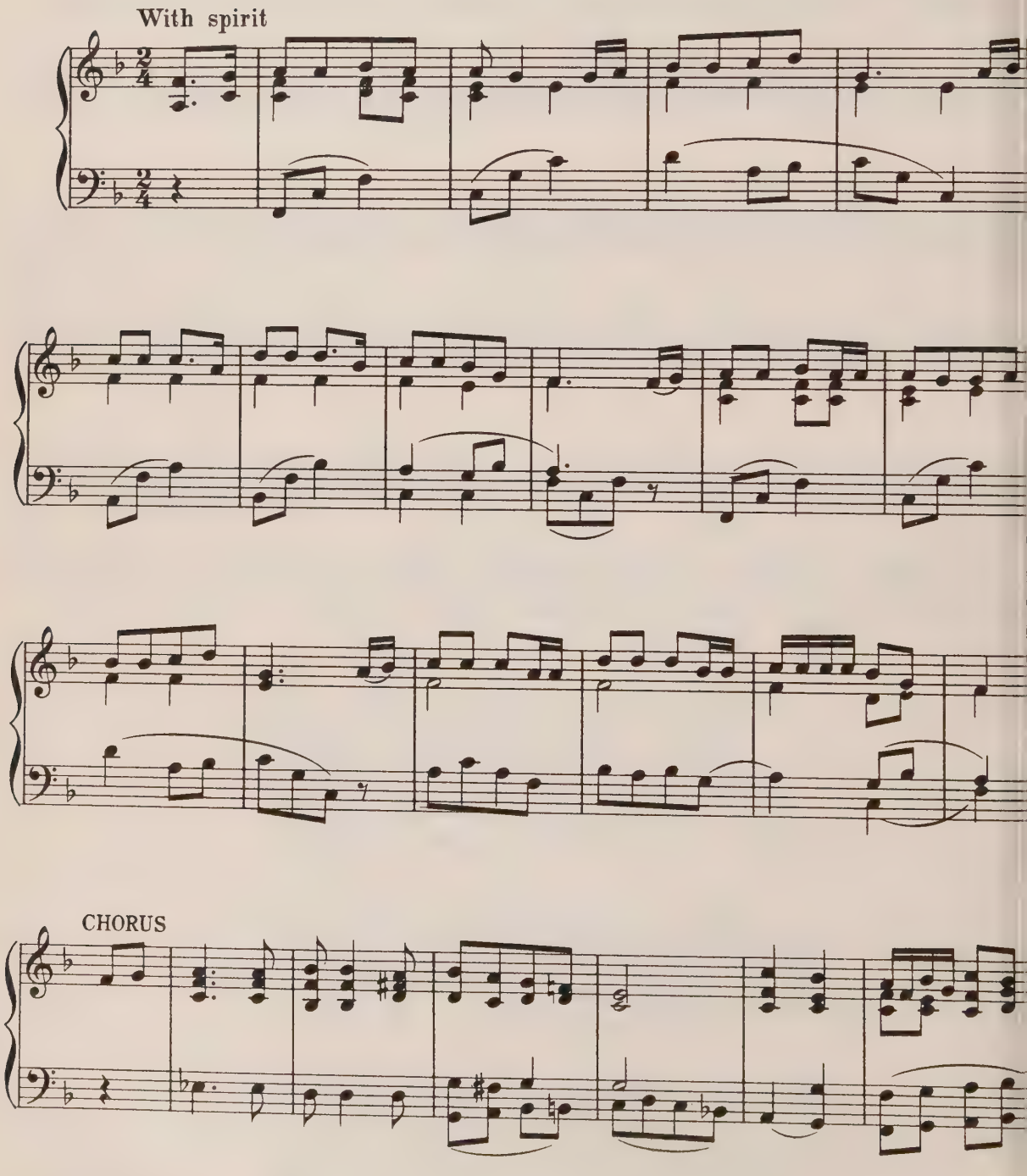
The brewer brew'd thee in his pan,
The tapster draws thee in his can;
Now I with thee will play my part,
And lodge thee next unto my heart.
For 'tis, O, good Ale, ...

3

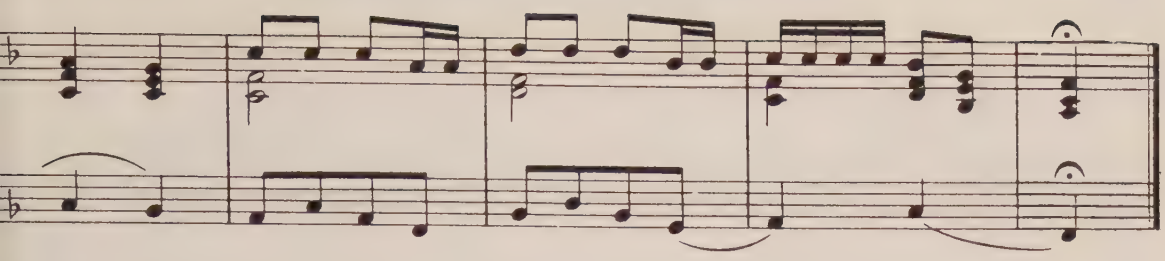
Thou oft hast made my friends my foes,
And often made me pawn my clothes,
But since thou art so nigh my nose,
Come up, my friend,– and down he goes.
For 'tis, O, good Ale, ...

87 OH! 'TWAS IN THE BROAD ATLANTIC*

A. J. C. Michael Watso



*By kind permission of Messrs Edwin Ashdown, Ltd. who publish an edition of this song for solo voice with piano a companime



1

Oh, 'twas in the broad Atlantic,
'Mid the equinoctial gales,
That a young fellow fell overboard
Among the sharks and whales.
And down he went like a streak of light,
So quickly down went he,
Until he came to a mer-ma-id
At the bottom of the deep blue sea.

Chorus Singing, Rule Britannia, Britannia, rule the waves!
Britons never, never, never shall be mar-ri-ed to a mer-ma-id
At the bottom of the deep blue sea.

2

raised herself on her beautiful tail,
And gave him her soft, wet hand,
re long been waiting for you, my dear,
Now welcome safe to land.
back to your messmates for the last time
And tell them all from me,
at you're mar-ri-ed to a mer-ma-id
At the bottom of the deep blue sea."
Singing . . . . .

3

sent a boat to look for him,
Expecting to find his corpse,
nen up he came with a bang and a shout,
And a voice sepulchrally hoarse.
y comrades and my messmates,
O do not look for me,
I'm mar-ri-ed to a mer-ma-id
At the bottom of the deep blue sea."
Singing . . . . .

4

"In my chest you'll find my half-year's wage,
Likewise a lock of hair,
This locket from my neck you'll take,
And bear to my young wife dear.
My carte-de-visite to my grandmother take,
Tell her not to weep for me,
For I'm mar-ri-ed to a mer-ma-id,
At the bottom of the deep blue sea."
Singing . . . . .

5

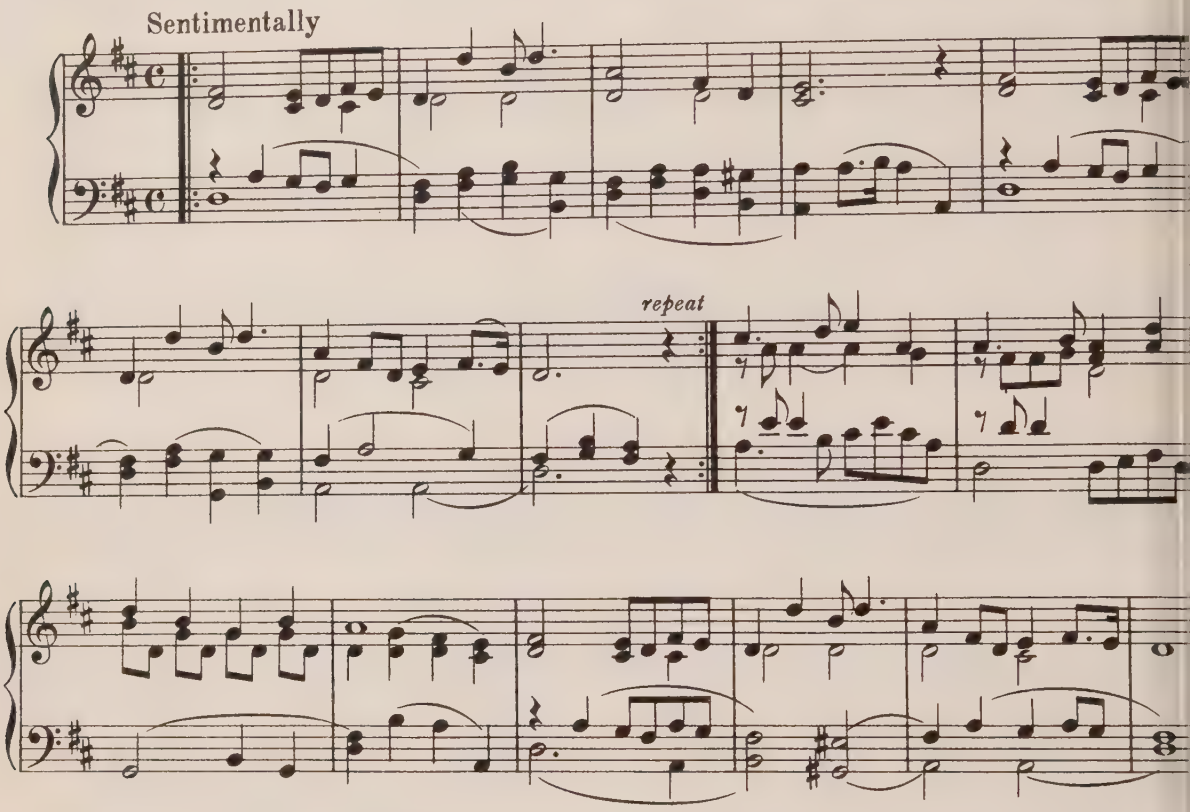
The anchor was weighed, and the sails un-
And the ship was sailing free, [furled,
When up we went to our cap-i-taine,
And our tale we told to he.
The captain went to the old ship's side,
And out loud bellowed he,
"Be as happy as you can with your wife, my
At the bottom of the deep blue sea." [man,
Singing . . . . .

word 'mer-ma-id' is pronounced in 3 syllables.

88 OLD FOLKS AT HOME*

Stephen C. Foster

Stephen C. Foste



1

'Way down upon de Swanee Ribber,
Far, far away,
Dere's where my heart is turning ebber:
Dere's where de old folks stay.
All up and down de whole creation
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de old plantation,
And for de old folks at home.
Chorus All de world am sad and dreary,
Eb'rywhere I roam.
O darkeys, how my heart grows weary
Far from de old folks at home.

2

All round de little farm I wandered
When I was young;
Den many happy days I squandered,
Many de songs I sung.
When I was playing wid my brudder,
Happy was I.
Oh! take me to my kind old mudder;
Dere let me lib and die.
All de world . . . . .

3

One little hut among de bushes,
One dat I love
Still sadly to my mem'ry rushes.
No matter where I rove.
When shall I see de bees a-humming
All round de comb?
When shall I hear de banjo thrummin,
Down in my good old home?
All de world . . . . .

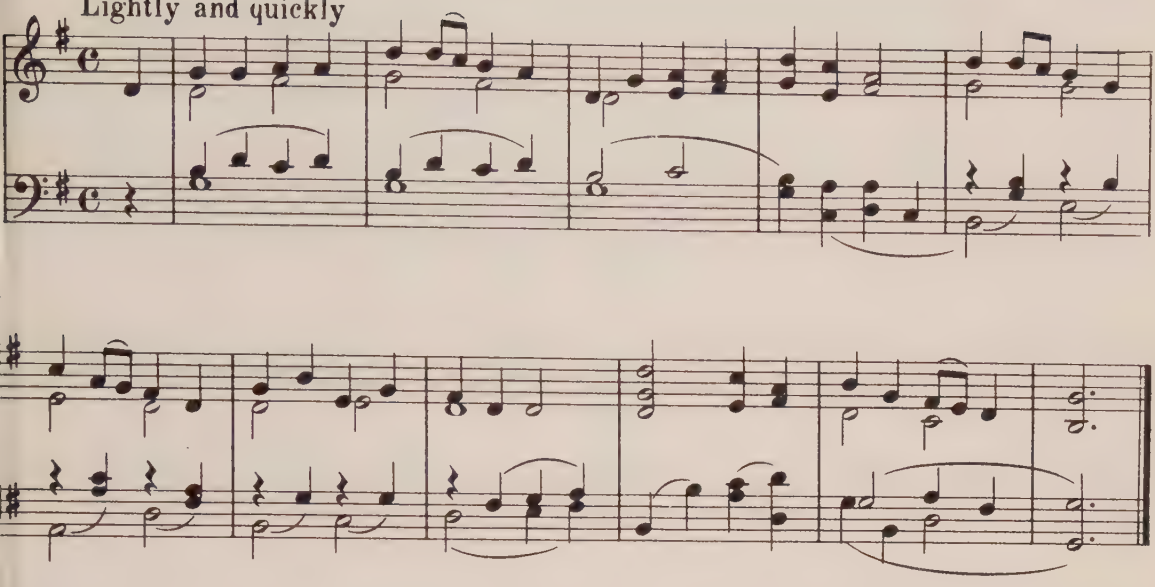
*By kind permission of the Editors of the *Scottish Students' Song Book.*

O NO, JOHN!*

nerset

Somerset

Lightly and quickly



1

On yonder hill there stands a creature,
Who she is I do not know.
I'll go and court her for her beauty;
She must answer Yes or No.
O No John! No John! No John! No!

2

My father was a Spanish captain–
Went to sea a month ago.
First he kissed me, then he left me–
Bid me always answer No.
O No John! No John! No John! No!

3

O Madam in your face is beauty,
On your lips red roses grow.
Will you take me for your lover?
Madam, answer Yes or No.
O No John! No John! No John! No!

4

O Madam, I will give you jewels;
I will make you rich and free;
I will give you silken dresses.
Madam, will you marry me?
O No John! No John! No John! No!

5

O Madam, since you are so cruel,
And that you do scorn me so,
If I may not be your lover,
Madam, will you let me go?
O No John! No John! No John! No!

6

Then I will stay with you for ever,
If you will not be unkind.
Madam, I have vowed to love you;
Would you have me change my mind?
O No John! No John! No John! No!

7

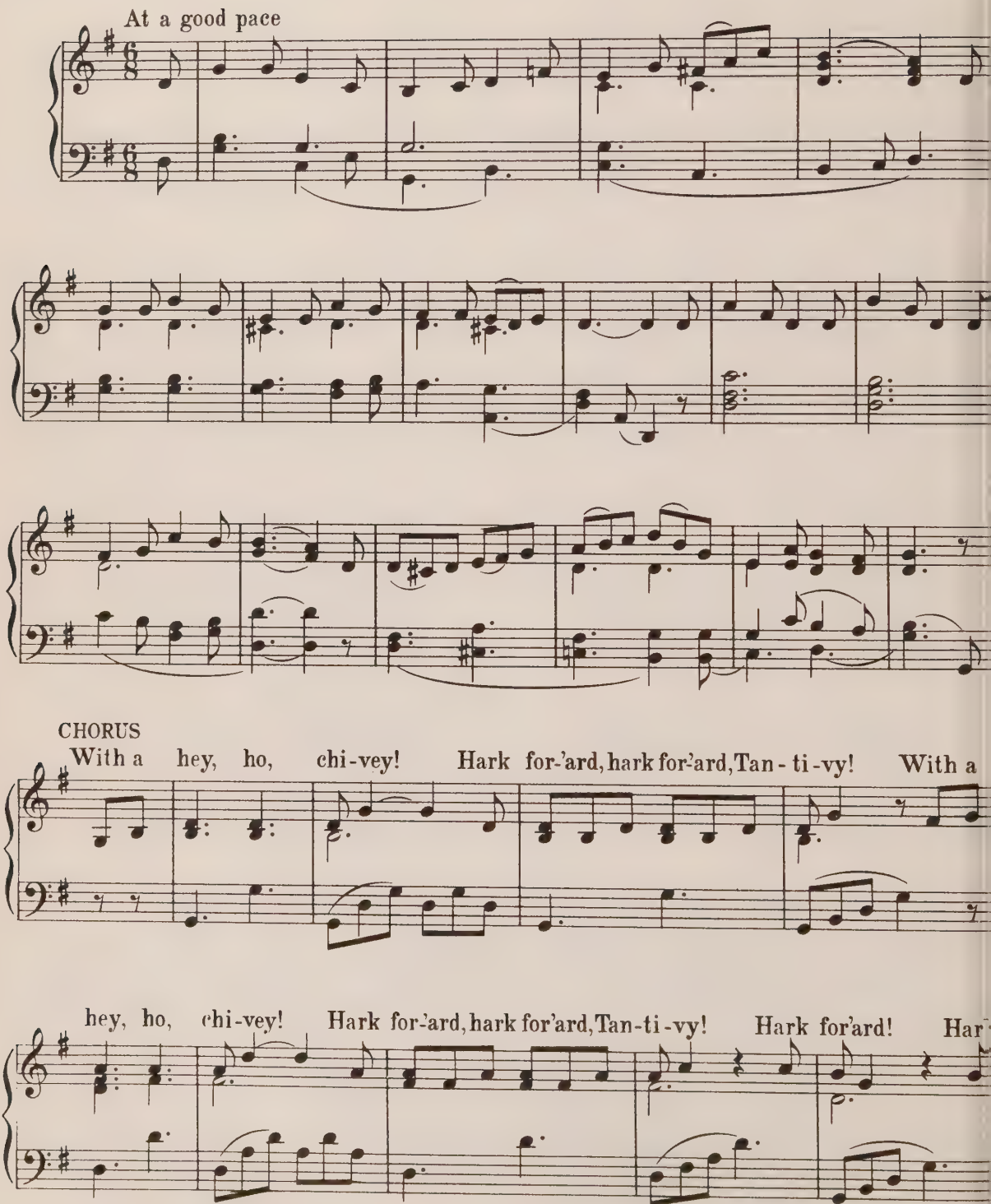
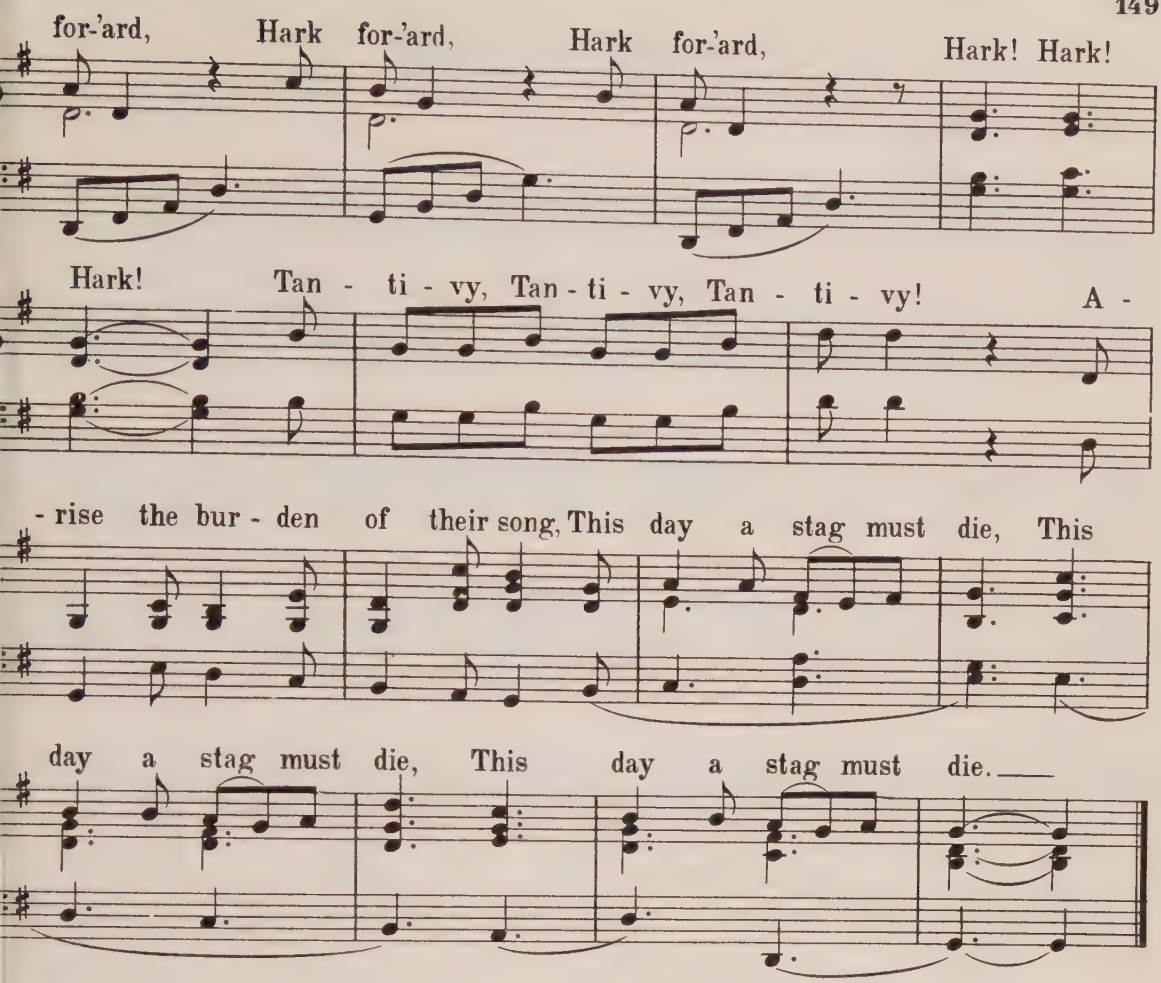
O hark! I hear the church bells ringing:
Will you come and be my wife?
Or, dear Madam, have you settled
To live single all your life?
O No John! No John! No John! No!

ind permission of Messrs Novello & Co and Cecil J. Sharp, Esq.

90 OLD TOWLER

Unknown

Unknow


At a good pace
CHORUS
With a hey, ho, chi-vey! Hark for-'ard, hark for'ard, Tan-ti-vy! With a
hey, ho, chi-vey! Hark for-'ard, hark for'ard, Tan-ti-vy! Hark for'ard! Har

for-'ard, Hark for-'ard, Hark for-'ard, Hark! Hark!
Hark! Tan - ti - vy, Tan - ti - vy, Tan - ti - vy! A -
- rise the bur - den of their song, This day a stag must die, This
day a stag must die, This day a stag must die.

1

Bright chanticleer proclaims the dawn,
And spangles deck the thorn;
The lowing herds now quit the lawn,
The lark springs from the corn.
Dogs, huntsmen, round the window throng,
Fleet Towler leads the cry,
Arise the burden of their song,
"This day a stag must die."
With a hey, ho, chivey!
Hark for'ard, hark for'ard, tantivy!
Hark! hark! tantivy!
This day a stag must die.

2

The cordial takes its merry round,
The laugh and joke prevail,
The huntsman blows a jovial sound,
The dogs snuff up the gale;
The upland winds they sweep along,
O'er fields, through brakes they fly;
The game is rous'd, too true the song,
"This day a stag must die."
With a hey, ho, &c.

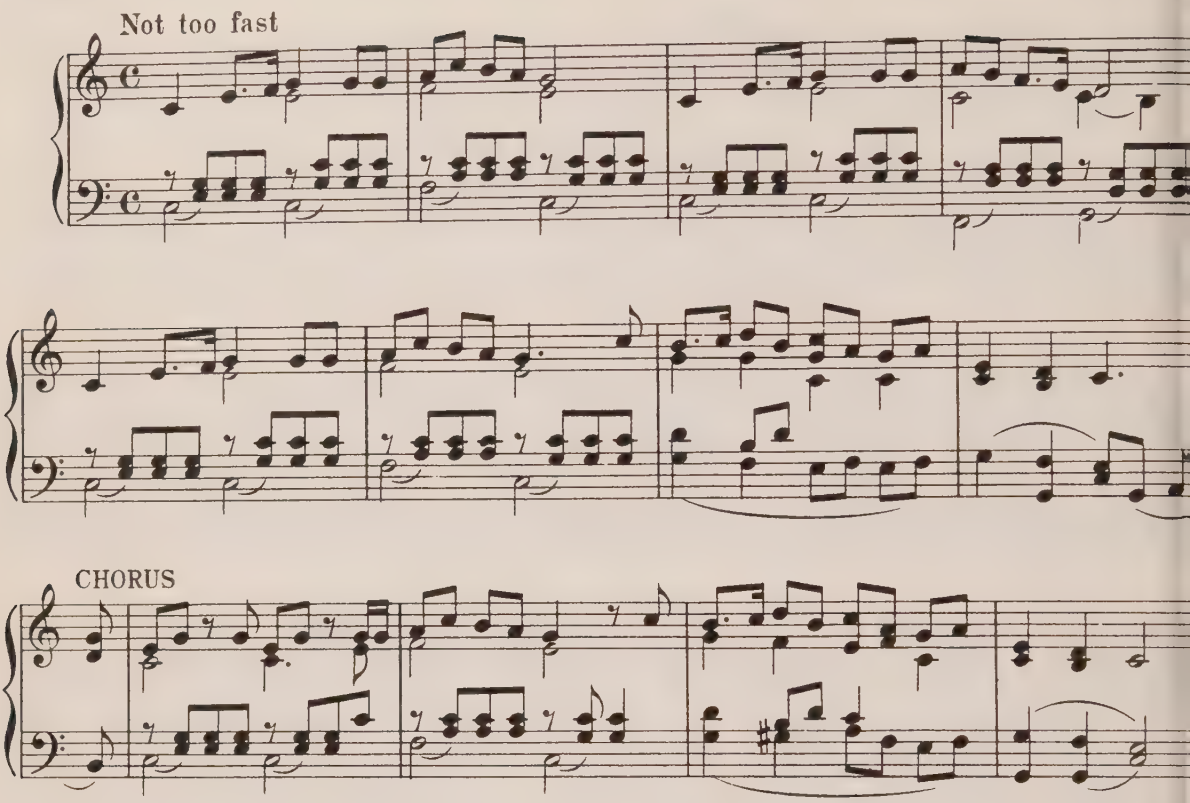
3

Poor stag! the dogs thy haunches gore,
The tears run down thy face;
The huntsman's pleasure is no more,
His joys were in the chase.
Alike the sportsmen of the town,
The virgin game in view,
Are full content to run them down,
Then they in turn pursue.
With a hey, ho, &c.

91 POOR OLD JOE*

Stephen C. Foster

Stephen C. Foste



1

Gone are the days when my heart was young and gay,
Gone are my friends from the cotton-fields away,
Gone from the earth to a better land, I know;
I hear their gentle voices calling "Poor old Joe."

Chorus I'm coming, I'm coming,
For my head is bending low,
I hear their gentle voices calling
"Poor old Joe."

2

Why should I weep when my heart should feel no pain?
Why do I sigh that my friends come not again,
Grieving for forms now departed long ago?
I hear their gentle voices calling "Poor old Joe."
I'm coming, ...

3

Where are the hearts once so happy and so free,
The children so dear that I held upon my knee?
Gone to the shore where my soul has long'd to go;
I hear their gentle voices calling "Poor old Joe."
I'm coming, ...

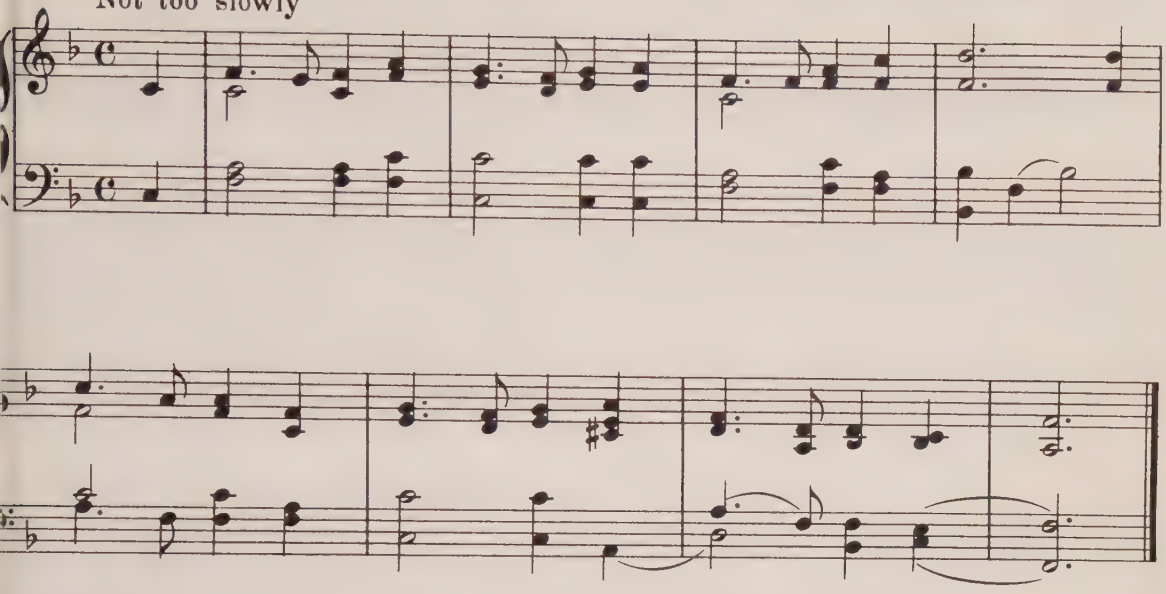
*By kind permission of the Editors of the *Scottish Students' Song Book.*

THE PRESBYTERIAN CAT

nknown

"Auld Lang Syne"

Not too slowly



1

There was a Presbyterian Cat
Went searching for her prey.
And foond a moose within the hoose
Upon the Sawbath day.

2

The people all were horrifiet,
And they were grievèd sair,
And straightway led that wicked cat
Before the ministaire.

3

The ministaire was horrifiet
And unto her did say:
"Oh, naughty cat to catch a moose
Upon the Sawbath day."

4

"The Sawbath's been, fra days of yore,
An institution".
So they straightway led that wicked cat
To execution.

MORAL

(which may either be sung here, or as a chorus to each of the above verses)

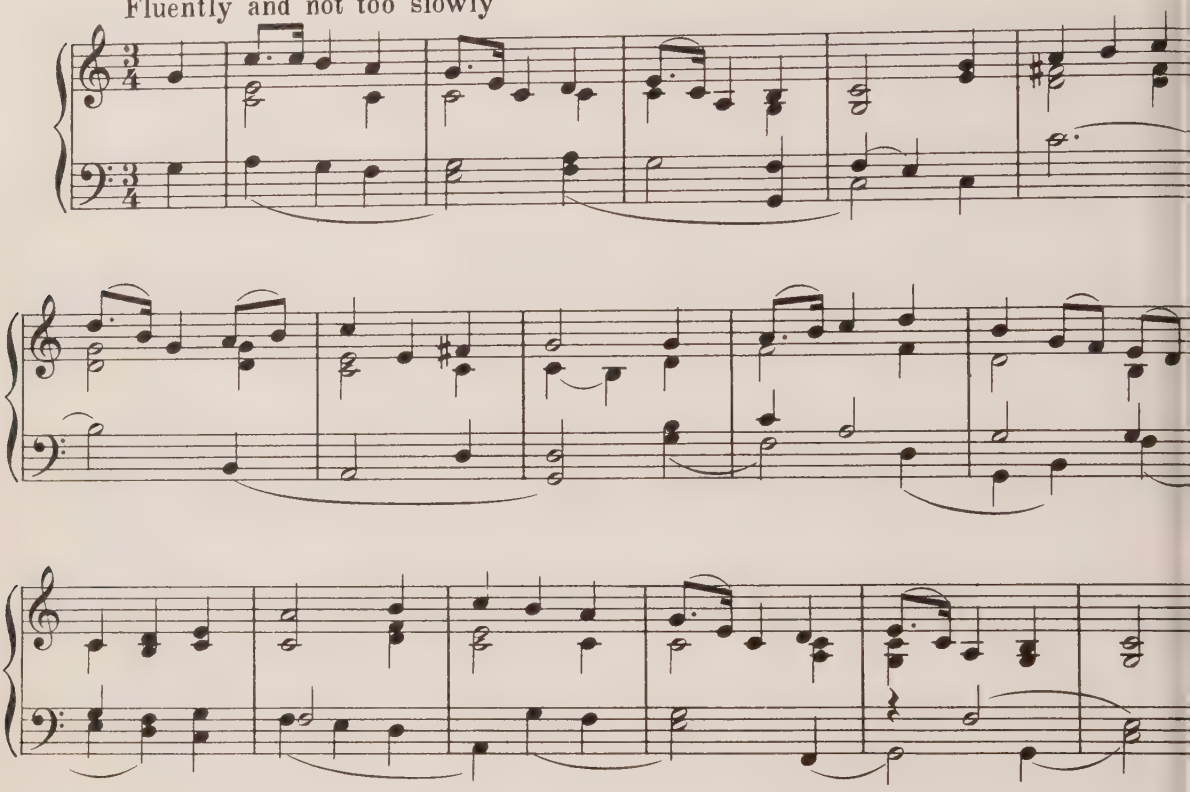
The higher up the plum tree grows
The sweeter grow the plums,
The more the cobbler plies his trade
The broader grow his thumbs.

93 PRETTY POLLY OLIVER

S. T. W. (First verse old)

Traditional. 17th Cen

Fluently and not too slowly



1

As pretty Polly Oliver lay musing in bed,
A comical fancy came into her head:
Nor father nor mother shall make me false prove,
I'll 'list for a soldier, and follow my love.

2

The drums they did rattle, and the trumpets did blow;
With heart all a-tremble into battle she did go:
Her lover he was wounded, and fell by her side;
But knew her and squeezèd her dear hand before he died.

3

And as she sat crying beside his cold corpse
The General rode up to her, riding on a white horse:
Then Polly ups and says to him, though mortial afraid,
"O sir, I'm no sodger-lad, I'm nothing but a maid."

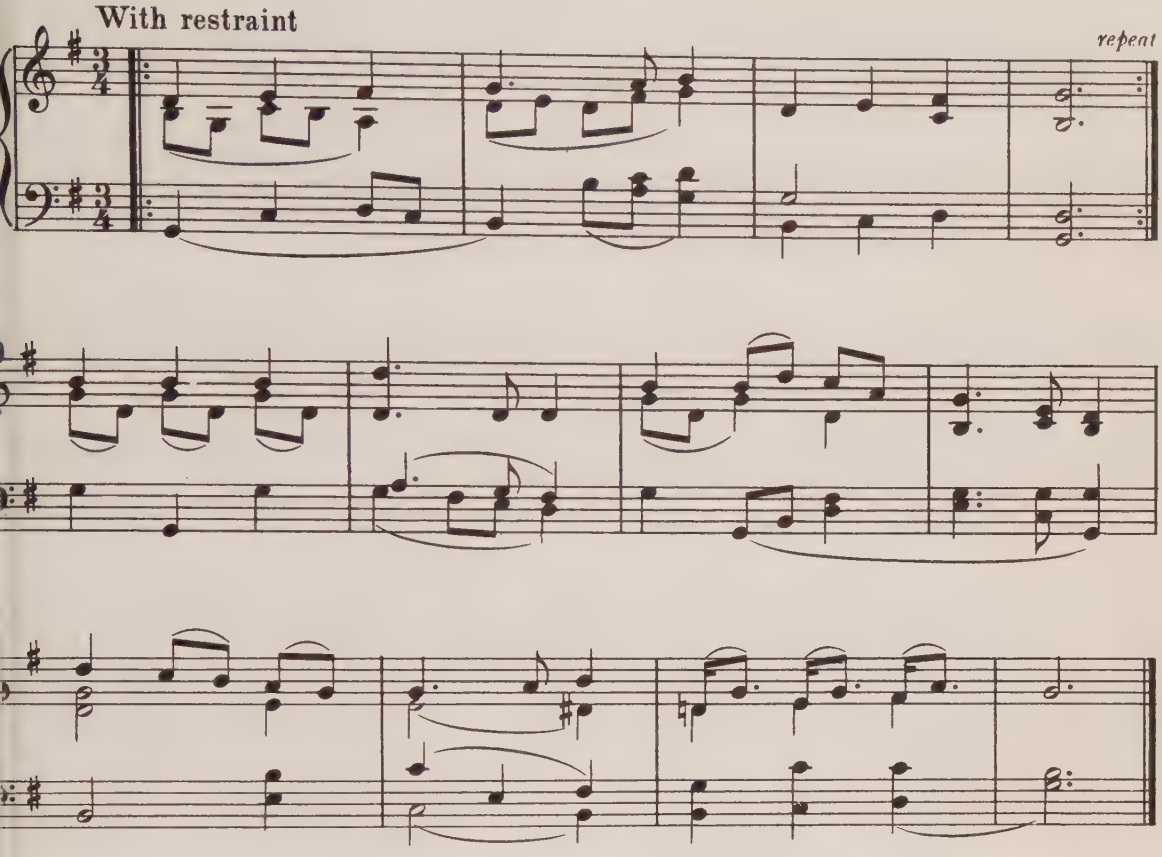
4

Now seeing as her lover was gone from this life
He kissed her full kindly and did make her his wife:
Now Polly is a lady and never knows care,
But lives in contentment with a thousand pounds a year.

ROBIN ADAIR

Traditional

With restraint



1

What's this dull town to me?
Robin's not near.
What was't I wish'd to see?
What wish'd to hear?
Where's all the joy and mirth
Made this town a heav'n on earth?
Oh! they're all fled with thee,
Robin Adair.

2

What made th' assembly shine?
Robin Adair.
What made the ball so fine?
Robin was there.
What, when the play was o'er,
What made my heart so sore?
Oh! it was parting with
Robin Adair.

3

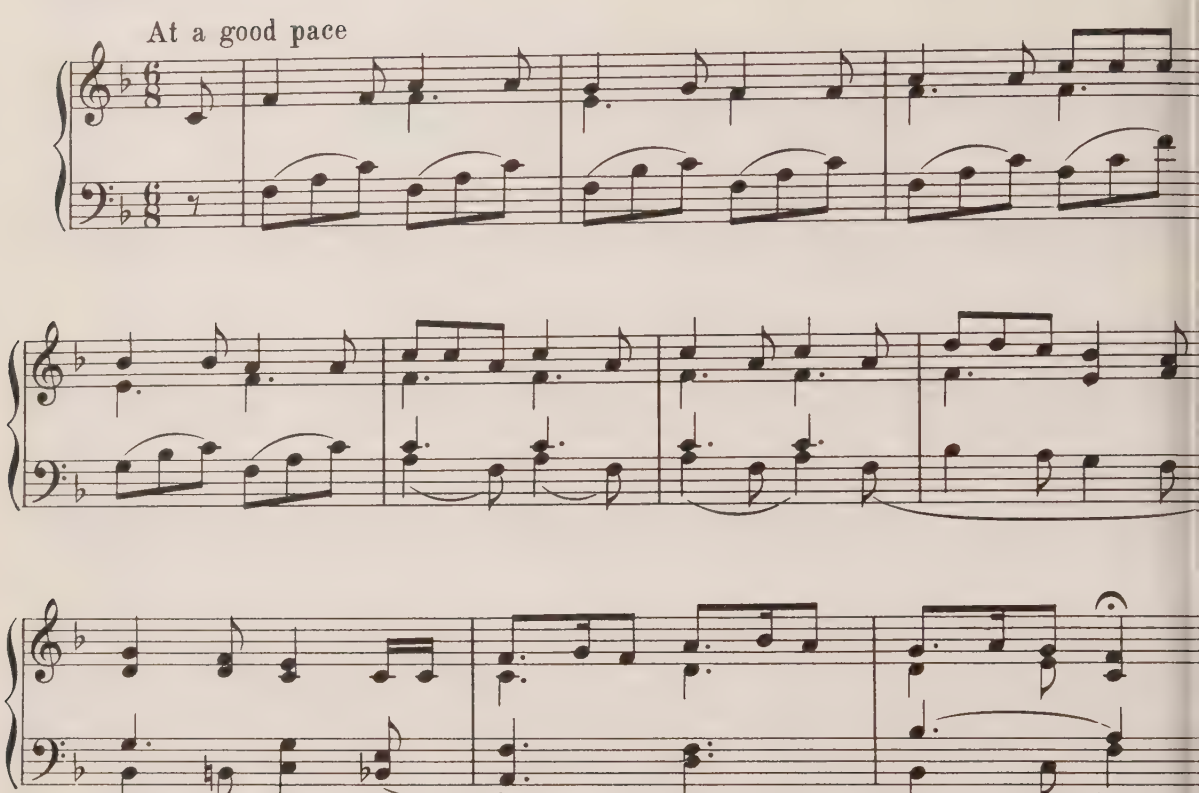
But now thou'rt cold to me,
Robin Adair.
But now thou'rt cold to me,
Robin Adair.
Yet him I lov'd so well
Still in my heart shall dwell;
Oh! I can ne'er forget
Robin Adair.

95

RICHARD OF TAUNTON DEAN*

Traditional

Somerse



1

One Zunday morn, as I've heerd zay,
Young Herchard mounted his Dobbin Gray,
And over the hills he rode ameeun,
A coortin' the passon's daughter Jeeun.
(With my doombledum, dollykin, doombledum day.)

2

Young Herchard had on his Zunday claws,
His buckskin breeches and silken hose,
A brand new hat upon his head
As were bedecked wi' ribbon so red.
(With my doombledum, dollykin, doombledum day.)

3

Young Herchard, he rode without any fear
Till he came to the whoam of his own sweet dear;
He up and he shouted, "Hullo, hullo!
Be the volks at whoam? zay ees or noo."
(With my doombledum, dollykin, doombledum day.)

*By kind permission of the Editors (Miss Lucy Broadwood & J. A. Fuller Maitland, Esq.) and Publishe
Messrs. J. B. Cramer & Cº Ltd. of *English County Songs*, in which book solo-singers will find a version with piano acc
-paniment.

4

The servants quickly let Dick in,
So that his coortin' might begin;
And when he got inside the hall,
He loudly for Meess Jeeun did bawl.
(With my doombledum, dollykin, doombledum day.)

5

Meess Jeeun came down without delay,
To see what Herchard had got fur to zay,
He says, "Ah suppose ye do knaw, Meess Jeeun,
That Oi be Herchard o' Taunton Deeun?
(With my doombledum, dollykin, doombledum day.)

6

"Oi'm an honest lad though Oi be poor,
And Oi never was in love avoor;
But feyther he've sent Oi out fur to woo,
And Oi can't vancy noan but you."
(With my doombledum, dollykin, doombledum day.)

7

"If I consent to be your bride,
Pray how for me will you provide?"
"Oi'll give you all Oi have, Oi'm zure,
What can a poor vellow do fur ye more?
(With my doombledum, dollykin, doombledum day.)

8

"Fur Oi can reap and Oi can zow,
And Oi can plough and Oi can hoe;
Oi goes to market wi' vather's hay,
And earns me ninepence every day."
(With my doombledum, dollykin, doombledum day.)

9

"Ninepence a day would never do,
For I must have silks and satins too;
'Twill ne'er be enough for you and I."
"Oh coom," says Herchard, "Us can but troi."
(With my doombledum, dollykin, doombledum day.)

10

"Fur Oi've a pig poked up in a stoi,
As'll coom to us when Granny do doi;
And if you'll conzent fur to marry me now,
Whoi feyther he'll give us his voin vat zow."
(With my doombledum, dollykin, doombledum day.)

11

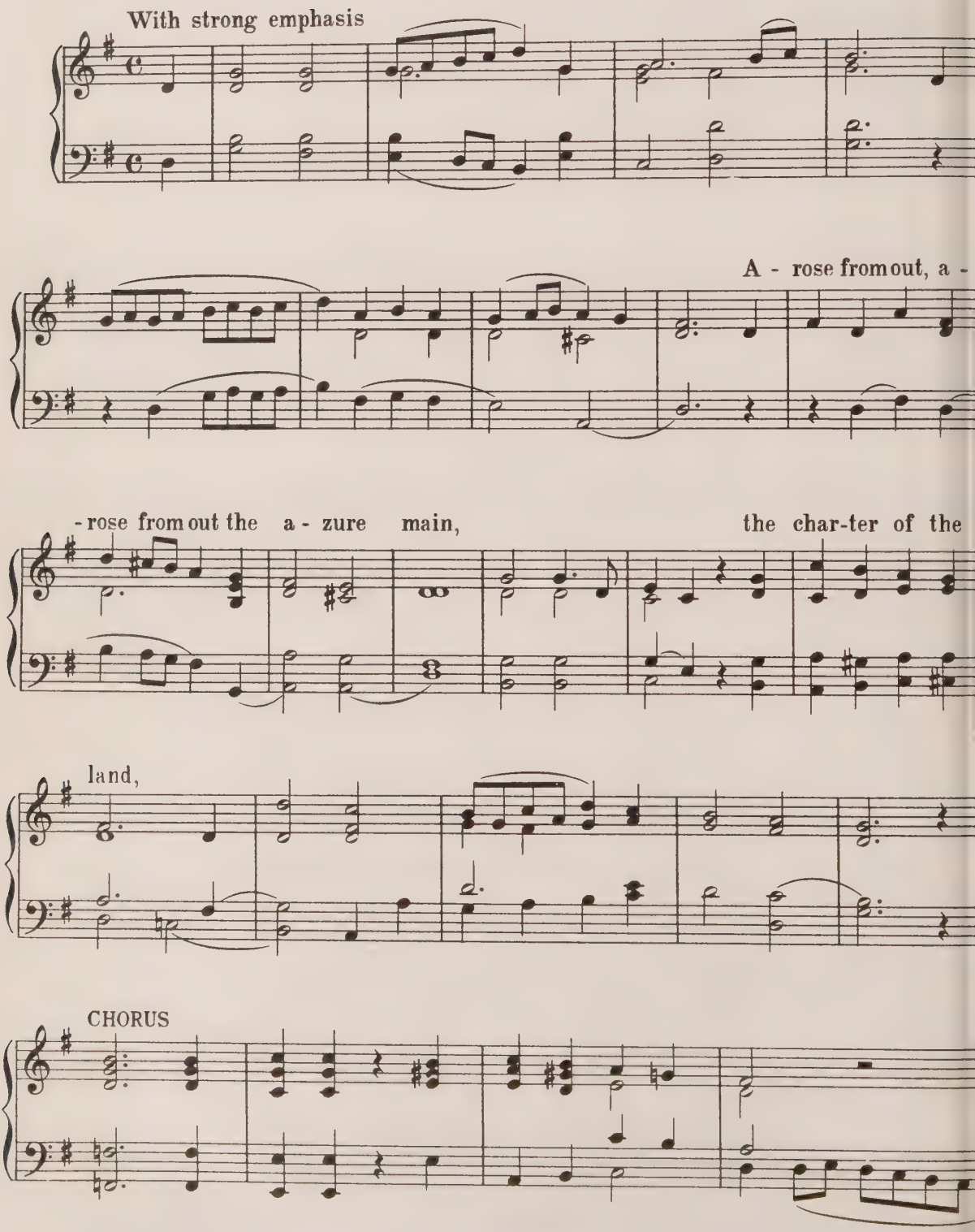
Dick's compliments were zo polite,
He won Meess Jeeun avoor it were night;
An' when her'd got no moor fur to zay,
Whoi he gee'd here a kiss, and her coom'd away.
(With my doombledum, dollykin, doombledum day.)

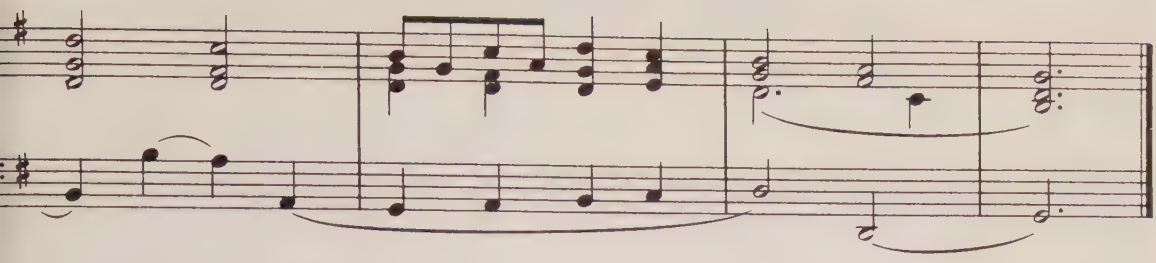
96

RULE BRITANNIA

Thomson

Dr Arn





1

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main, *(twice)*
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sang this strain–
"Rule, Britannia! Britannia rule the waves;
Britons never, never, never will be slaves."

2

The nations, not so blest as thee,
Must in their turns to tyrants fall; *(twice)*
While thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.
Rule, Britannia! &c.

3

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke; *(twice)*
As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.
Rule, Britannia! &c.

4

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down *(twice)*
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
And work their woe and thy renown.
Rule, Britannia! &c.

5

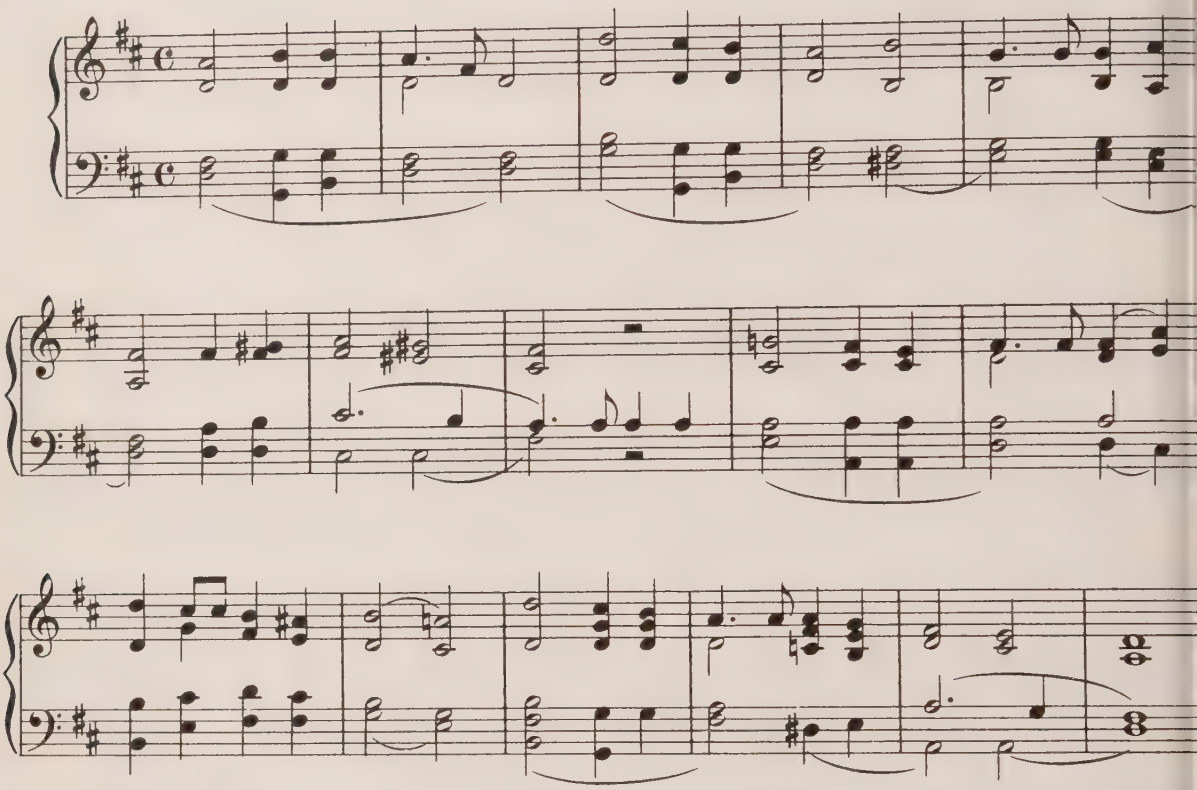
To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine; *(twice)*
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine.
Rule, Britannia! &c.

6

The Muses, still with freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair: *(twice)*
Blest isle with matchless beauty crowned,
And manly hearts to guard the fair.
Rule, Britannia! &c.

97 RUSSIAN NATIONAL HYMN

S. T. W. General Lwoff



1

Hail to the Emperor,
Ruler and Guide!
God thunders on his side
When he goes to war!
Out to the fight once more
Kings with their armies ride,
Shaking the earth; therefore
What may abide?

2

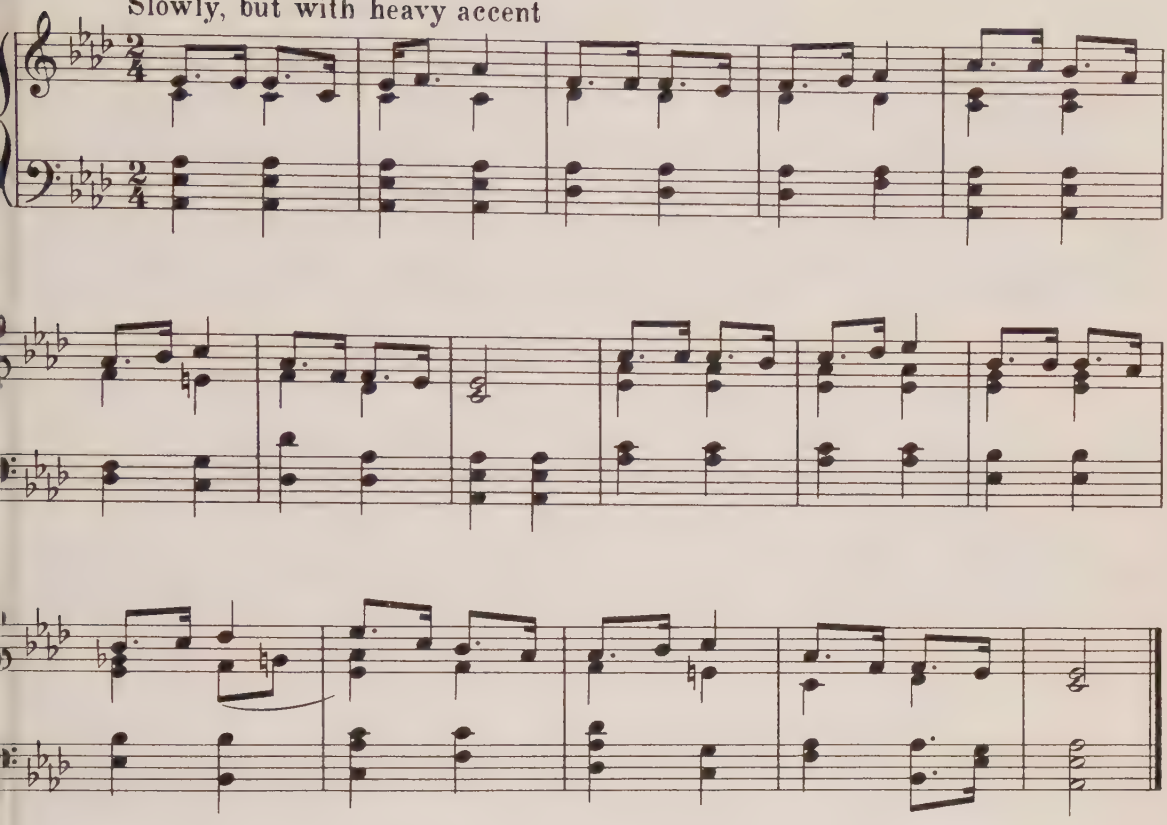
Whatsoe'er things are just
Nought can assail,
And virtue shall prevail
Against the dust.
Great Kings have died, and rust
Devours their proved mail;
Still in the right we trust,
Nor shall we fail.

SCOTS, WHA HAE

urns

Old Scottish Melody

Slowly, but with heavy accent



1

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie!

2

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour!
See approach proud Edward's power–
Chains and slaverie!

3

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

4

Wha for Scotland's King and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa'?
Let him follow me!

5

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

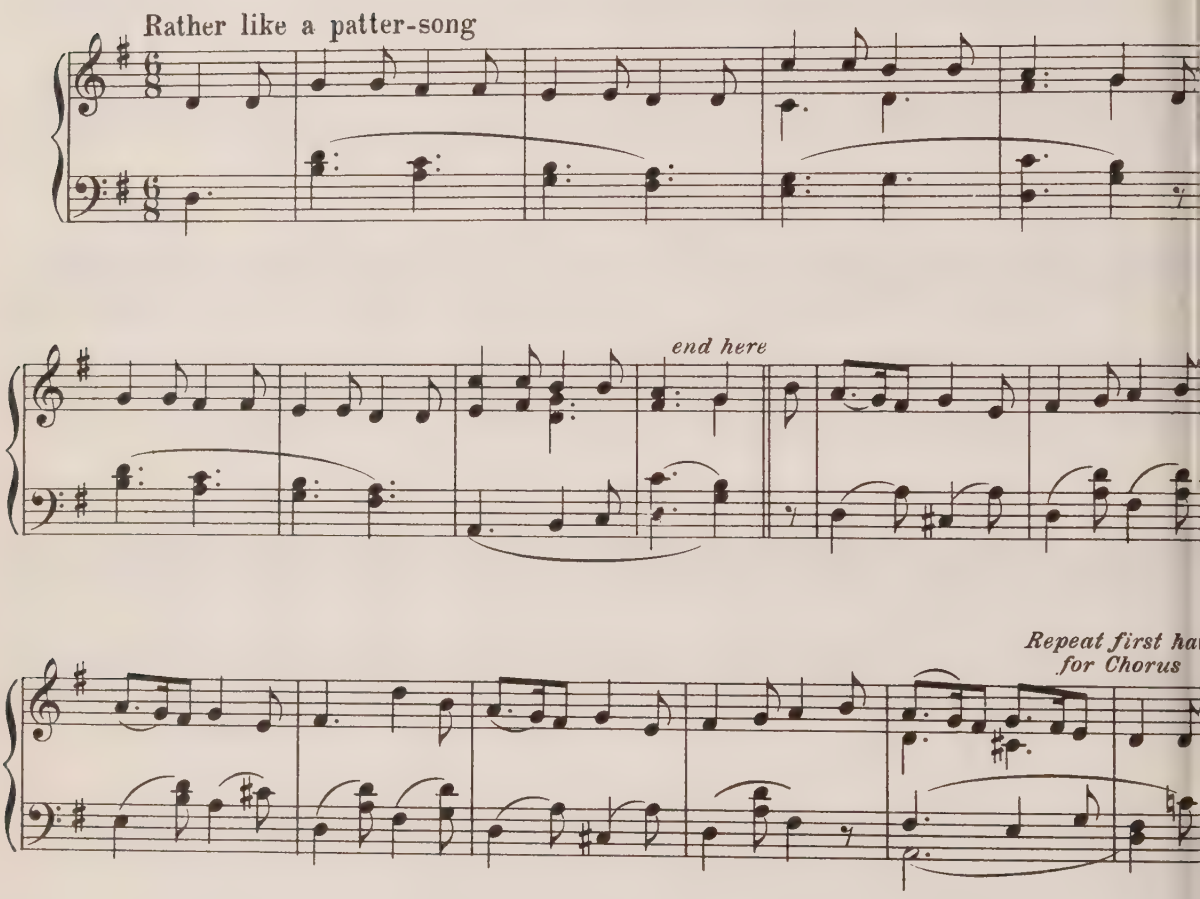
6

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do or die!

99 ST. PATRICK WAS A GENTLEMAN

Unknown

Iris



1

Oh, St. Patrick was a gentleman,
Who came of decent people;
He built a church in Dublin town,
And on it put a steeple.
His father was a Gallagher,
His mother was a Brady;
His aunt was an O'Shaughnessy,
His uncle was an O'Grady.
So success attend St. Patrick's fist,
For he's a Saint so clever;
Oh, he gave the snakes and toads a twist,
And bother'd them for ever!

2

The Wicklow hills are very high,
And so's the Hill of Howth, sir;
But there's a hill much bigger still,
Much higher nor them both, sir.
'Twas on the top of this high hill
St. Patrick preached his sarmint,
That drove the frogs into the bogs,
And banish'd all the varmint.
So success attend, &c

3

There's not a mile in Ireland's isle
Where dirty varmint musters,
But there he put his dear fore-foot,
And murder'd them in clusters.
The toads went pop, the frogs went hop,
Slap-dash into the water,
And the snakes committed suicide
To save themselves from slaughter.
So success attend, &c

4

Nine hundred thousand reptiles blue
He charm'd with sweet discourses,
And dined on them at Killaloe
In soups and second courses.
Where blind-worms crawling in the grass
Disgusted all the nation,
He gave them a rise which open'd their eyes
To a sense of their situation.
So success attend, &c

5

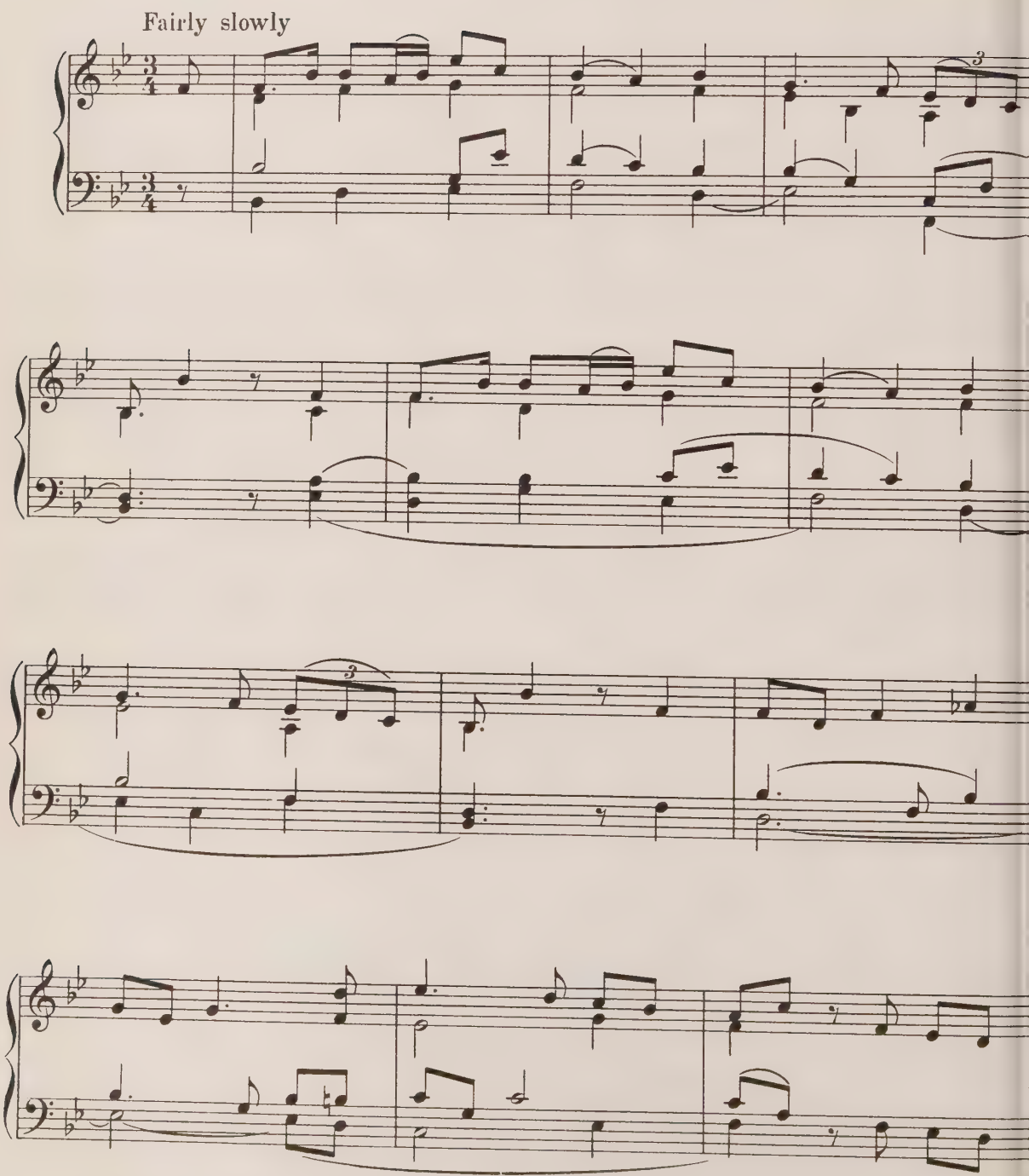
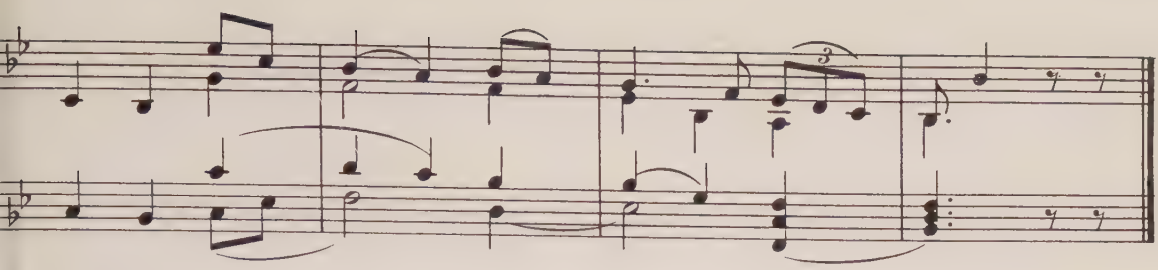
No wonder that those Irish lads
Should be so gay and frisky,
For sure St. Pat he taught them that,
As well as making whisky.
No wonder that the Saint himself
Should understand distilling,
Since his mother kept a shebeen shop
In the town of Enniskillen.
So success attend, &c

6

Oh, was I but so fortunate
As to be back in Munster,
'Tis I'd be bound that from that ground
I nevermore would once stir.
For there St. Patrick planted turf,
And plenty of the praties,
With pigs galore, ma gra, ma' store,
And cabbages– and ladies.
Then my blessings on St. Patrick's fist,
For he's a darling Saint, oh;
Oh, he gave the snakes and toads a twist–
He's a beauty without paint, oh.

100 SALLY IN OUR ALLEY

H. Carey H. Care



1

Of all the girls that are so smart
  There's none like pretty Sally,
She is the darling of my heart
  And lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land
  Is half so sweet as Sally,
She is the darling of my heart,
  And lives in our alley.

2

Of all the days that's in the week
  I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes betwixt
  A Saturday and Monday;
For then I'm drest, in all my best,
  To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
  And lives in our alley.

3

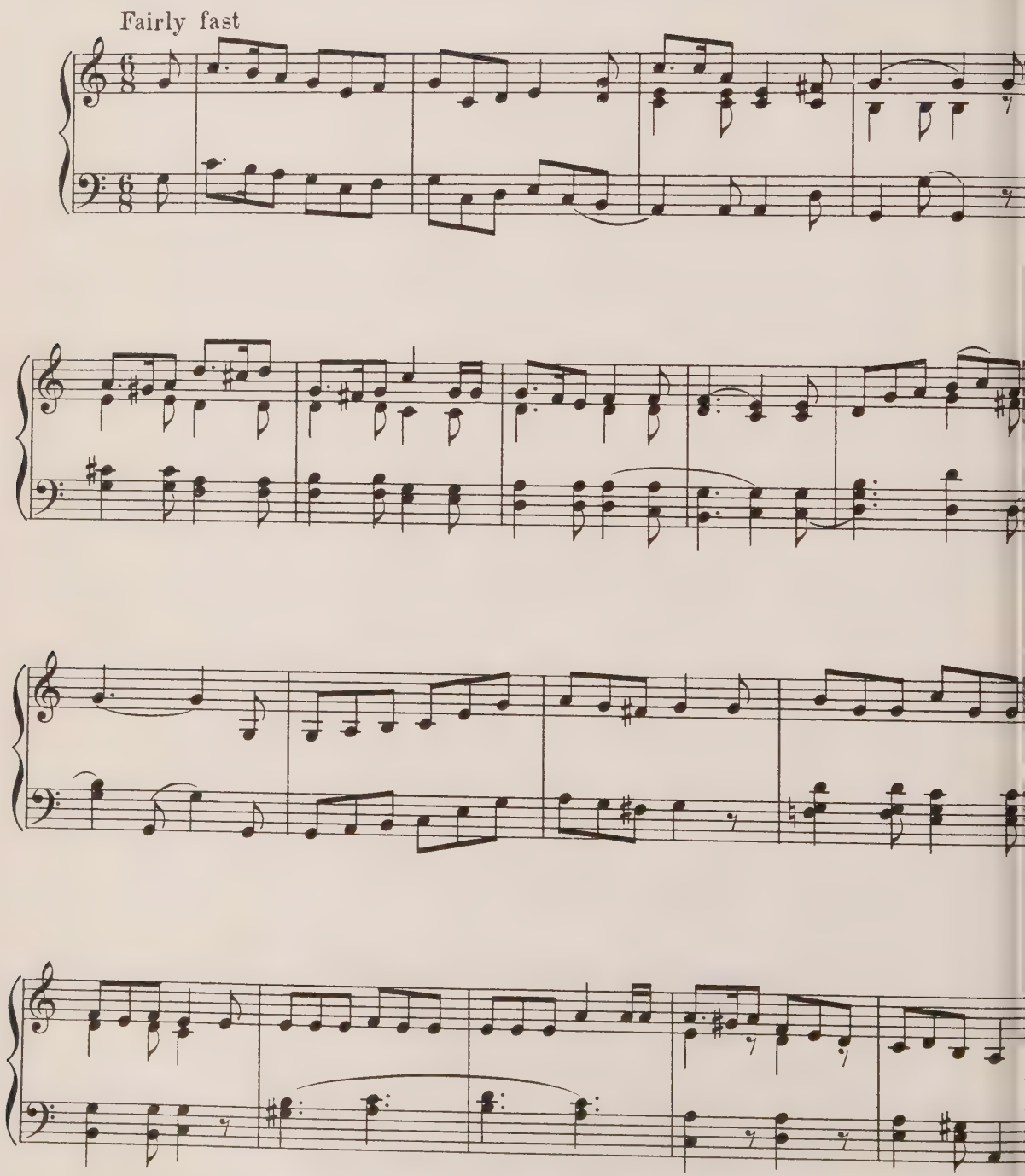
My master carries me to church,
  And often I am blamed,
Because I leave him in the lurch
  As soon as text is named.
I leave the church in sermon-time,
  And slink away to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
  And lives in our alley.

4

My master and the neighbours all
  Make game of me and Sally;
And (but for her) I'd better be
  A slave and row a galley:
But when my seven long years are out
  O! then I'll marry Sally!
And then like turtles we will live
  But not in our alley.

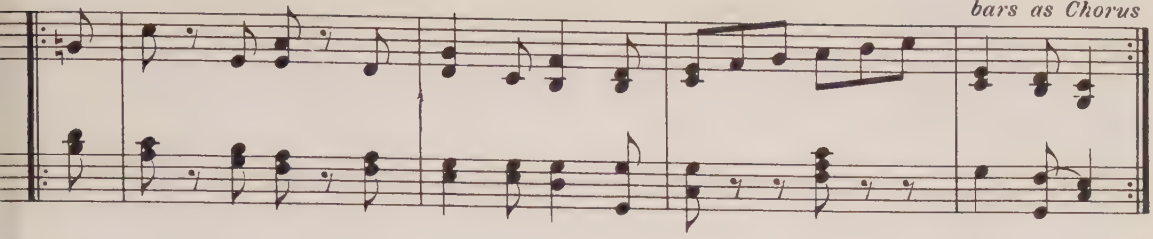
101 SIMON THE CELLARER

W. H. Bellamy J. L. Hatt



CHORUS *(second time)*

Repeat last four bars as Chorus



1

Old Simon the Cellarer keeps a large store
Of Malmsey and Malvoisie,
And Cyprus, and who can say how many more!
For a chary old soul is he: *(twice)*
Of Sack and Canary he never doth fail,
And all the year round there is brewing of ale;
Yet he never aileth, he quaintly doth say,
While he keeps to his sober six flagons a day.
Chorus (second time) But ho! ho! ho! his nose doth show
How oft the black-jack to his lips doth go.

2

Dame Margery sits in her own still room,
And a matron sage is she;
From thence oft at curfew is wafted a fume–
She says it is Rosemarie! *(twice)*
But there's a small cupboard behind the back stair,
And the maids say they often see Margery there;–
Now Margery says that she grows very old,
And must take a something to keep out the cold.
Chorus But ho! ho! ho! old Simon doth know
Where many a flask of his best doth go!

3

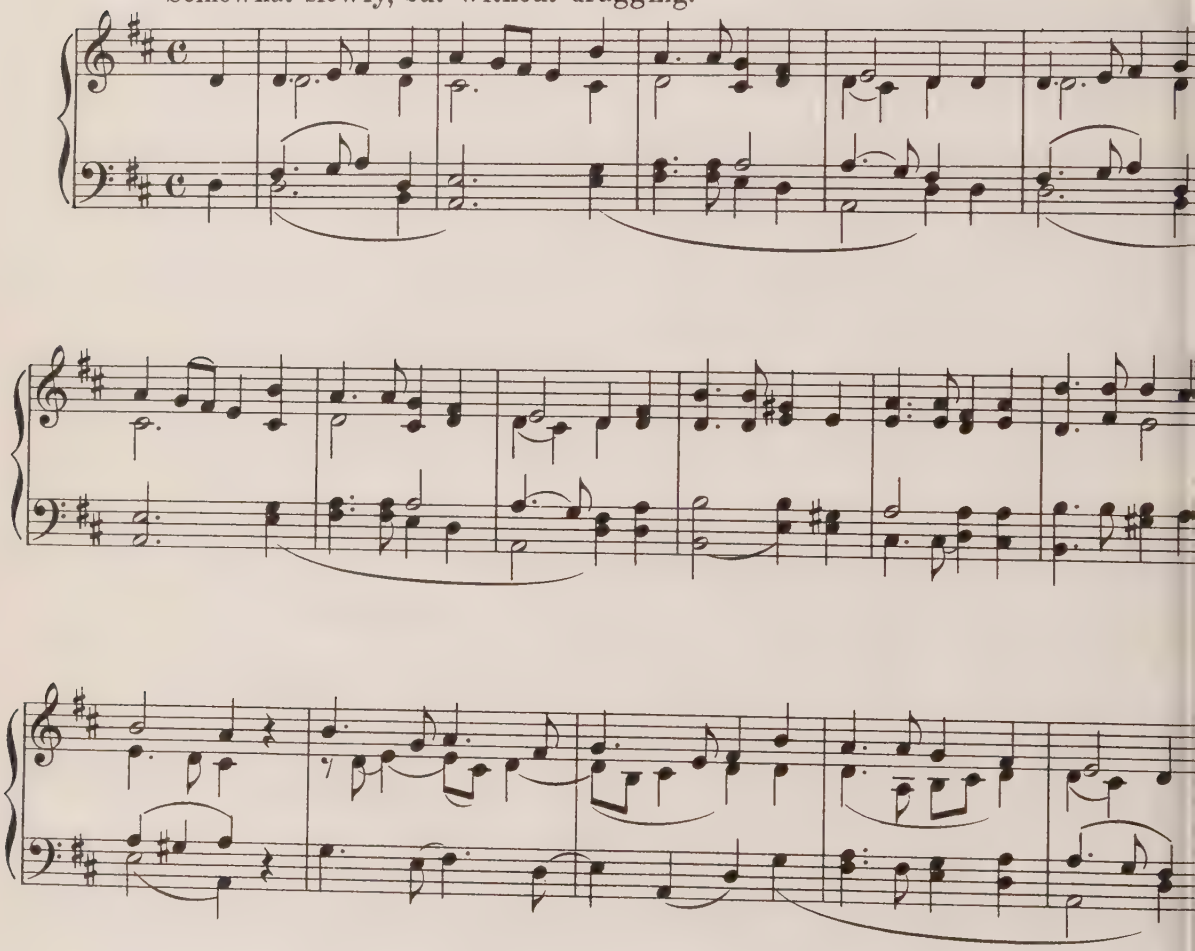
Old Simon reclines in his high-back'd chair,
And talks about taking a wife;
And Margery often is heard to declare
She ought to be settled in life: *(twice)*
But Margery has (so the maids say) a tongue,
And she's not very handsome, and not very young;
So somehow it ends with a shake of the head,
And Simon, he brews him a tankard instead.
Chorus While ho! ho! ho! he will chuckle and crow,
"What! marry old Margery? Oh! no! no!"

102 SINCE FIRST I SAW YOUR FACE

Ford (1607)

Ford
(slightly alter

Somewhat slowly, but without dragging.



1

Since first I saw your face, I resolv'd
To honour and renown you;
If now I be disdain'd, I wish
My heart had never known you.
What! I that lov'd, and you that lik'd,
Shall we begin to wrangle?
No, no, no! my heart is fast,
And cannot disentangle.

2

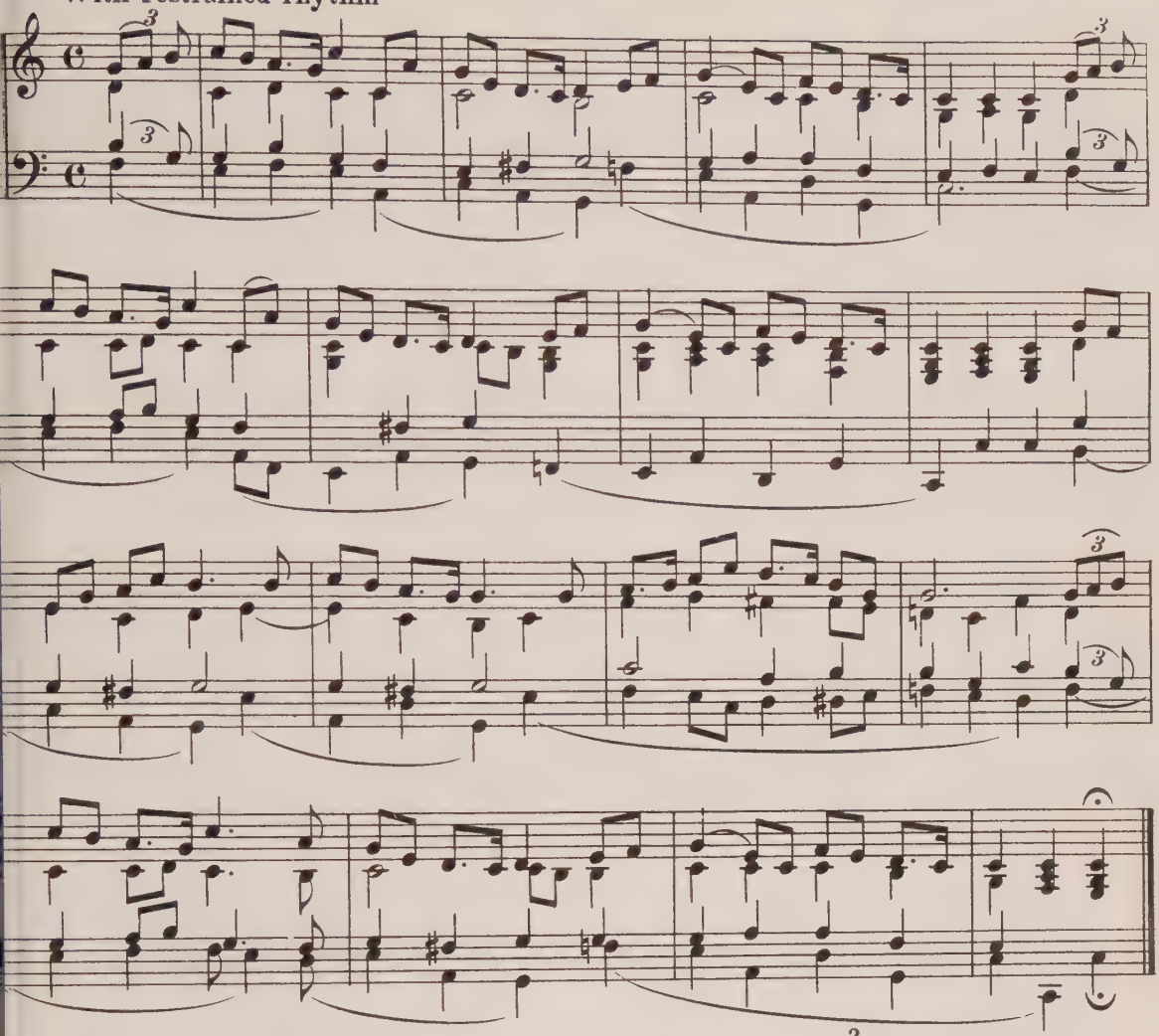
The sun, whose beams most glorious a
Rejecteth no beholder;
And your sweet beauty, past compare
Made my poor eyes the bolder.
When beauty moves, and wit delights
And signs of kindness bind me,
There, oh there, where'er I go,
I leave my heart behind me.

THE SNOWY-BREASTED PEARL

Petrie

Old Irish Melody

With restrained rhythm



1

There's a colleen fair as May,
For a year and for a day
I have sought by every way,
  Her heart to gain;
There's no art of tongue or eye,
Fond youths with maidens try,
But I've tried with ceaseless sigh–
  Yet tried in vain.
If to France or far-off Spain,
She'd cross the wat'ry main
To see her face again,
  The seas I'd brave.
And if 'tis Heav'n's decree
That mine she may not be,
May the Son of Mary, me
  In mercy save.

2

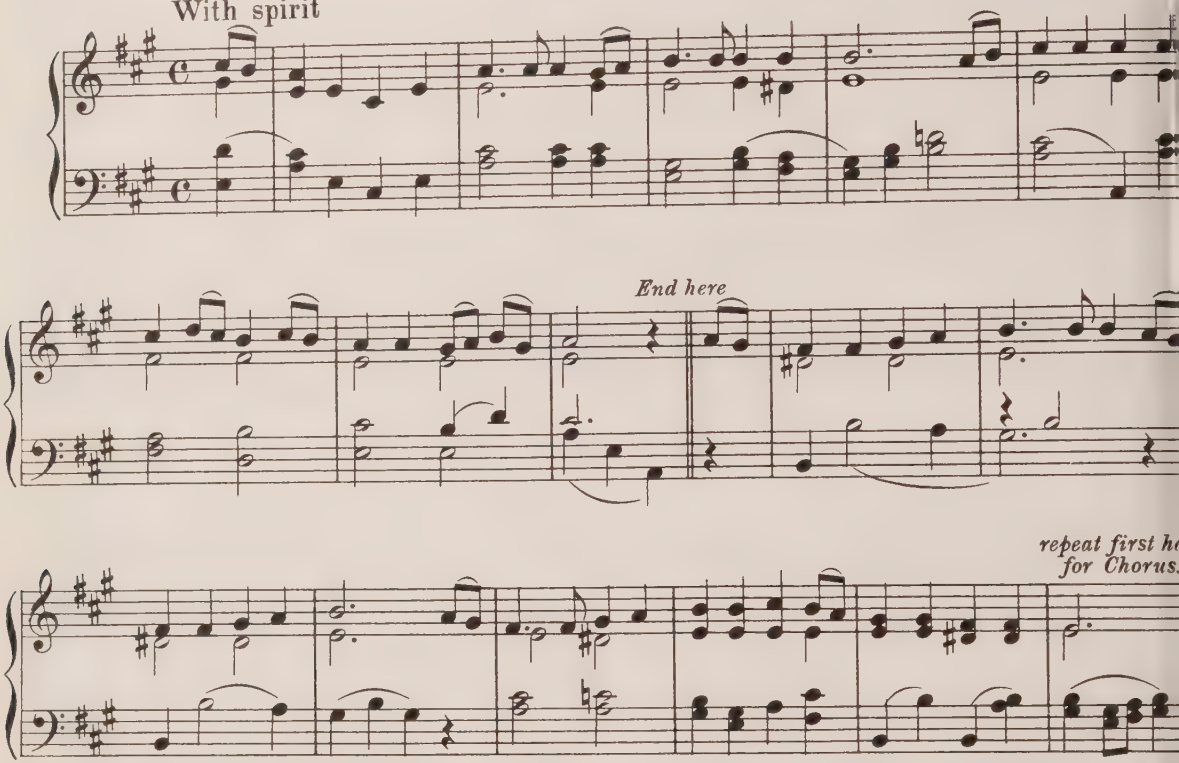
Oh, thou blooming milk-white dove,
To whom I've giv'n true love,
Do not ever thus reprove
  My constancy.
There are maidens would be mine,
With wealth in land and kine
If my heart would but incline
  To turn from thee.
But a kiss with welcome bland,
And touch of thy fair hand,
Are all that I'd demand,
  Wouldst thou not spurn;
For if not mine, dear girl,
Oh! snowy-breasted pearl!
May I never from the Fair
  With life return!

104 SONG OF THE WESTERN MEN

Rev. R. S. Hawker

Old Corni

With spirit



1

A good sword and a trusty hand!
A merry heart and true!
King James's men shall understand
What Cornish lads can do.
And have they fixed the where and when?
And shall Trelawny die?
Here's twenty-thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why!
Chorus A good sword . . . .

2

Out spake their captain brave and bold,
A merry wight was he:
"If London Tower were Michael's hold,
We'll set Trelawny free!
We'll cross the Tamar, land to land,
The Severn is no stay,–
With one and all, and hand in hand,
And who shall bid us nay?"
Chorus A good sword . . . .

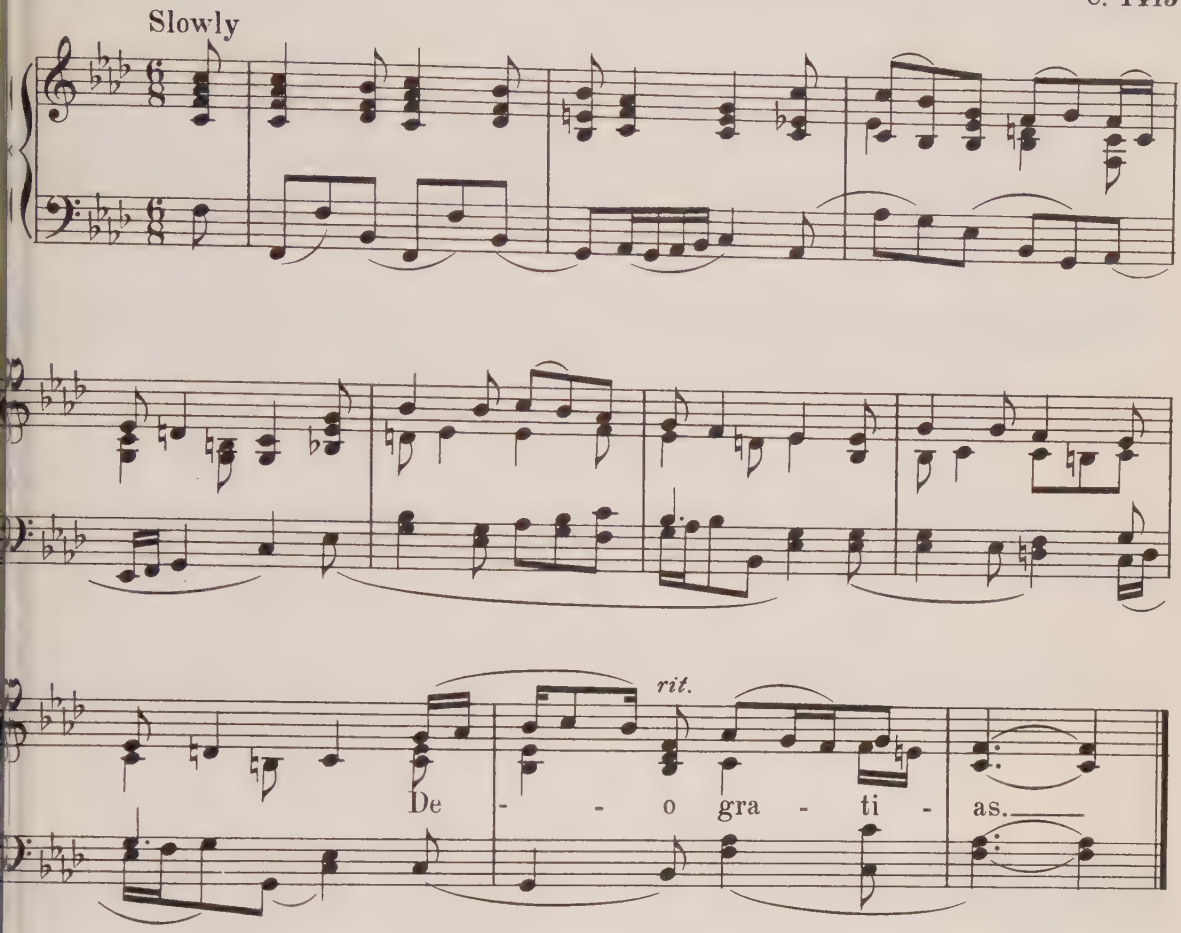
3

"And when we come to London Wall,
A pleasant sight to view,
Come forth! Come forth, ye cowards all,
Here's men as good as you!"
Trelawny he's in keep and hold,
Trelawny he may die;–
But here's twenty-thousand Cornish bold
Will know the reason why!"
Chorus A good sword . . . .

05 SONG ON THE VICTORY OF AGINCOURT

1415

c. 1415



1

Our King went forth to Normandy,
With grace and might of chivalry;
The God for him wrought marv'lously,
Wherefore England may call and cry
Deo gratias.

2

He set a siege, the sooth for to say.
To Harfleur town with royal array;
That town he won, and made a fray,
That France shall rue till Domesday.
Deo gratias.

3

Then went our King, with all his host,
Through France for all the Frenchman's boast:
He spared for dread of least nor most,
Until he came to Agincourt coast.
Deo gratias.

4

Then forsooth that Knight comely,
In Agincourt field he fought manly:
Through grace of God most mighty,
He had both the field and the victory.
Deo gratias.

5

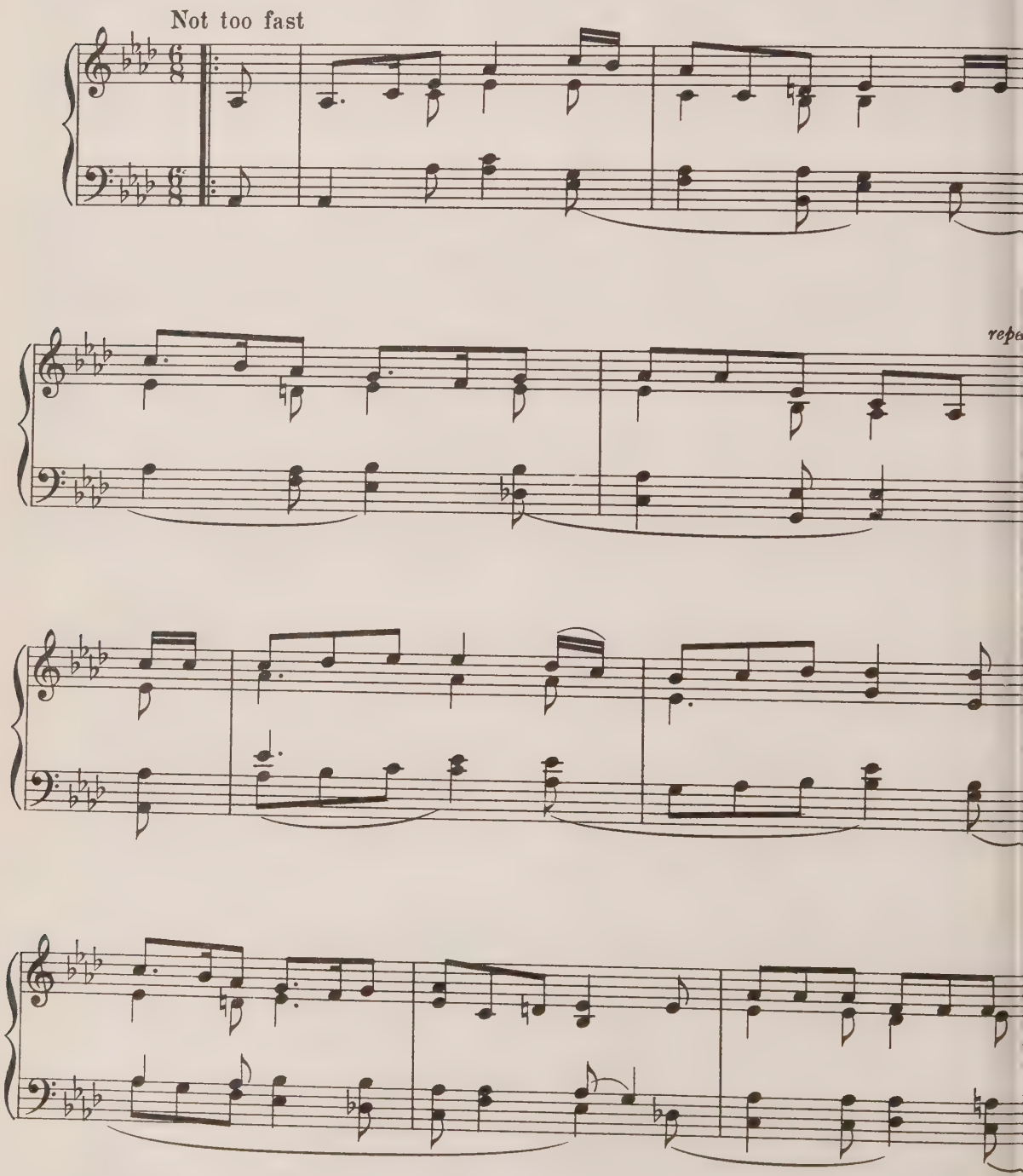
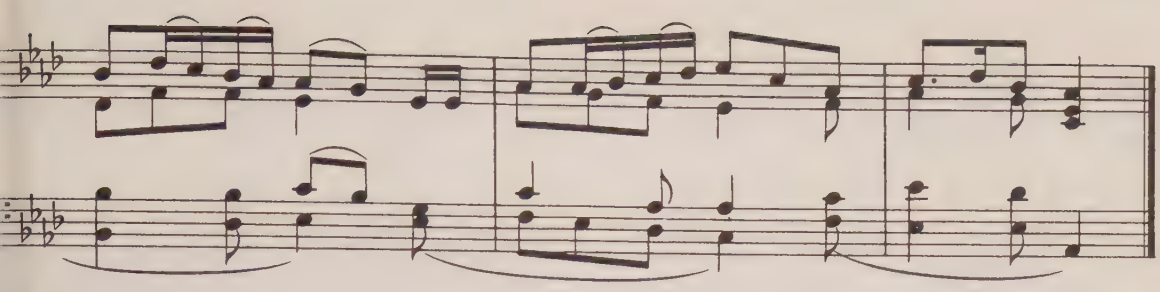
Their dukes and earls, lord and baron,
Were taken and slain and that well soon:
And some were led into London,
With joy and mirth and great renown.
Deo gratias.

6

The gracious God now save our King,
His people and all his well-willing:
Give him good life and good ending,
That we with mirth may safely sing.
Deo gratias.

106 THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER

U. S. A. National Song



1

O say, can you see, by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming?
Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight,
O'er the ramparts we watch'd, were so gallantly streaming?
And the rocket's red glare, bombs bursting in air,
Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there.
O say, does that star-spangled banner still wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?

2

On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in dread silence reposes,
What is that which the breeze, o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, half conceals, half discloses?
Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream:
'Tis the star-spangled banner: O long may it wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

3

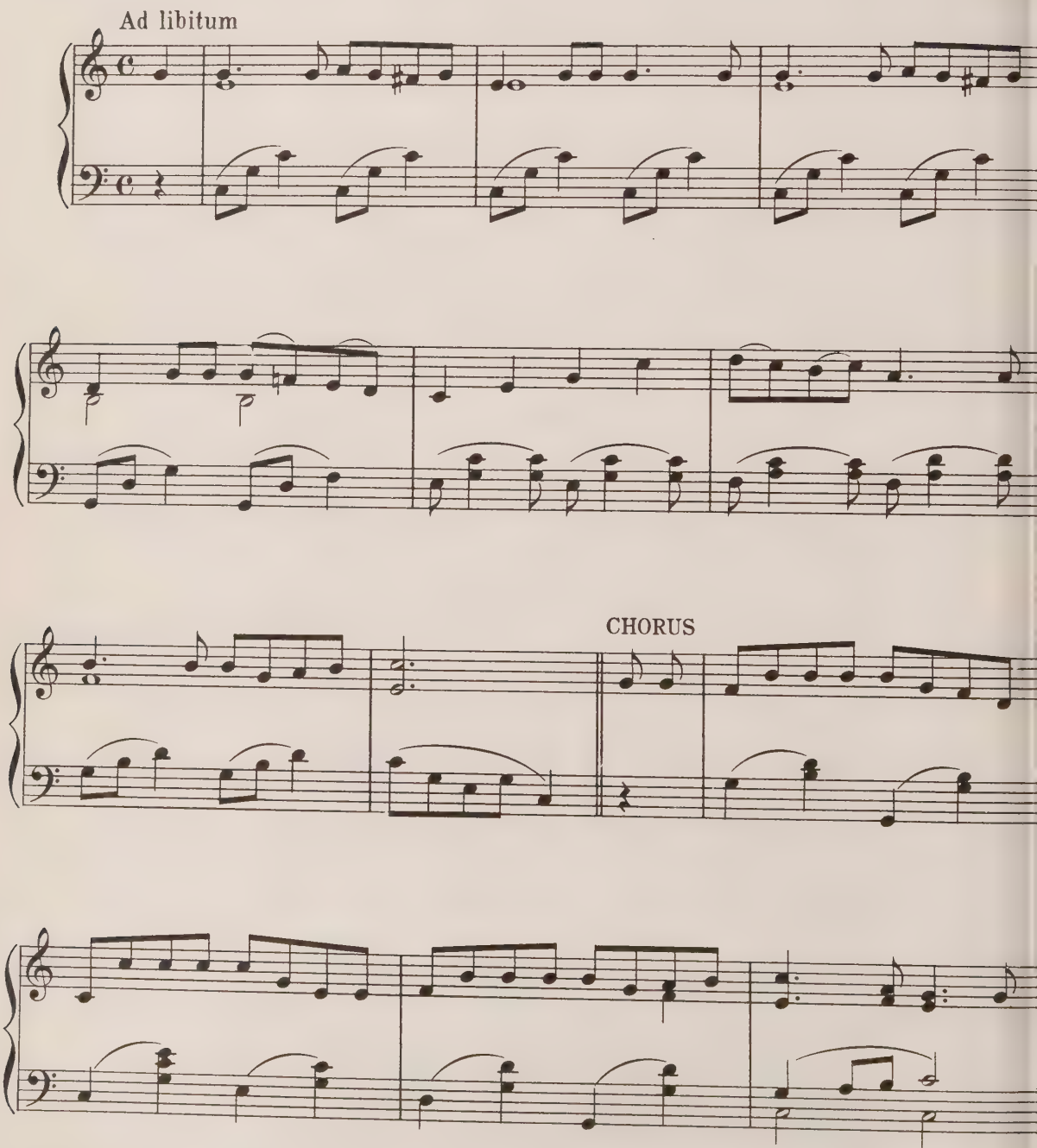
And where is that band who so vauntingly swore,
That the havoc of war, and the battle's confusion,
A home and a country should leave us no more?
Their blood has washed out their foul foot-steps' pollution.
No refuge could save the hireling and slave,
From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave;
And the star-spangled banner in triumph doth wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

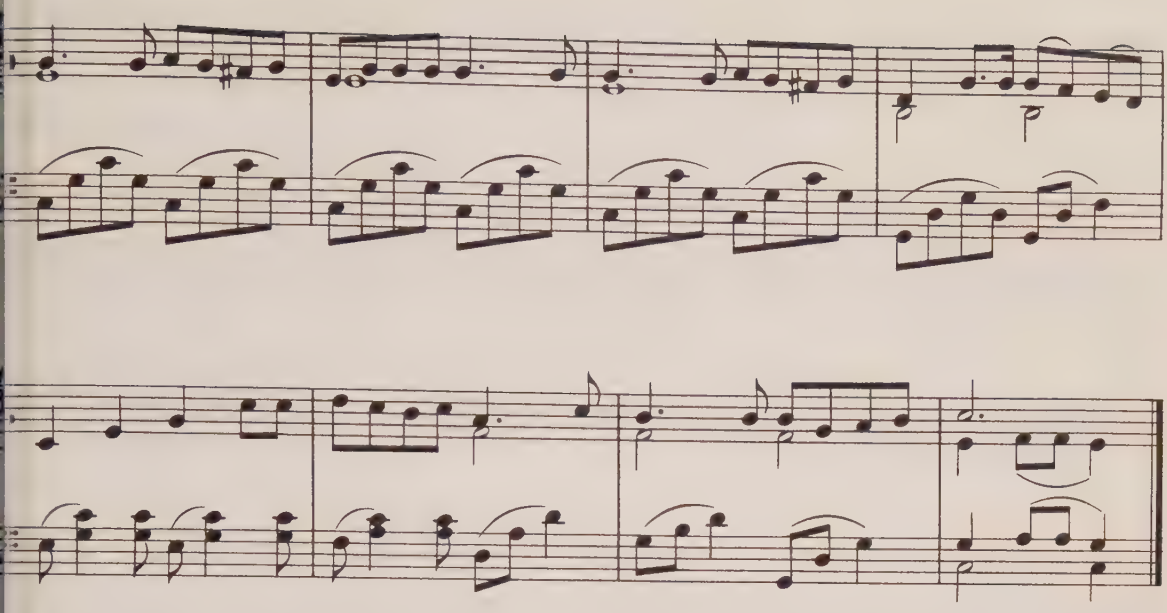
4

O! thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
Between their lov'd homes and wild war's desolation,
Blest with vict'ry and peace may the heav'n-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserv'd us a nation.
Then conquer we must when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto: "In God is our trust!"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave!

107 THERE IS A TAVERN IN THE TOWN

Adapted from a Cornish Folk-song





1

There is a tavern in the town, in the town,
And there my dear love sits him down, sits him down,
And drinks his wine 'mid laughter free
And never, never thinks of me.

Chorus Fare thee well, for I must leave thee,
Do not let the parting grieve thee,
And remember that the best of friends must part, must part.
Adieu, kind friends, adieu, adieu, adieu, adieu,
I can no longer stay with you, stay with you.
I'll hang my harp on a weeping willow tree,
And may the world go well with thee.

2

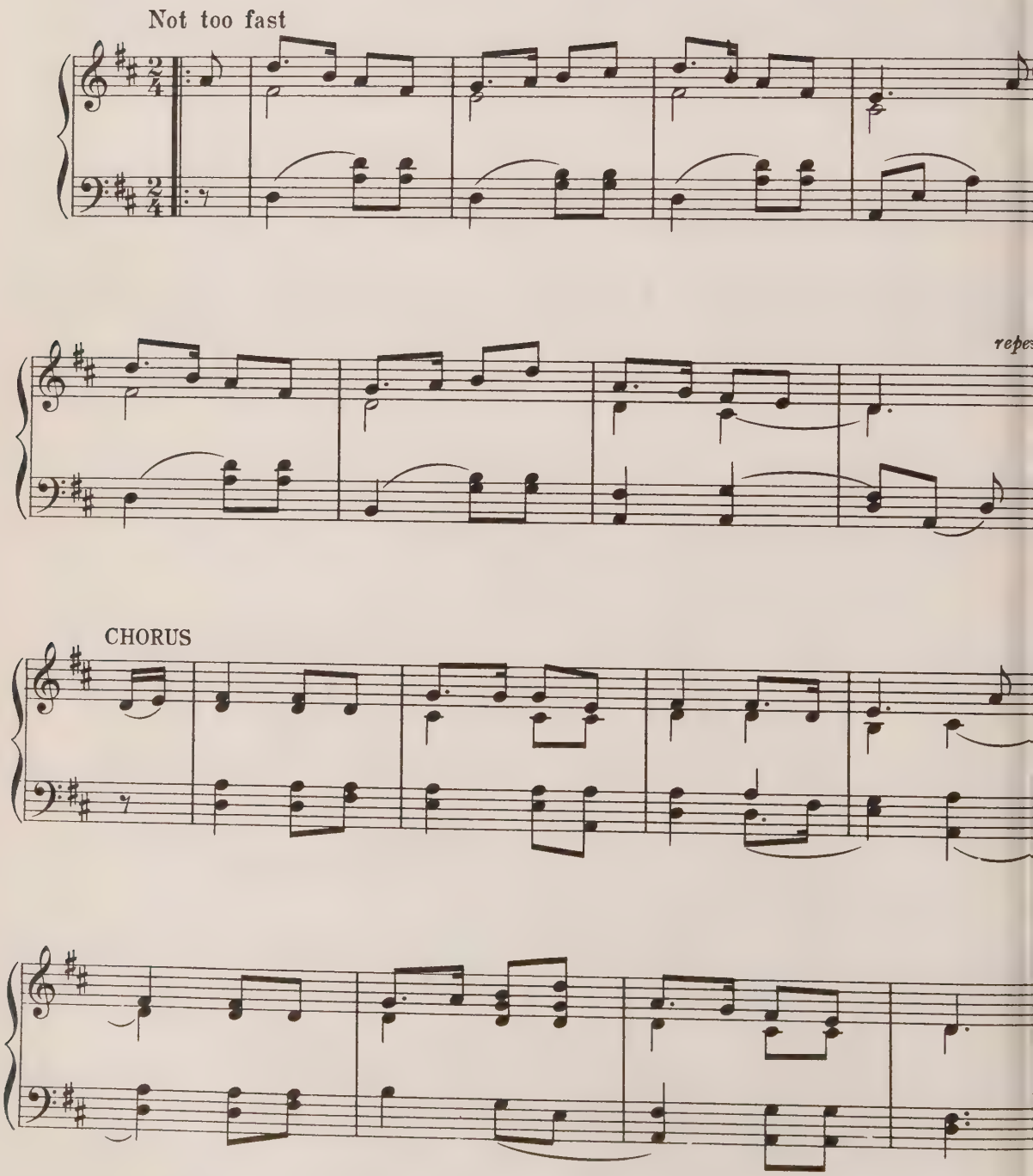
He left me for a damsel dark, damsel dark,
Each Friday night they used to spark, used to spark,
And now my love, once true to me,
Takes that dark damsel on his knee.
Fare thee well . . . .

3

Oh! dig my grave both wide and deep, wide and deep,
Put tombstones at my head and feet, head and feet,
And on my breast carve a turtle dove
To signify I died of love.
Fare thee well . . . .

108 THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE

Old Scottish Melod



Words attributed to Julius Mickle, the last stanza by Dr James Beattie.

1

But are you sure the news is true?
And are you sure he's well?
Is this a time to think o' wark?
Ye jades, fling by your wheel!
Is this a time to think of wark,
When Colin's at the door?
Rax me my cloak, I'll down the quay,
And see him come ashore.
Chorus There's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a',
There's nae luck about the house
Whan our gudeman's awa'.

2

Rise up, and make a clean fireside,
Put on the muckle pat;
Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
And Jock his Sunday's coat;
Make their shoon as black as slaes,
Their stockings white as snaw;
Its a' to pleasure our gudeman,
He likes to see them braw.
There's nae luck, &c.

3

There are twa hens into the crib,
Have fed this month and mair,
Make haste and thraw their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare;
Bring down to me my bigonet,
My bishop-satin gown,
And then gae tell the Bailie's wife
That Colin's come to town.
There's nae luck, &c.

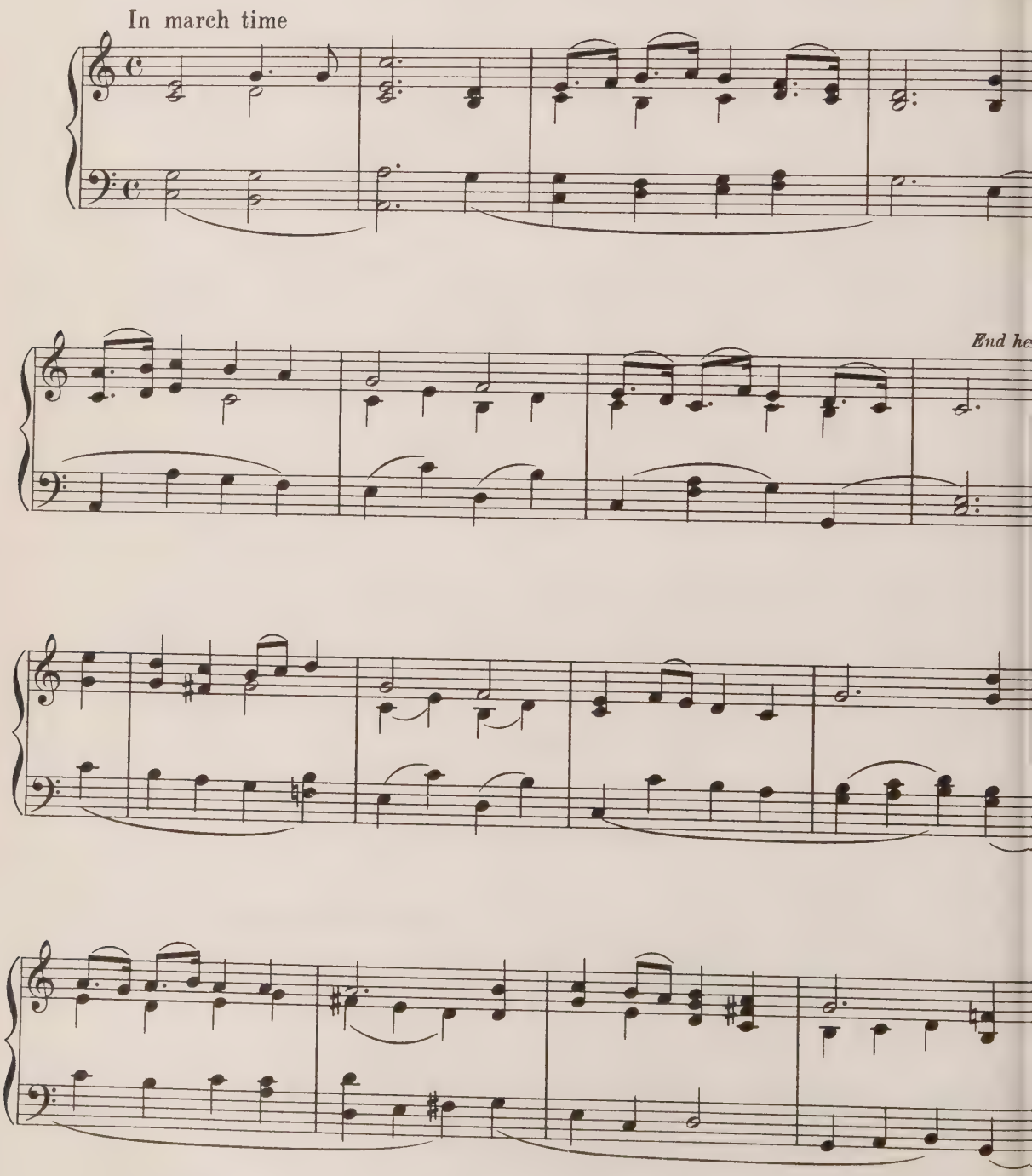
4

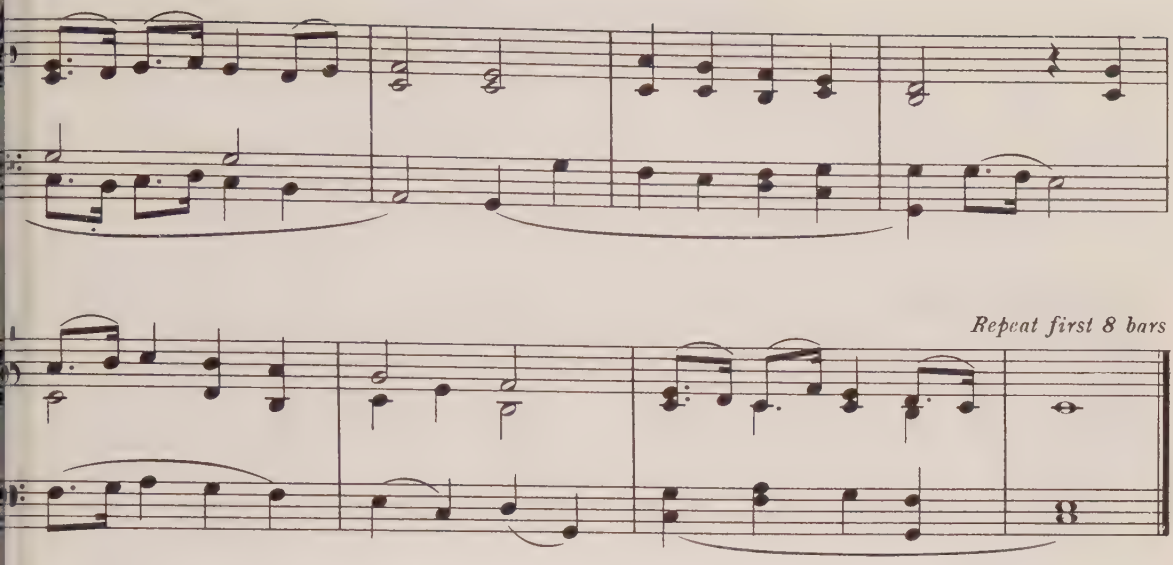
Sae sweet his voice, sae smooth his tongue,
His breath's like cauler air!
His very tread has music in't,
As he comes up the stair;
And will I see his face again?
And will I hear him speak?
I'm downright dizzy with the joy,
In troth I'm like to greet!
There's nae luck, &c.

109 TOLL FOR THE BRAVE

Cowper

Handel
(March in 'Scipi





1

Toll for the brave–
The brave! that are no more:
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore.
Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel
And laid her on her side;
A land-breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset;
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.
Toll for the brave! . . . .

2

Toll for the brave–
Brave Kempenfelt is gone,
His last sea-fight is fought,
His work of glory done.
It was not in the battle,
No tempest gave the shock,
She sprang no fatal leak,
She ran upon no rock;
His sword was in its sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.
Toll for the brave! . . . .

3

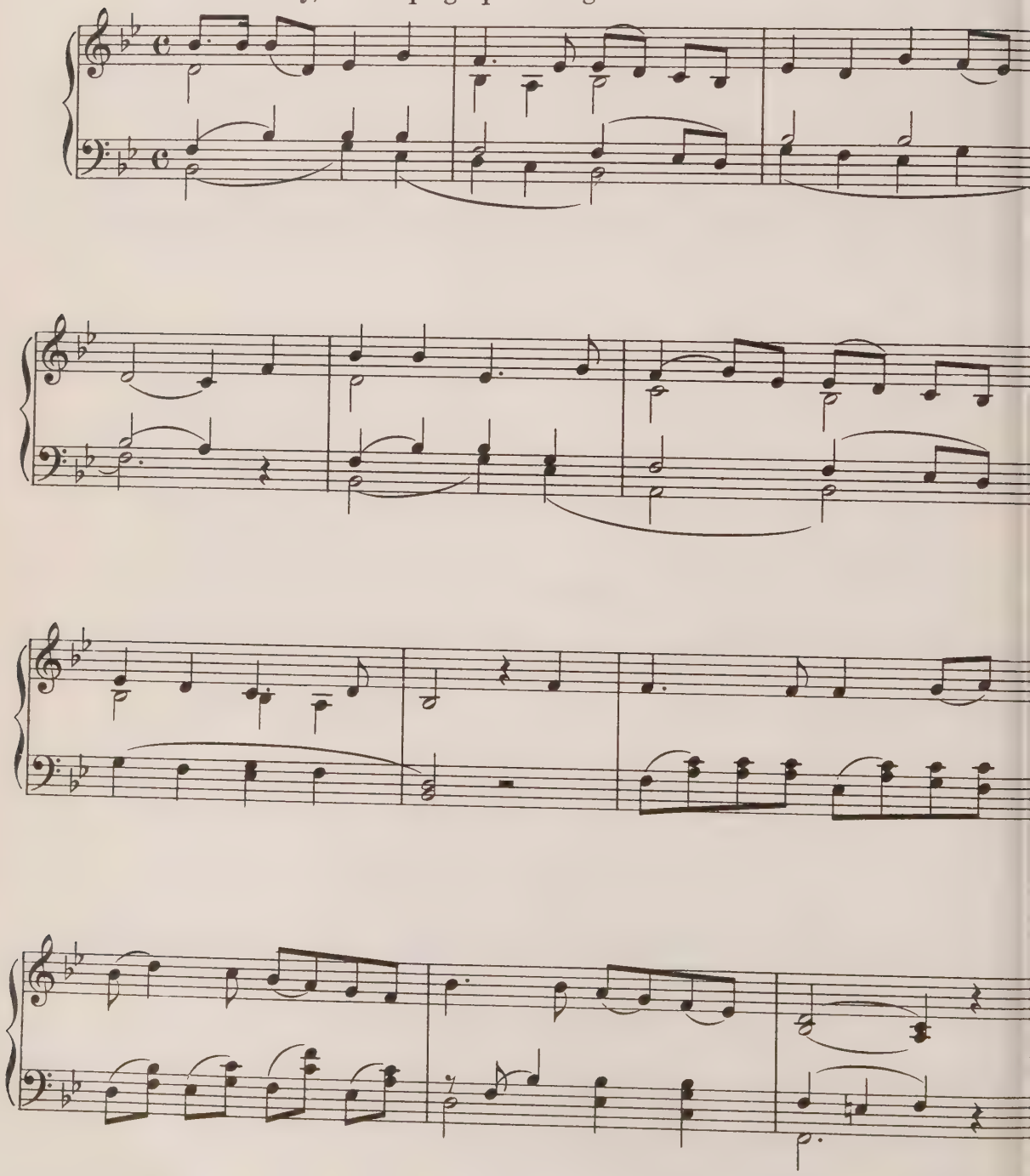
Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes,
And mingle with our cup
The tears that England owes;
Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again,
Full charg'd with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main;
But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er;
And he and his Eight hundred
Must plough the wave no more.
Toll for the brave! . . . .

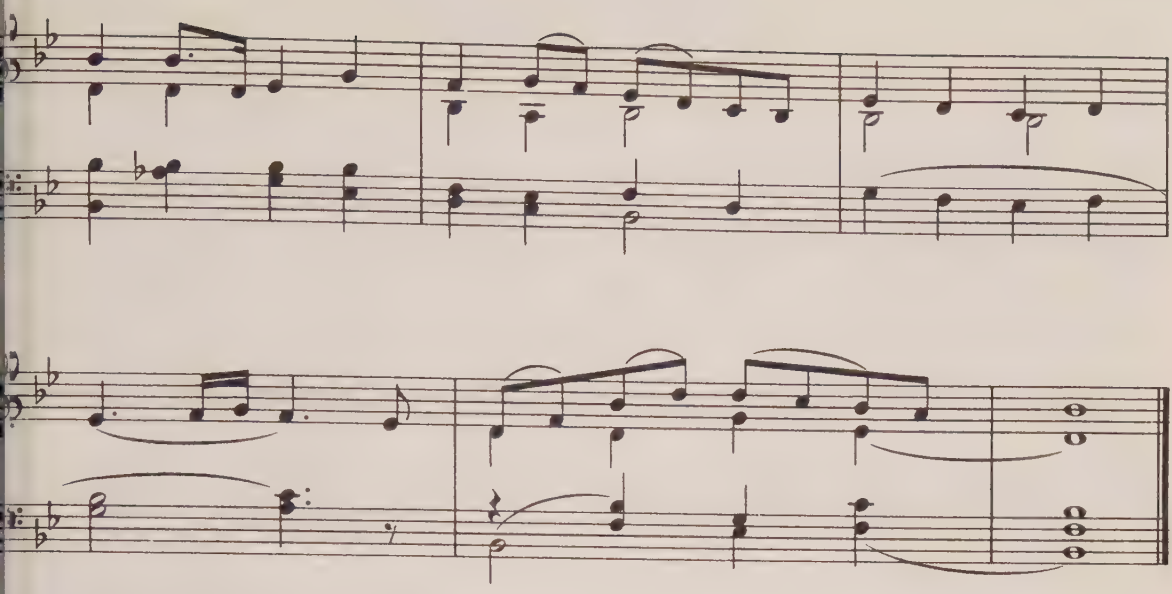
110 TOM BOWLING

Dibdin

Dibd

A little slowly, but keeping up a swing





1

Here, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For death has broach'd him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft;
Faithful below Tom did his duty,
And now he's gone aloft. *(twice)*

2

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare;
His friends were many, and true hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair.
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
Ah! many's the time and oft;
But mirth is turned to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

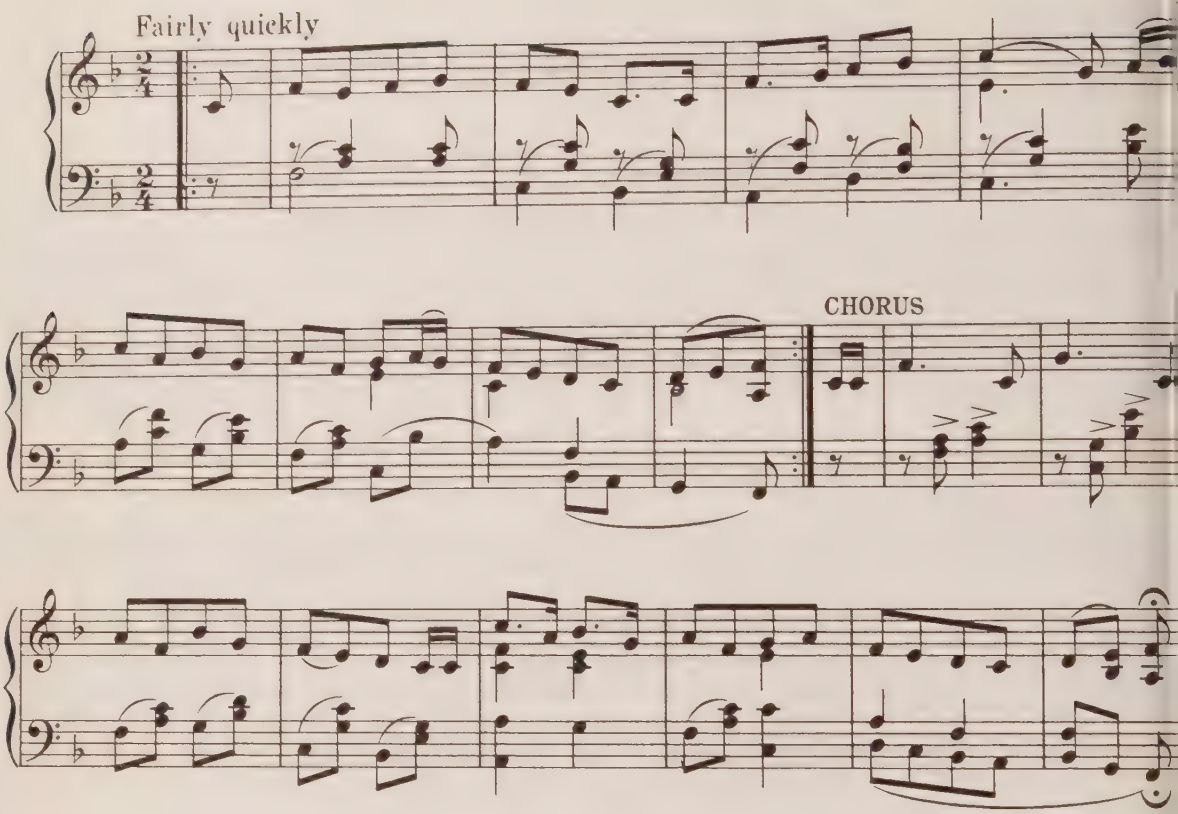
3

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When He, Who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.
Thus Death, who kings and tars dispatches,
In vain Tom's life has doff'd;
For though his body's under hatches,
His soul is gone aloft.

111 TURMUT-HOEING*

Traditional

Tradition



1

'Twas on a jolly summer's morn, the twenty-first of May,
Giles Scroggins took his turmut-hoe, with which he trudged away;
For some delights in haymakin', and some they fancies mowin',
But of all the trades as I likes best, give I the turmut-hoein'.

Chorus For the fly, the fly, the fly is on the turmut;
And its all my eye for we to try, to keep fly off the turmut.

2

Now the first place as I went to work, it were at Farmer Tower's,
He vowed and sweared and then declared, I were a first-rate hoer.
Now the next place as I went to work, I took it by the job,
But if I'd ha' knowed it a little afore, I'd sooner been in quod.

Chorus For the fly. . . . . .

3

When I was over at yonder farm, they sent for I a-mowin',
But I sent word back I'd sooner have the sack, than lose my turmut-hoe
Now all you jolly farming lads as bides at home so warm,
I now concludes my ditty with wishing you no harm.

Chorus For the fly. . . . . .

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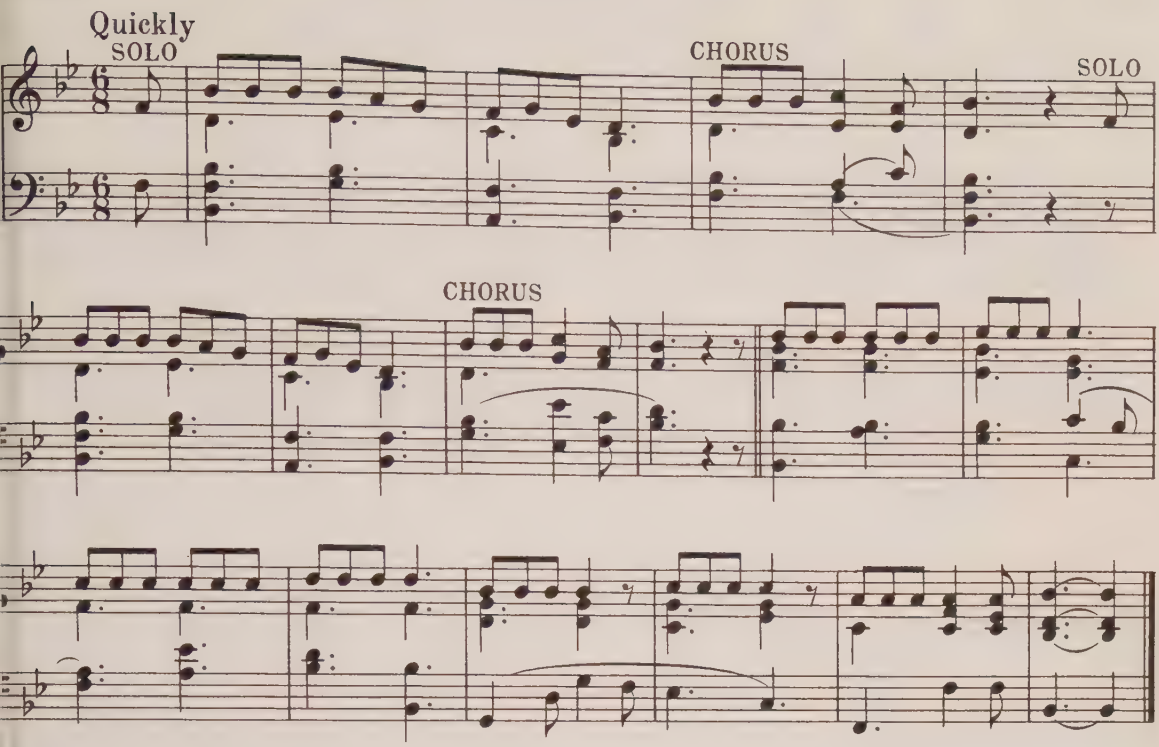
VIVE L'AMOUR

known

Unknown



1

Let ev'ry good fellow now fill up his glass,
Vive la compagnie!
And drink to the health of our glorious class.
Vive la compagnie!
Chorus Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour!
Vive la, vive la, vive l'amour!
Vive l'amour! vive l'amour!
Vive la compagnie!

2

Let every married man drink to his wife,
Vive la compagnie!
The joy of his bosom and plague of his life.
Vive la compagnie!
Chorus Vive la . . . . . .

3

Come, fill up your glasses; I'll give you a toast,
Vive la compagnie!
Here's a health to our friend, our kind worthy host.
Vive la compagnie!
Chorus Vive la . . . . . .

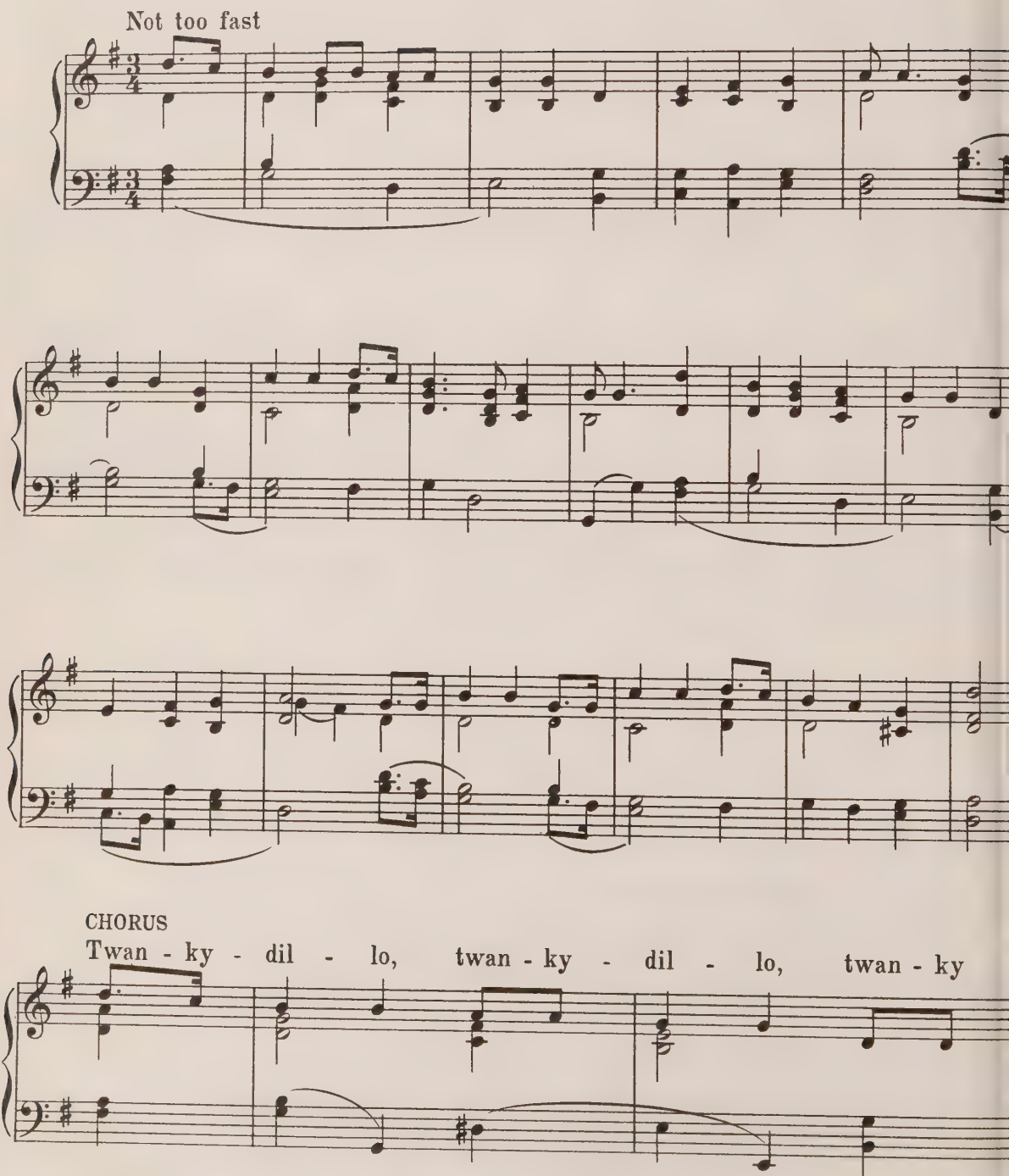
4

Since all with good humour you've toasted so free,
Vive la compagnie!
I hope it will please you to drink now with me.
Vive la compagnie!
Chorus Vive la . . . . . .

113 TWANKYDILLO*

Traditional

Tradition



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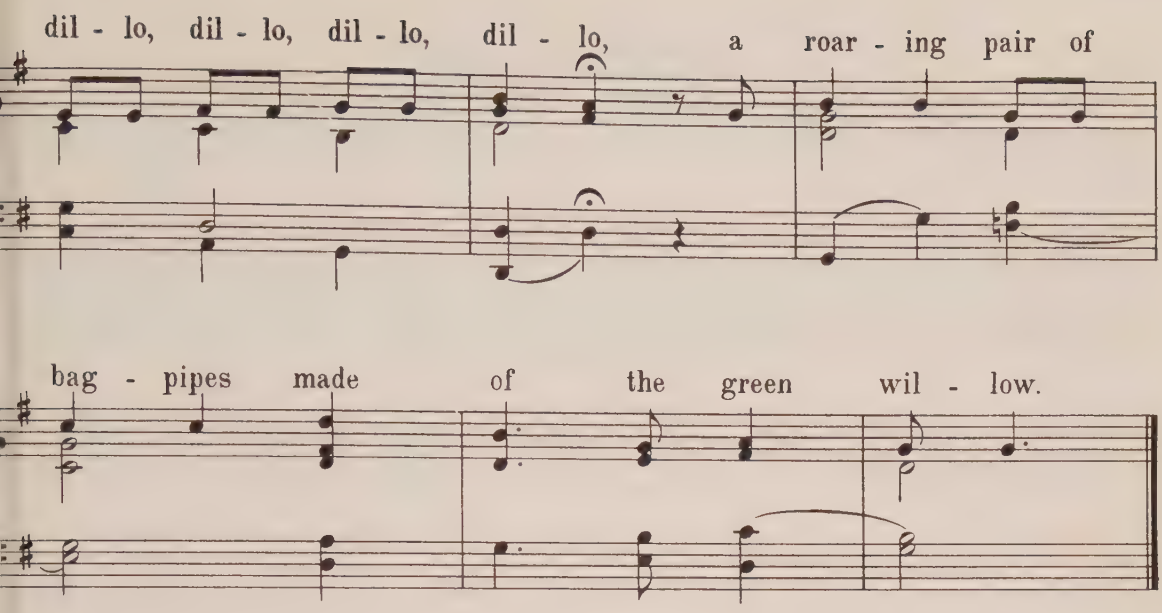


1

Here's a health to the jolly blacksmith, the best of all fellows,
Who works at his anvil while the boy blows the bellows;
Which makes my bright hammer to rise and to fall,
Here's to old Cole, and to young Cole, and to old Cole of all,
Twankydillo,
A roaring pair of bagpipes made of the green willow.

2

If a gentleman calls his horse for to shoe,
He makes no denial of one pot or two,
For it makes my bright hammer to rise and to fall,
Here's to old Cole, and to young Cole, and to old Cole of all,
Twankydillo,
And he that loves strong beer is a hearty good fellow.

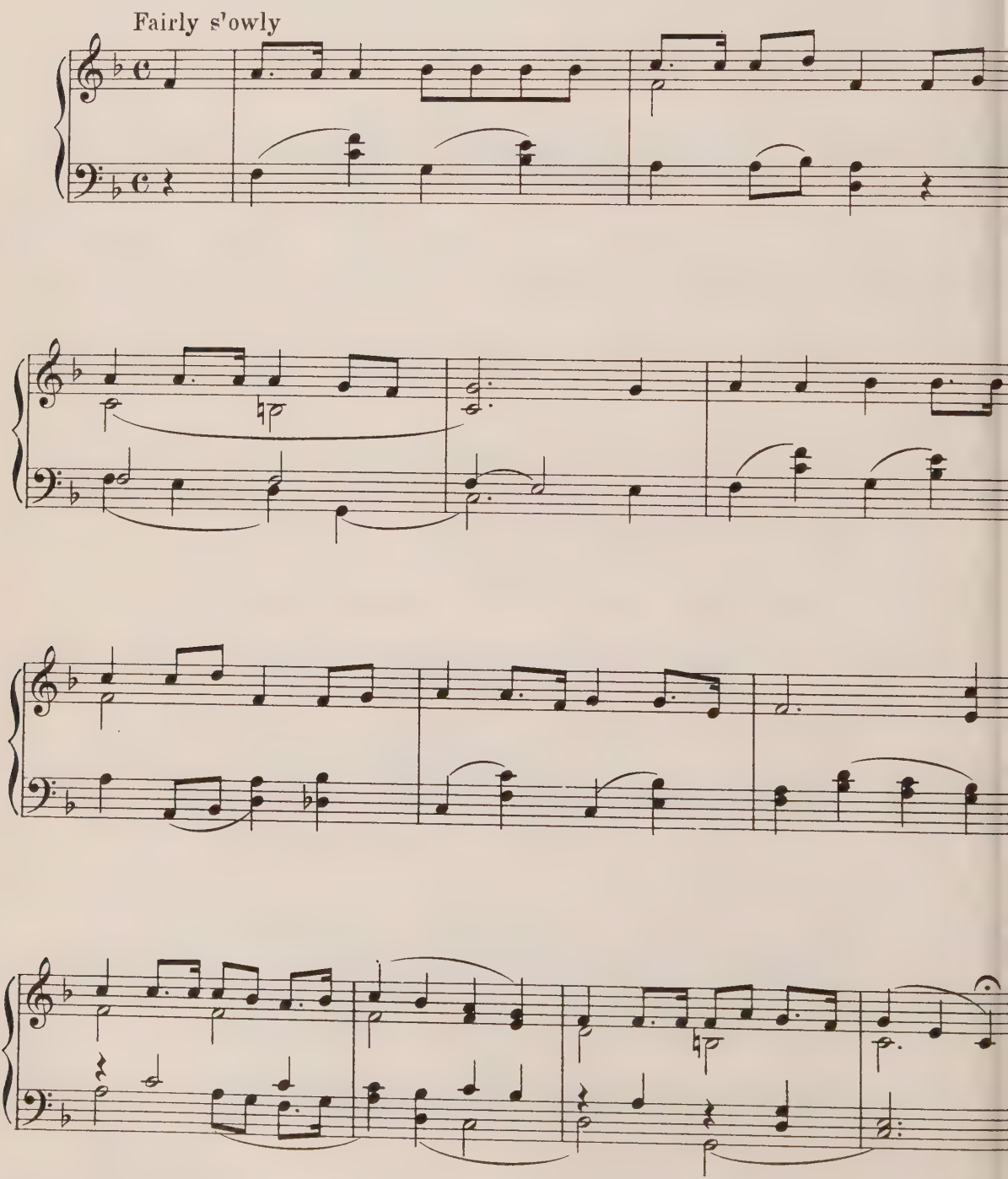
3

Here's a health to King Charlie and likewise his queen,
And to all the royal little ones where-e'er they are seen;
Which makes my bright hammer to rise and to fall,
Here's to old Cole, and to young Cole, and to old Cole of all,
Twankydillo,
A roaring pair of bagpipes made of the green willow.

114 UNCLE NED*

Stephen C. Foster

Stephen C. Fost



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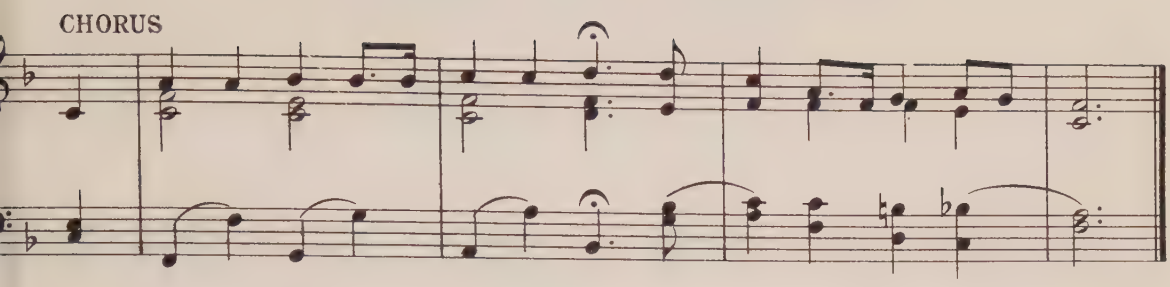

1

There was an old nigger, and his name was Uncle Ned,
But he's dead long ago, long ago;
He had no wool on de top of his head,
In de place where de wool ought to grow.
Den lay down de shubble an' de hoe,
Hang up de fiddle an' de bow,
Chorus Dere's no more hard work for poor old Ned,
He's gone whar de good niggers go.

2

His fingers were long as de cane in de brake,
He had no eyes for to see,
He had no teeth for to eat de corn-cake,
So he had to let de corn-cake be.
Den lay down de shubble an' de hoe,
Hang up de fiddle an' de bow,
Chorus Dere's no more hard work, &c.

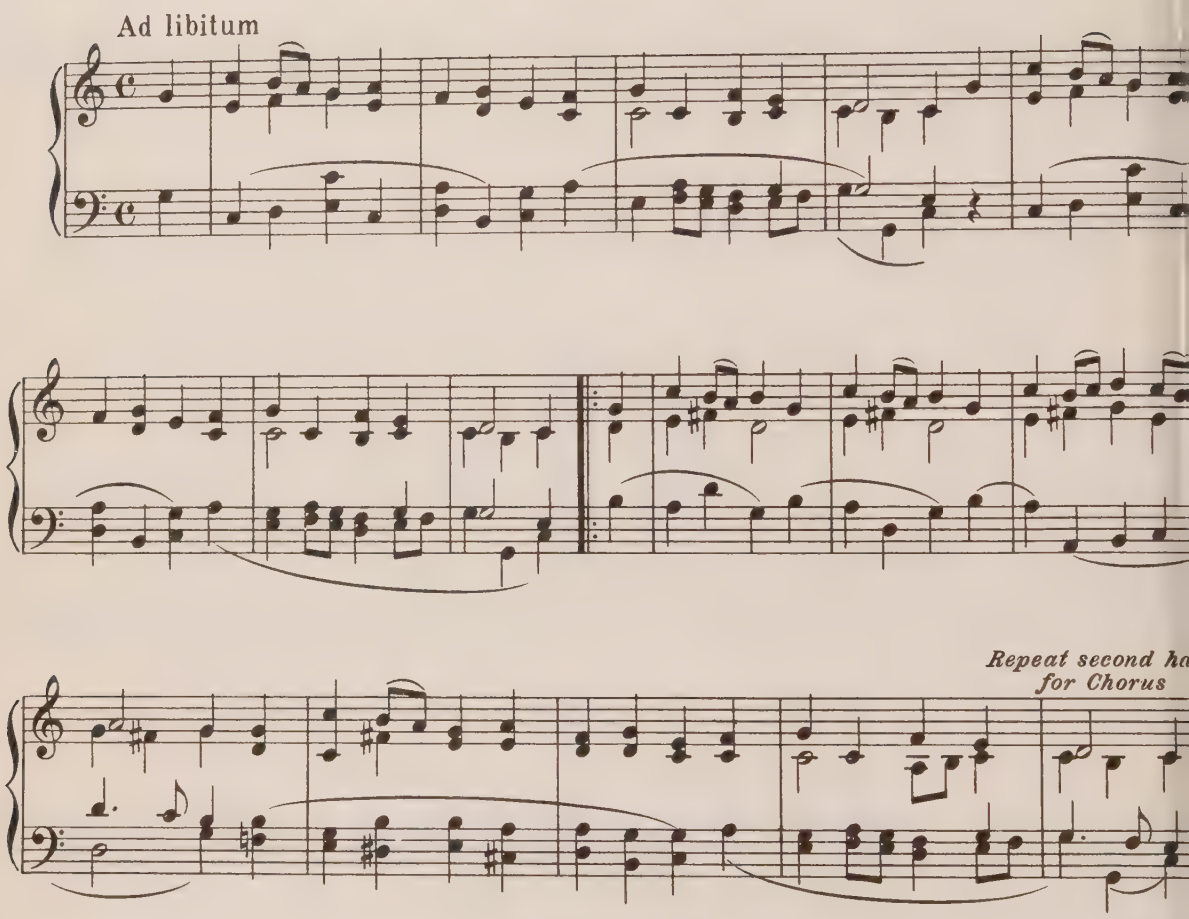
3

When old Ned die Massa take it mighty hard,
De tears run down like de rain;
Old Missus turn pale, an' she get berry sad
'Cayse she nebber see old Ned again.
Den lay down de shubble an' de hoe,
Hang up de fiddle an' de bow,
Chorus Dere's no more hard work, &c.

115 THE VICAR OF BRAY

About 1720

17th Centu



1

In good King Charles's golden days,
When loyalty no harm meant,
A zealous High-Churchman was I,
And so I got preferment.
To teach my flock I never miss'd,
Kings were by God appointed,
And lost are those that dare resist,
Or touch the Lord's anointed.
Chorus And this is law I will maintain,
Until my dying day, Sir,
That whatsoever King shall reign,
I'll still be the Vicar of Bray, Sir.

2

When Royal James possess'd the crown,
And Popery came in fashion,
The penal laws I hooted down,
And read the Declaration;
The Church of Rome I found would fit
Full well my constitution;
And I had been a Jesuit,
But for the Revolution.
Chorus And this is law, &c.

3

When William was our King declar'd,
To ease the nation's grievance,
With this new wind about I steer'd,
And swore to him allegiance.
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conscience at a distance;
Passive obedience was a joke,
A jest was non-resistance.
Chorus And this is law, &c.

4

When royal Anne became our Queen,
The Church of England's glory,
Another face of things was seen,
And I became a Tory;
Occasional conformists base,
I blam'd their moderation;
And thought the Church in danger was,
By such prevarication.
Chorus And this is law, &c.

5

When George in pudding-time came o'er,
And moderate men looked big, Sir,
My principles I chang'd once more,
And so became a Whig, Sir;
And thus preferment I procur'd
From our new faith's-defender;
And almost every day abjur'd
The Pope and the Pretender.
Chorus And this is law, &c.

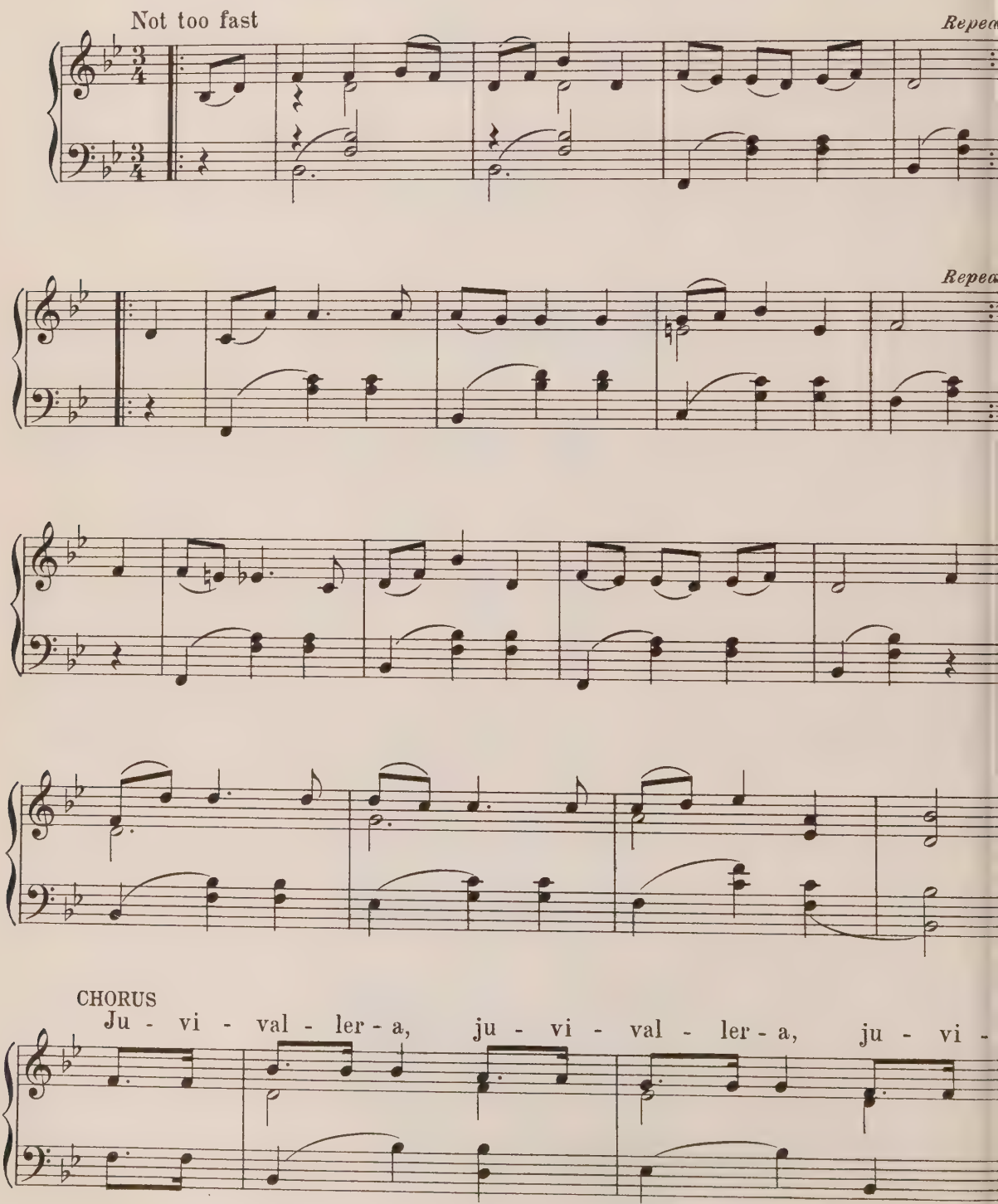
6

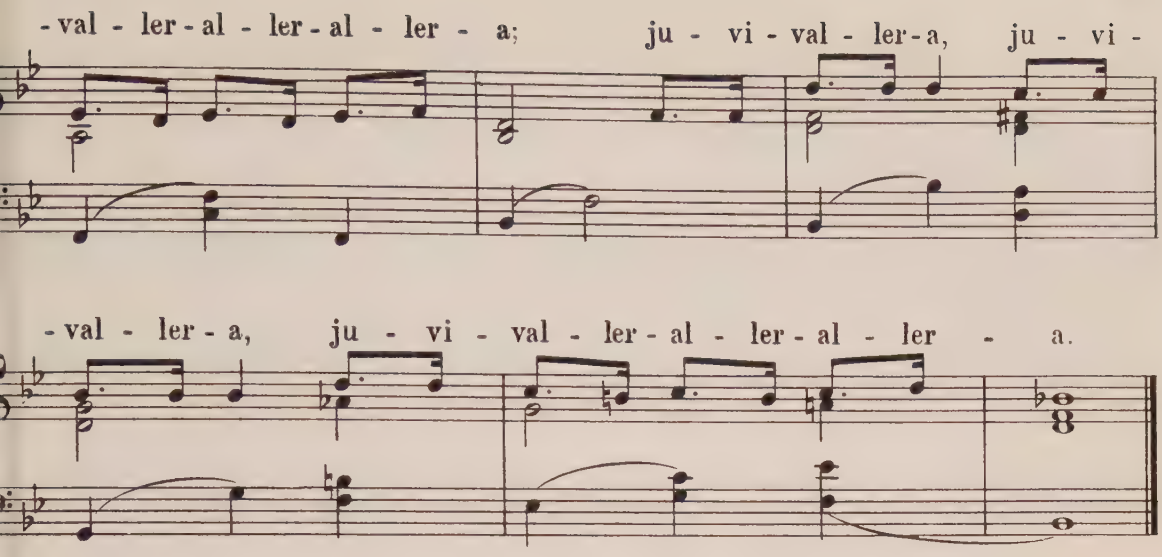
Th' illustrious house of Hanover,
And Protestant succession,
To them I do allegiance swear–
While they can hold possession;
For in my faith and loyalty
I never more will falter,
And George my lawful King shall be,–
Until the times do alter.
Chorus And this is law, &c.

116 WANDERLIED

Trans. by F. W. Farrar

Old German Melody





1

Ho! drain the bright wine-cup, ho! drink with good cheer,
For the hour of our parting, my loved ones, is near;
Farewell to the mountains, farewell to my home;
My heart in the far world is yearning to roam. } *(twice.)*

Chorus Juvivallera, &c.

2

Not long doth the sun in his blue tent remain,
He flames o'er the ocean, he rolls o'er the plain;
The sea-wave grows weary of kissing the shore,
And the blasts of the tempest, how loudly they roar!

Chorus Juvivallera, &c.

3

The bird on the swift cloud is hurried along,
Afar doth it warble its home-loving song;
So speeds the boy-wanderer through forest and fell,
Since his mother earth hasteth, he hasteth as well!

Chorus Juvivallera, &c.

4

Far away the birds greet him with songs from the blue,
From plains of his home o'er the waters they flew;
And the flowers still around him deliciously bloom,
From his home the soft breezes have borne their perfume.

Chorus Juvivallera, &c.

5

O'er the roofs of his fathers the bird's wing hath flown,
For the wreath of his darling those blossoms were sown;
And love is his guard, and his comrade is love,
So his home will be near him, wherever he rove.

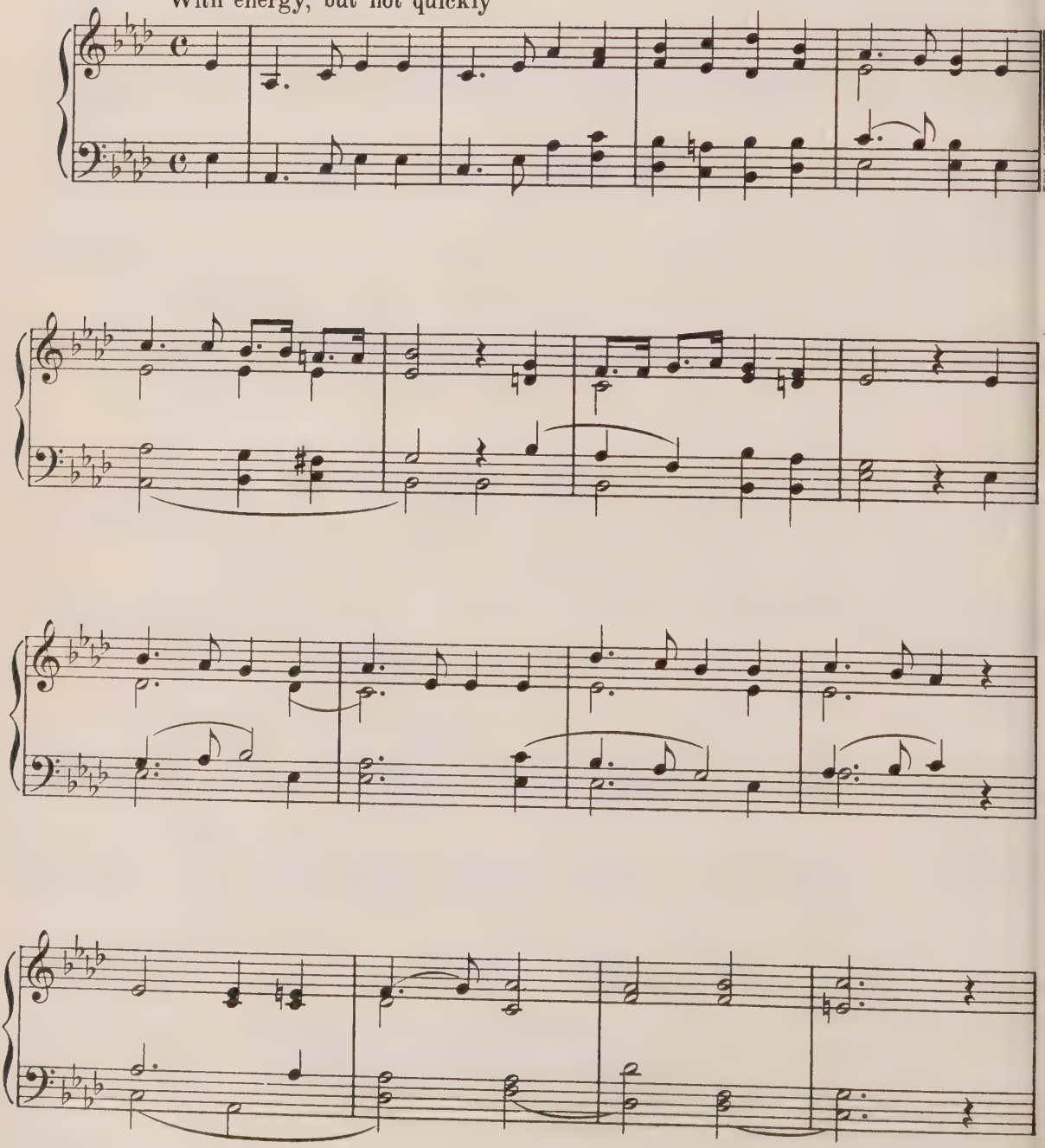
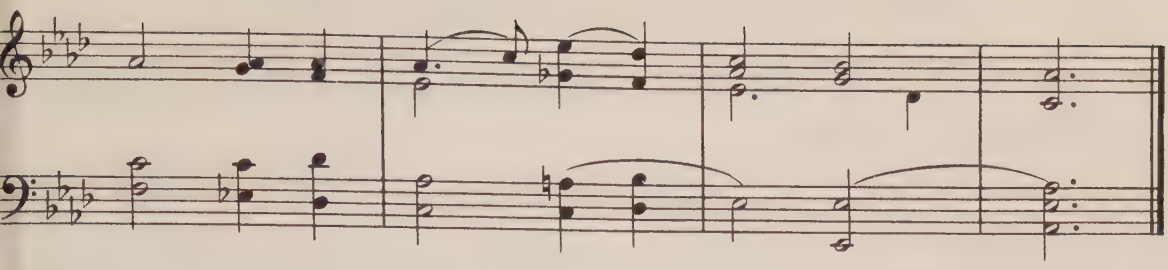
Chorus Juvivallera, &c.

117 THE WATCH BY THE RHINE

Trans: from German of
Max Schneckenburger, 1840

Carl Wilhelm, 1854

With energy, but not quickly



1

A wild cry leaps like thunder roar,
Like glitt'ring brand, or wave to shore,
The Rhine! the Rhine! the German Rhine!
Who'll keep it when its foes combine?
Dear Fatherland! no fear be thine, *(twice)*
Great hearts and true watch by the Rhine. *(twice)*

2

But if my heart in death be stayed,
O seek for me no alien aid,
For as the Rhine is rich in flood,
So rich our land in hero blood.
Dear Fatherland, &c.

3

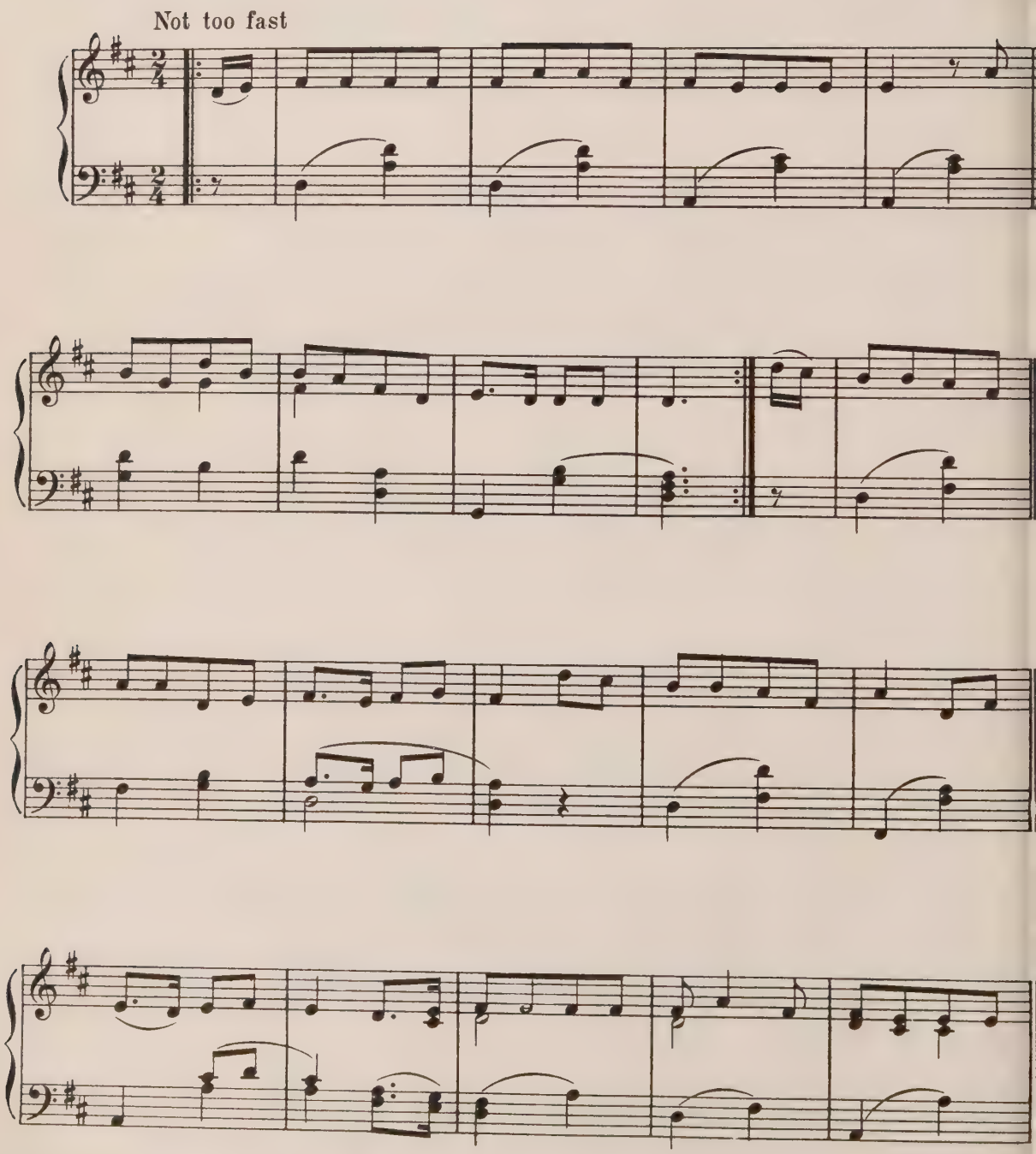
So long as we have blood to run,
So long as we can hold a gun,
So long as we can wield a brand,
No foe, O Rhine, shall tread thy strand.
Dear Fatherland, &c.

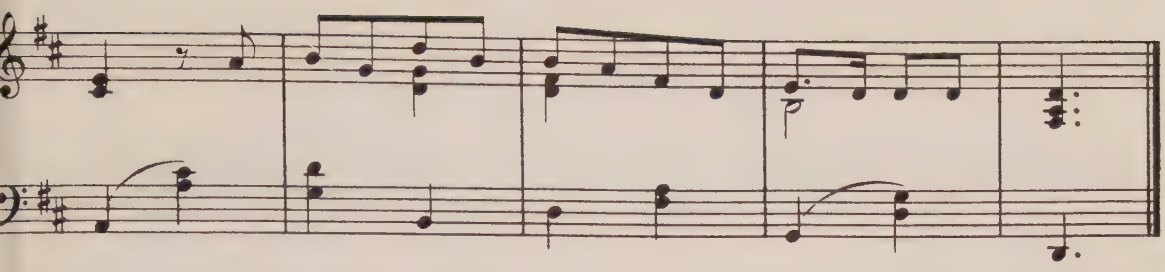
4

Flow on, deep wave, while spreads our vow,
Lo! proud in air our flag flies now,
The Rhine! the Rhine! the German Rhine,
We'll keep it, though our foes combine.
Dear Fatherland, &c.

118 THE WEARING OF THE GREEN

Irish street ballad, 1798





1

Oh, Paddy dear, and did you hear the news that's going round?
The shamrock is forbid by law to grow on Irish ground;
Saint Patrick's Day no more we'll keep, his colours can't be seen,
For there's a cruel law against the wearing of the green.
I met with Napper Tandy, and he took me by the hand,
And he said, "How's poor old Ireland, and how does she stand?"
She's the most distressful country that ever yet was seen;
They're hanging men and women there for wearing of the green.

2

Then since the colour we must wear is England's cruel red,
Sure Ireland's sons will ne'er forget the blood that they have shed;
You may take the shamrock from your hat, and cast it on the sod,
But 'twill take root and flourish there, tho' underfoot 'tis trod.
When law can stop the blades of grass from growing as they grow,
And when the leaves in summer-time their verdure dare not show,
Then I will change the colour that I wear in my caubeen;
But till that day, please God, I'll stick to wearing of the green.

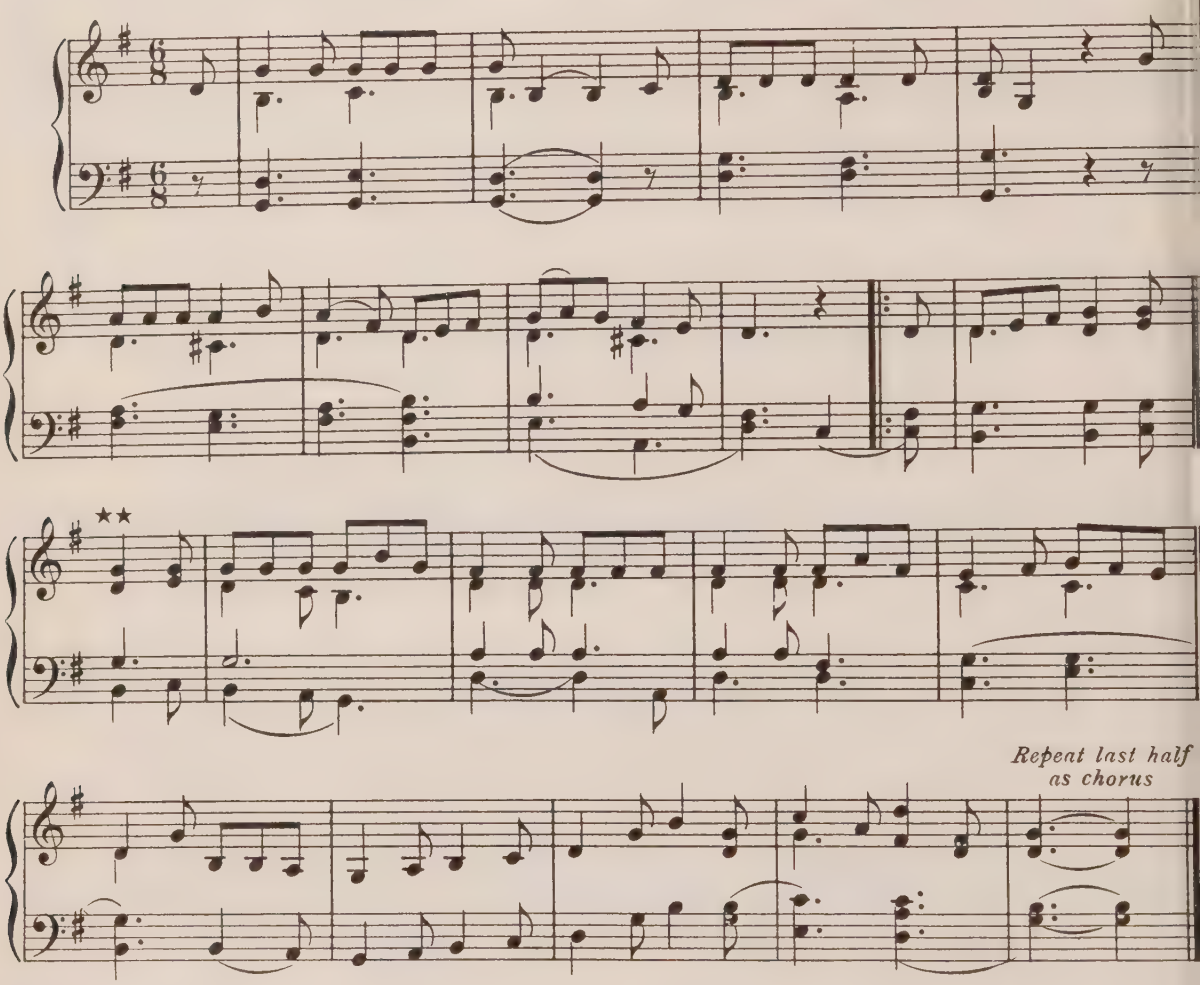
3

But if at last our colour should be torn from Ireland's heart,
Her sons, with shame and sorrow, from the dear old isle will part;
I've heard whisper of a country that lies beyond the sea,
Where rich and poor stand equal in the light of freedom's day.
Oh, Erin! must we leave you, driven by a tyrant's hand?
Must we ask a mother's blessing from a strange and distant land?
Where the cruel cross of England shall never more be seen,
And where, please God, we'll live and die still wearing of the green.

119 WHEN JOAN'S* ALE WAS NEW

Old English

Old English Melody



1

There were five jolly good fellows
Went over the hills together *(twice)*
For to join the jovial crew.
They called for their pints of beer &c. &c. . . .
and bottles of sherry,
To help them over the hills so merry, *(twice)*
When Joan's ale was new, my boys,
When Joan's ale was new.
Chorus They called &c. &c.

* Two syllables, sometimes written *Jones's*.

** The Soloist enumerates at this point the various kinds of liquor which he imagines would have been i request, repeating this short bar *ad libitum*. The chorus has to repeat the rigmarole, which will be differen in each verse, to the best of its memory.

2

Now the first to come in was the dyer,
And he sat himself down by the fire, *(twice)*
For to join the jovial crew.
And the landlady told him to his face
The chimney-corner was his own place
And there he could sit and dye his old face
When Joan's ale was new, my boys,
When Joan's ale was new.
Chorus They called &c. &c.

3

And the next to come was the tinker,
And he was no small beer drinker, *(twice)*
For to join the jovial crew.
'Have ye any old pots or pans or a kettle?
'My rivets are made of the very best metal,
'And all your things I'll soon put in good fettle.'
When Joan's ale was new, my boys,
When Joan's ale was new.
Chorus They called &c. &c.

4

And the next to come in was the hatter,
And no man could be fatter, *(twice)*
For to join the jovial crew.
And he flung his old hat upon the ground,
And swore each man should stand a crown,
And that would pay for drinks all round,
When Joan's ale was new, my boys,
When Joan's ale was new.
Chorus They called &c. &c.

5

And the next to come in was the mason,
And his hammer it did want facin', *(twice)*
For to join the jovial crew.
And he flung his old hammer against the wall,
And prayed all churches and chapels might fall,
For that would give work to the masons all,
When Joan's ale was new, my boys,
When Joan's ale was new.
Chorus They called &c. &c.

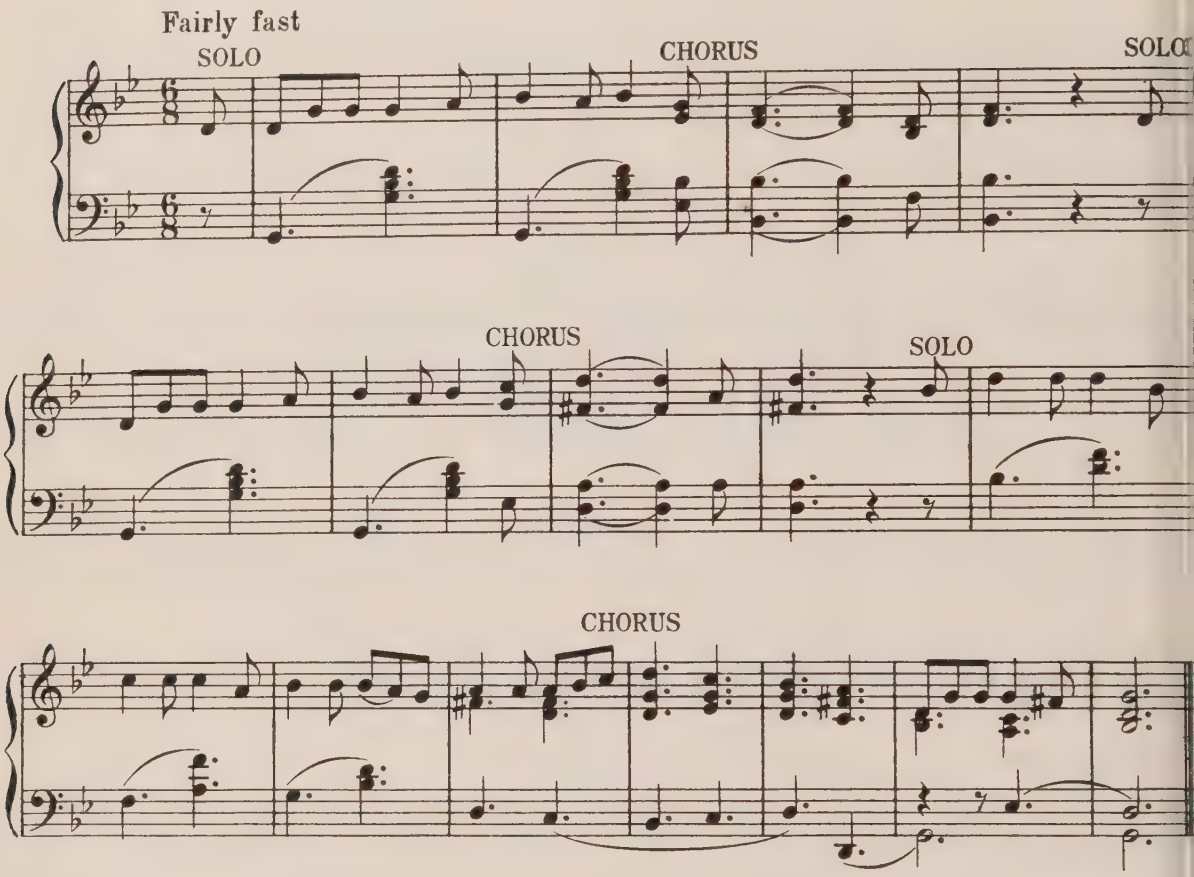
6

And the last to come in was the soldier,
With his firelock over his shoulder, *(twice)*
For to join the jovial crew.
And the landlady's daughter she came in,
And he kissed her between the nose and the chin,
And the pots of beer came rolling in,
When Joan's ale was new, my boys,
When Joan's ale was new.
Chorus They called &c. &c.

120 WHEN JOHNNY COMES MARCHING HOME

Traditional

Traditional



1

When Johnny comes marching home again,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll give him a hearty welcome then;
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The men will cheer, the boys will shout,
The ladies they will all turn out;
Chorus And we'll all feel gay
When Johnny comes marching home.

2

The old church bells will peal with joy,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
To welcome home our darling boy;
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The village lads and lasses say
With roses they will strew the way;
Chorus And we'll all . . . . .

3

Get ready for the jubilee,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
We'll give the hero three times three;
Hurrah! Hurrah!
The laurel wreath is ready now,
To place upon his royal brow;
Chorus And we'll all . . . . .

4

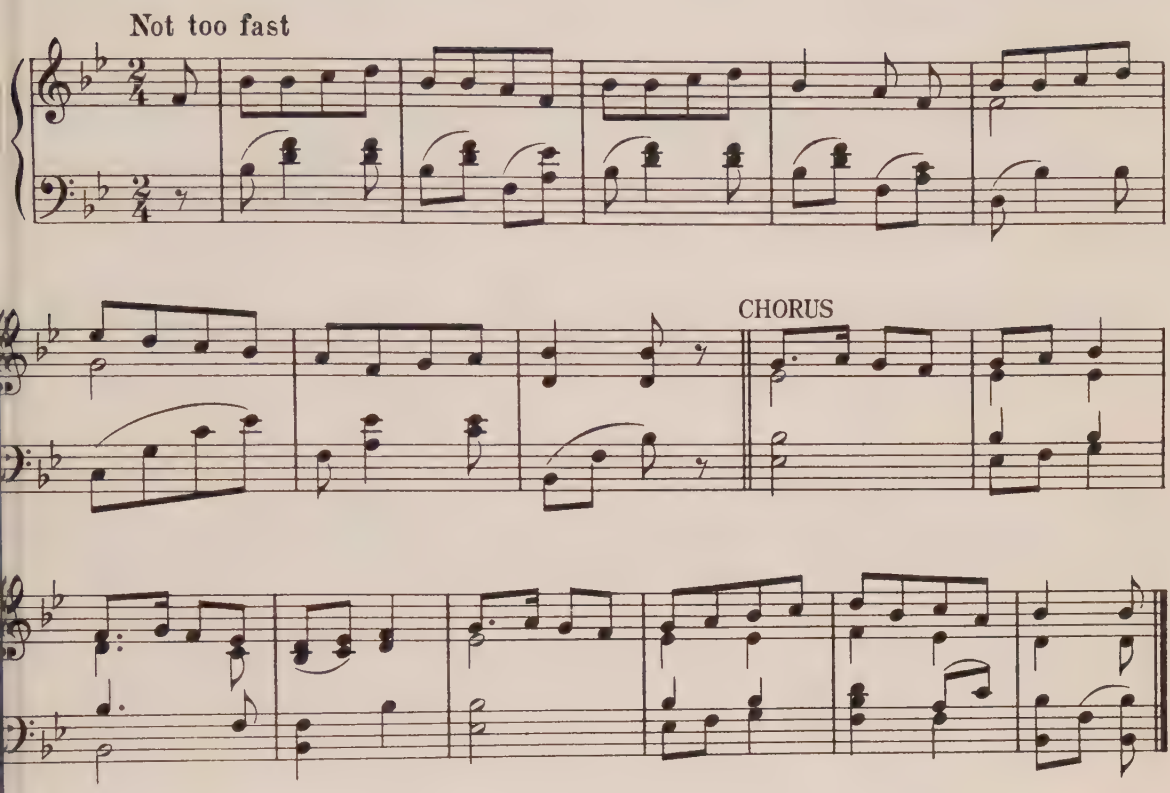
Let love and friendship on that day,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
Their choicest treasures then display,
Hurrah! Hurrah!
And let each one perform some part
To fill with joy the warrior's heart;
Chorus And we'll all . . . . .

21

YANKEE DOODLE

nknown

American



1

Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Cap'n Gooding;
And there we saw the men and boys,
As thick as hasty pudding.
Chorus Yankee Doodle, keep it up,
Yankee Doodle Dandy;
Mind the music and the step,
And with the girls be handy.

2

And there we see a thousand men,
As rich as Squire David;
And what they wasted every day,
I wish it could be savèd.
Chorus Yankee Doodle, &c.

3

And there was Cap'n Washington,
And gentle folks about him;
They say he's grown so 'tarnal proud
He will not ride without 'em.
Chorus Yankee Doodle, &c.

4

I saw another shoal of men,
A-digging graves, they told me;
So 'tarnal long, so 'tarnal deep,
They 'tended they should hold me.
Chorus Yankee Doodle, &c.

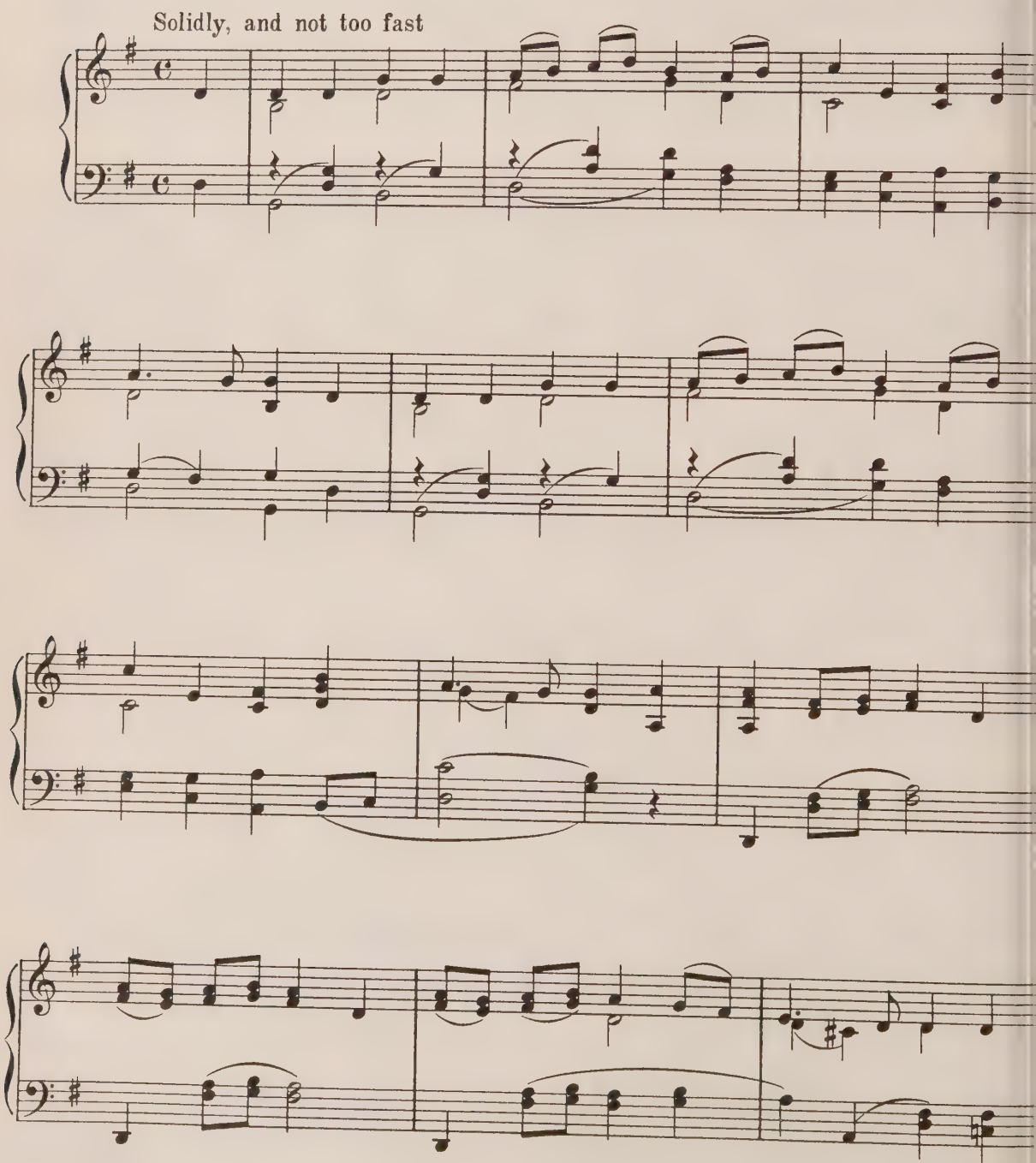
5

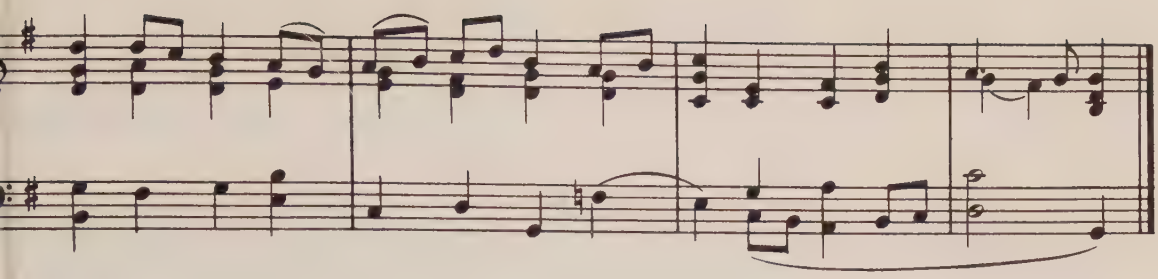
It scared me, so I hooked it off,
Nor stopped, as I remember,
Nor turned about till I got home,
Locked up in mother's chamber.
Chorus Yankee Doodle, &c.

122 WHEN THE KING ENJOYS HIS OWN AGAIN

Martin Parker, 1643

Traditiona





1

What booker can prognosticate
Concerning kings' or kingdoms' fate?
I think myself to be as wise
As he that gazeth on the skies;
My skill goes beyond the depths of a pond
Or rivers in the greatest rain
Whereby I can tell all things will be well
When the king enjoys his own again.

2

Though for a time we see Whitehall
With cobwebs hanging on the wall,
Instead of silk and silver brave
Which formerly it used to have,
With rich perfume in every room,
Delightful to that princely train,
Which again you shall see when the time it shall be
That the king enjoys his own again.

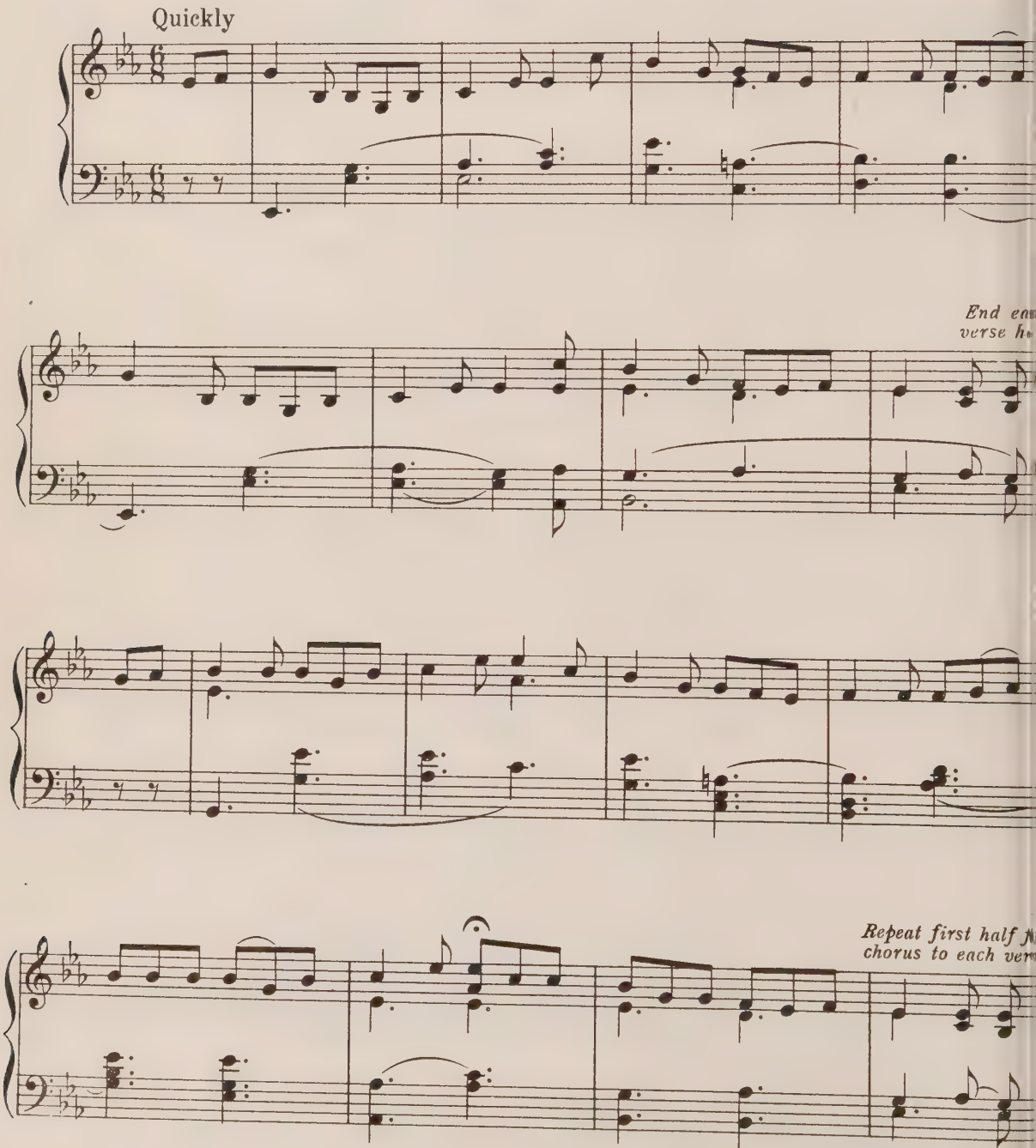
3

Full forty years the royal crown
Hath been his father's and his own,
And is there anyone but he
That in the same should sharer be?
For who better may the sceptre sway
Than he that hath such right to reign?
Then let's hope for a peace, for the wars will not cease
Till the king enjoys his own again.

123 WI' A HUNDRED PIPERS AN' A'

Lady Nairne

Old Scottish Melo



1

Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
A hundred pipers an' a', an' a',
We'll up and gie 'em a blaw, a blaw,
Wi' a hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.
O it's ower the Borders, awa', awa',
It's ower the Borders, awa', awa',
It's o'er an' awa' to Carlisle ha',
Wi' its castles and bastions an' a', an' a'.
Chorus Wi' a hundred pipers, &c.

2

O our soldier lads they looked braw, looked braw,
Wi' their tartans, kilts, an' a', an' a';
Wi' their bonnets and feathers and glitt'ring gear,
An' pibrochs sounding sweet and clear.
Will they a' come back to their ain dear glen?
Will they a' come back, our Hieland men?
Second-sighted Sandy looked fu' o' wae,
An' mithers wept as they marched awa'.
Chorus Wi' a hundred pipers, &c.

3

O wha is foremost o' a', o' a'?
O wha does follow the blaw, the blaw?
Bonnie Charlie, the Prince o' us a', hurra'!
Wi' his hundred pipers an' a', an' a'.
His bonnet and feather he's waving high,
His prancing steed just seems to fly;
The nor' wind sweeps through his golden hair,
An' the pibrochs blaw wi' an unco' flare.
Chorus Wi' a hundred pipers, &c.

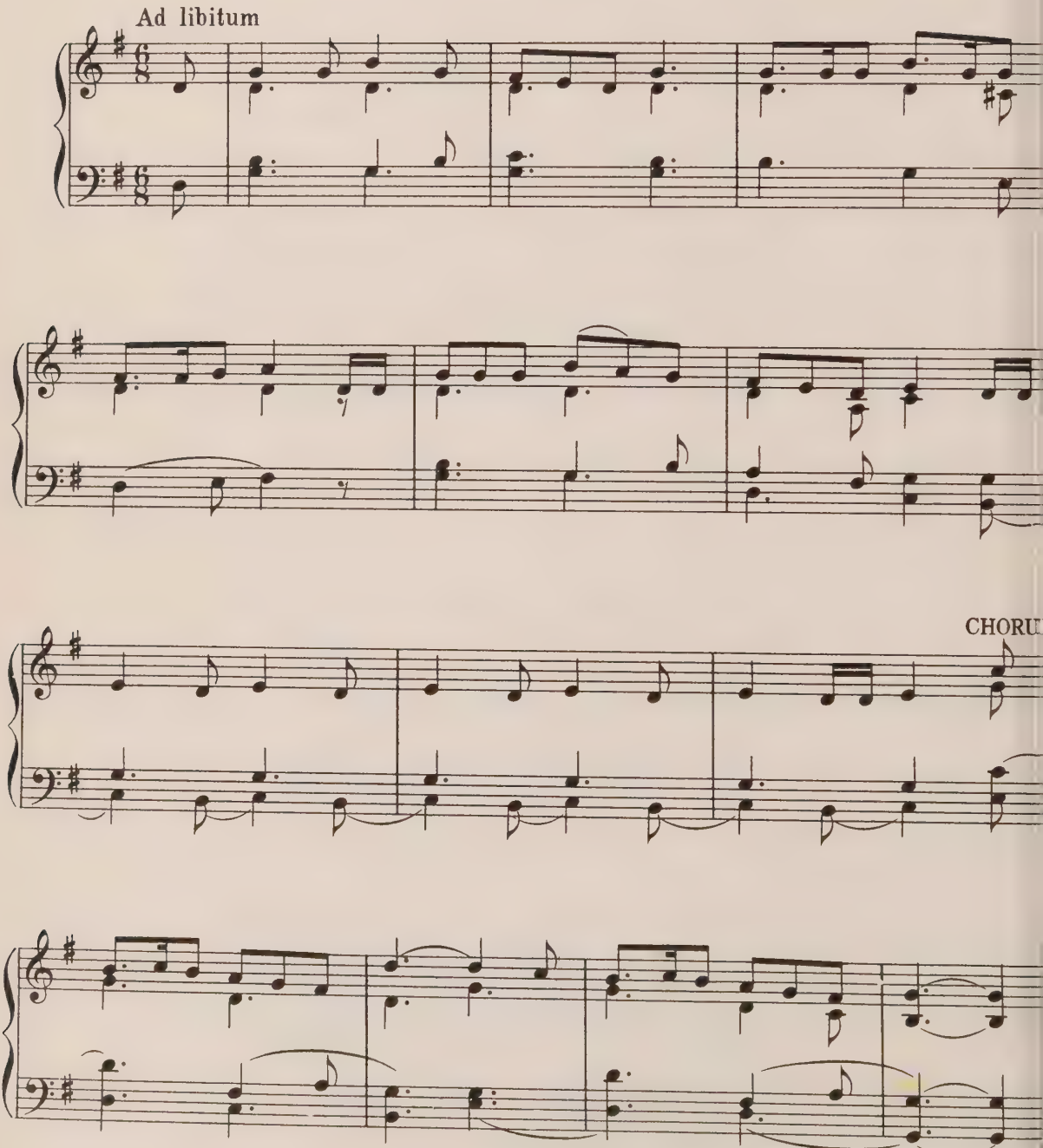
4

The Esk was swollen sae red and sae deep,
But shouther to shouther the braw lads keep;
Two thousand swam o'er to fell English ground,
And danced themselves dry to the pibrochs' sound.
Dumbfoundered the English they saw, they saw,
Dumbfoundered they heard the blaw, the blaw!
Dumbfoundered they a' ran awa', awa',
From the row of the pipers an' a', an' a'.
Chorus Wi' a hundred pipers, &c.

124 WIDDICOMBE FAIR*

Somerset

Somerset



*From *Songs of the West* by kind permission of Messrs Methuen & Co Ltd.

1

"Tom Pearce, Tom Pearce, lend me your grey mare,
All along, down along, out along, lee,
For I want for to go to Widdicombe Fair,
Wi' Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney,
Peter Davy, Dan'l Whiddon, Harry Hawke,
Chorus Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all,
Old Uncle Tom Cobley and all."

2

"And when shall I see again my grey mare?"
All along, down along, out along, lee,
"By Friday soon, or Saturday noon,
Wi' Bill Brewer . . . . . ."

3

Then Friday came, and Saturday noon,
All along, down along, out along, lee,
But Tom Pearce's old mare hath not trotted home,
Wi' Bill Brewer . . . . . .

4

So Tom Pearce he got up to the top o' the hill
All along, down along, out along, lee,
And he seed his old mare down a-making her will,
Wi' Bill Brewer . . . . . .

5

So Tom Pearce's old mare, her took sick and died,
All along, down along, out along, lee,
And Tom he sat down on a stone, and he cried
Wi' Bill Brewer . . . . . .

6

But this isn't the end o' this shocking affair,
All along, down along, out along, lee,
Nor, though they be dead, of the horrid career
Of Bill Brewer . . . . . .

7

When the wind whistles cold on the moor of a night
All along, down along, out along, lee,
Tom Pearce's old mare doth appear, gashly white,
Wi' Bill Brewer . . . . . .

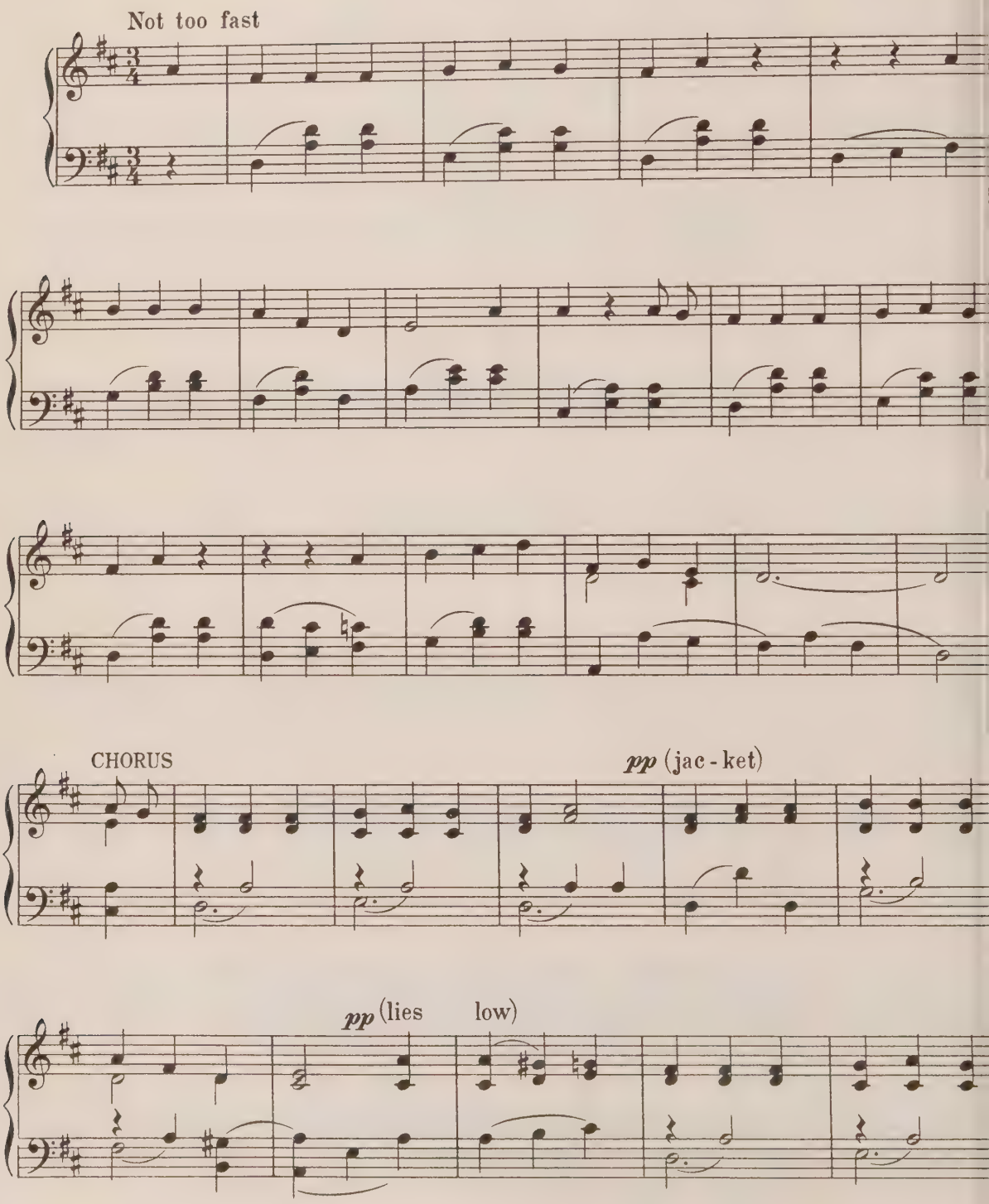
8

And all the long night be heard skirling and groans,
All along, down along, out along, lee,
From Tom Pearce's old mare in her rattling bones,
And from Bill Brewer . . . . . .

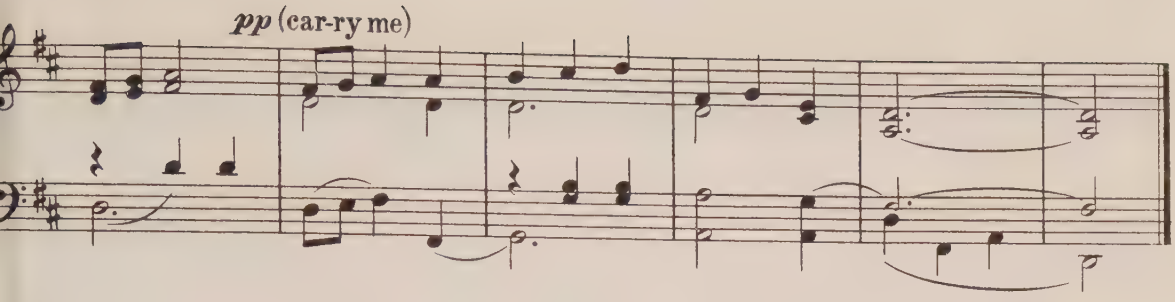
125 THE TARPAULIN JACKET*

Whyte-Melville

Charles Coo



*By kind permission of Messrs Ascherberg, Hopwood & Crew, who publish an edition of this song for s voice with piano accompaniment.



1

A tall stalwart lancer lay dying,
And as on his death-bed he lay, he lay,
To his friends who around him were sighing,
These last dying words he did say:–
Chorus Wrap me up in my tarpaulin jacket, jacket,
And say a poor buffer lies low, lies low,
And six stalwart lancers shall carry me, carry me
With steps solemn, mournful, and slow.

2

O had I the wings of a little dove,
Far, far away would I fly, I'd fly,
Straight for the arms of my true love;
And there would I lay me and die.
Chorus Wrap me up, &c.

3

Then get you two little white tombstones,
Put them one at my head and my toe, my toe,
And get you a penknife and scratch there:
"Here lies a poor buffer below."
Chorus Wrap me up, &c.

4

And get you six brandies and sodas,
And set them all out in a row, a row,
And get you six jolly good fellows,
To drink to this buffer below.
Chorus Wrap me up, &c.

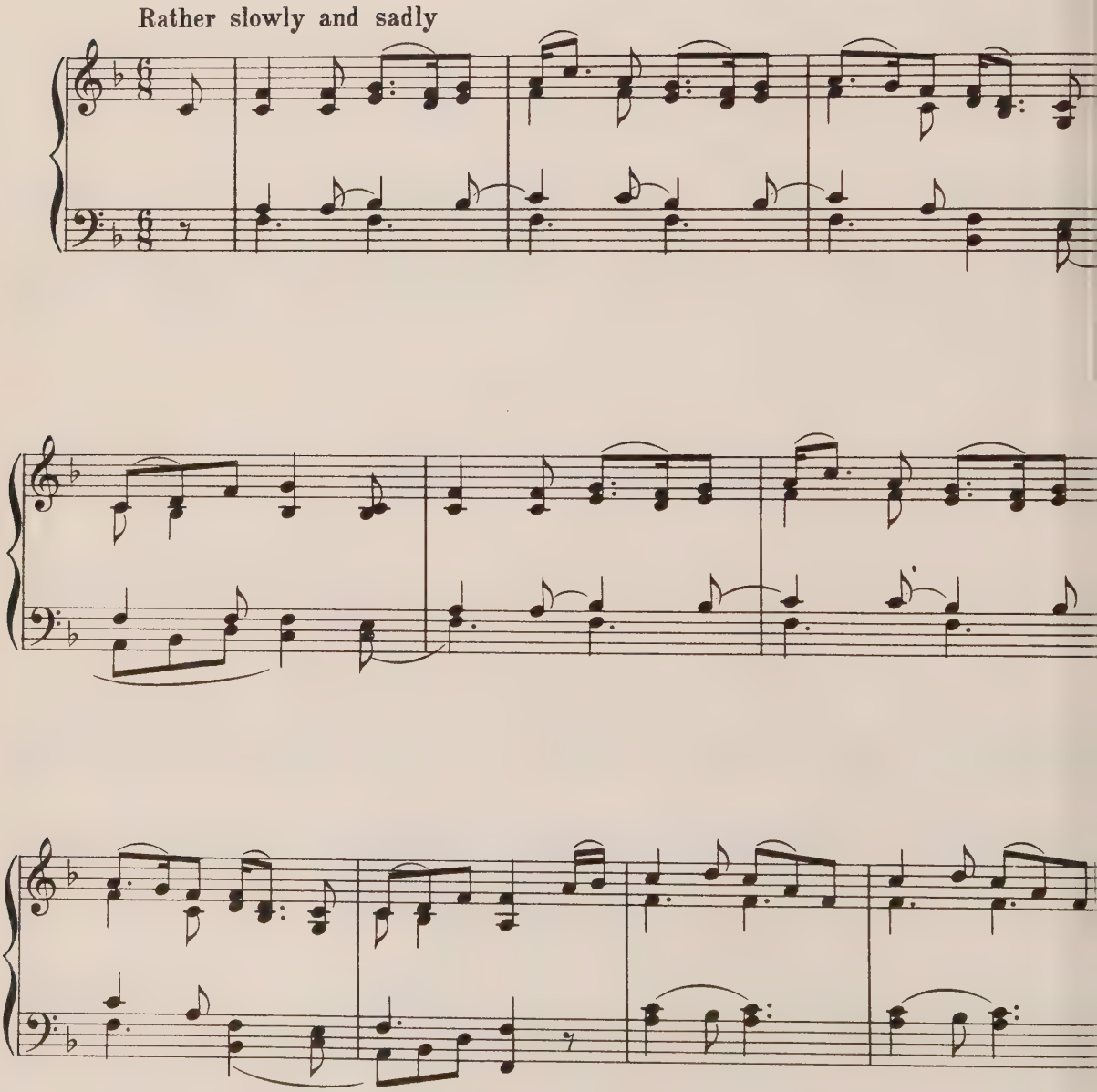
5

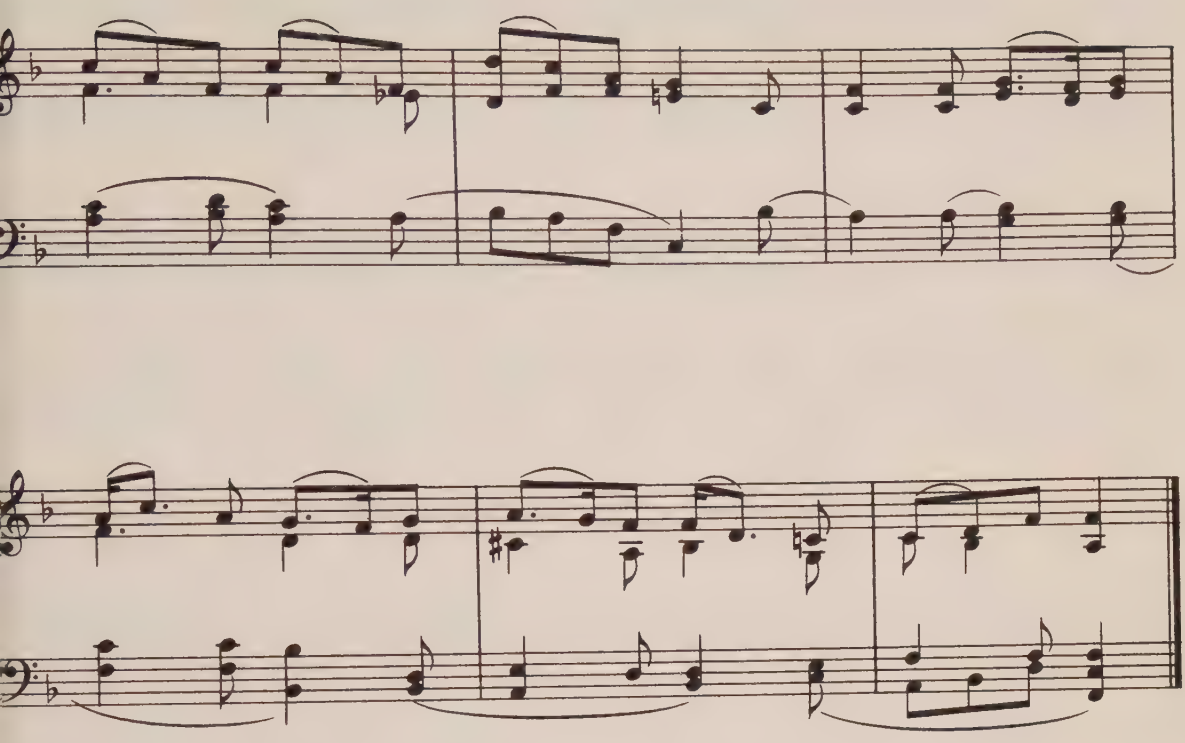
And then in the calm of the twilight,
When the soft winds are whispering low, so low,
And the darkening shadows are falling,
Sometimes think of this buffer below.
Chorus Wrap me up, &c.

126 YE BANKS AND BRAES

Burns

Old Scottish Melod





1

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' o' care?
Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons through the flowering thorn:
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return.

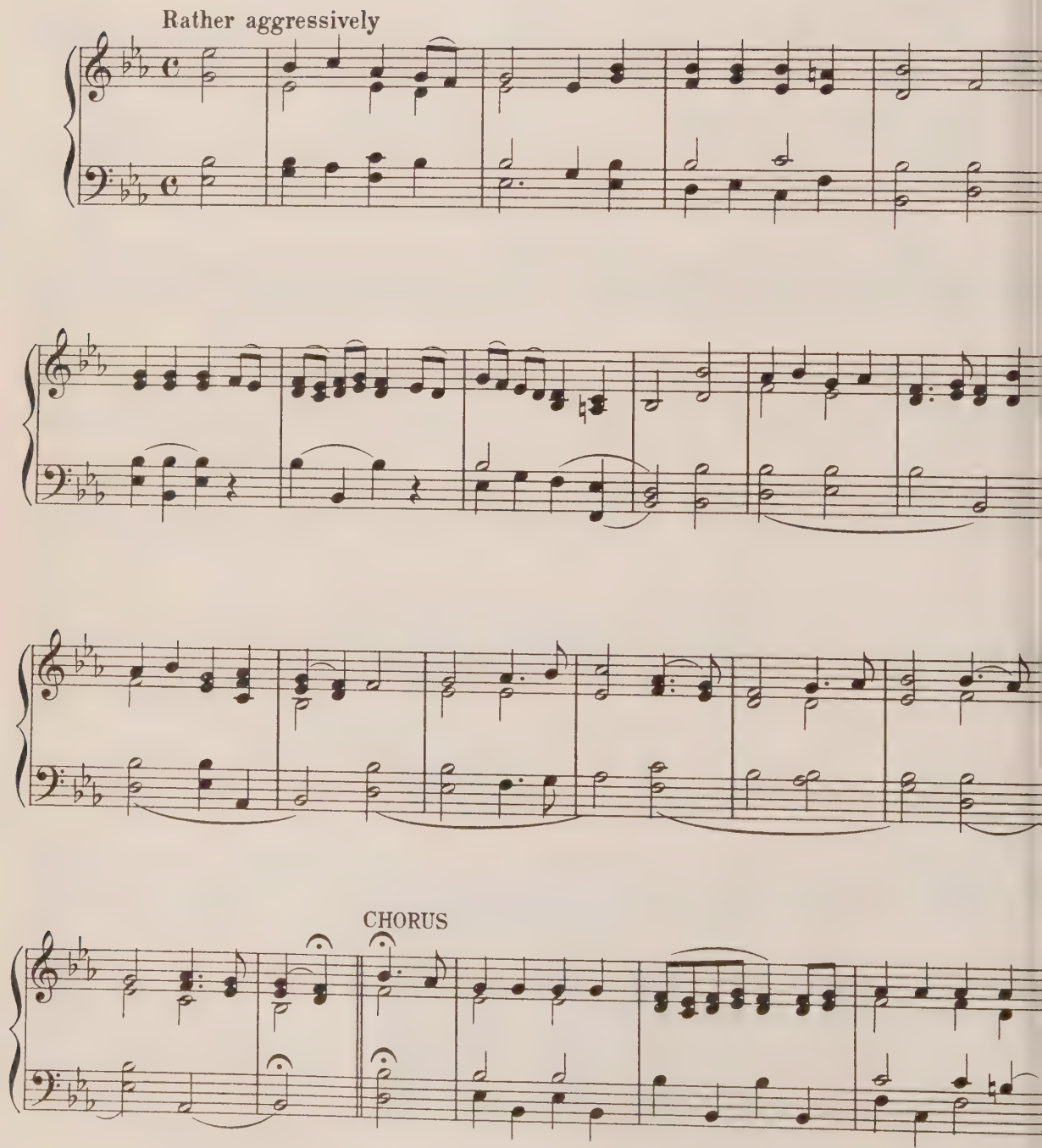
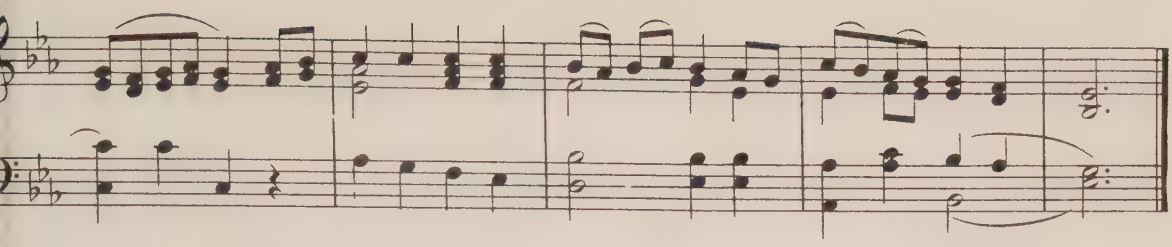
2

Aft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,
To see the rose and woodbine twine;
And ilka bird sang o' its love,
And fondly sae did I o' mine.
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause lover stole my rose,
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

127 YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND

Campbell

Dr Callcot



1

Ye mariners of England
That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze–
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe!
And sweep through the deep, *(three times)*
Chorus While the stormy winds do blow; *(twice)*
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

2

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave.
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow,–
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

3

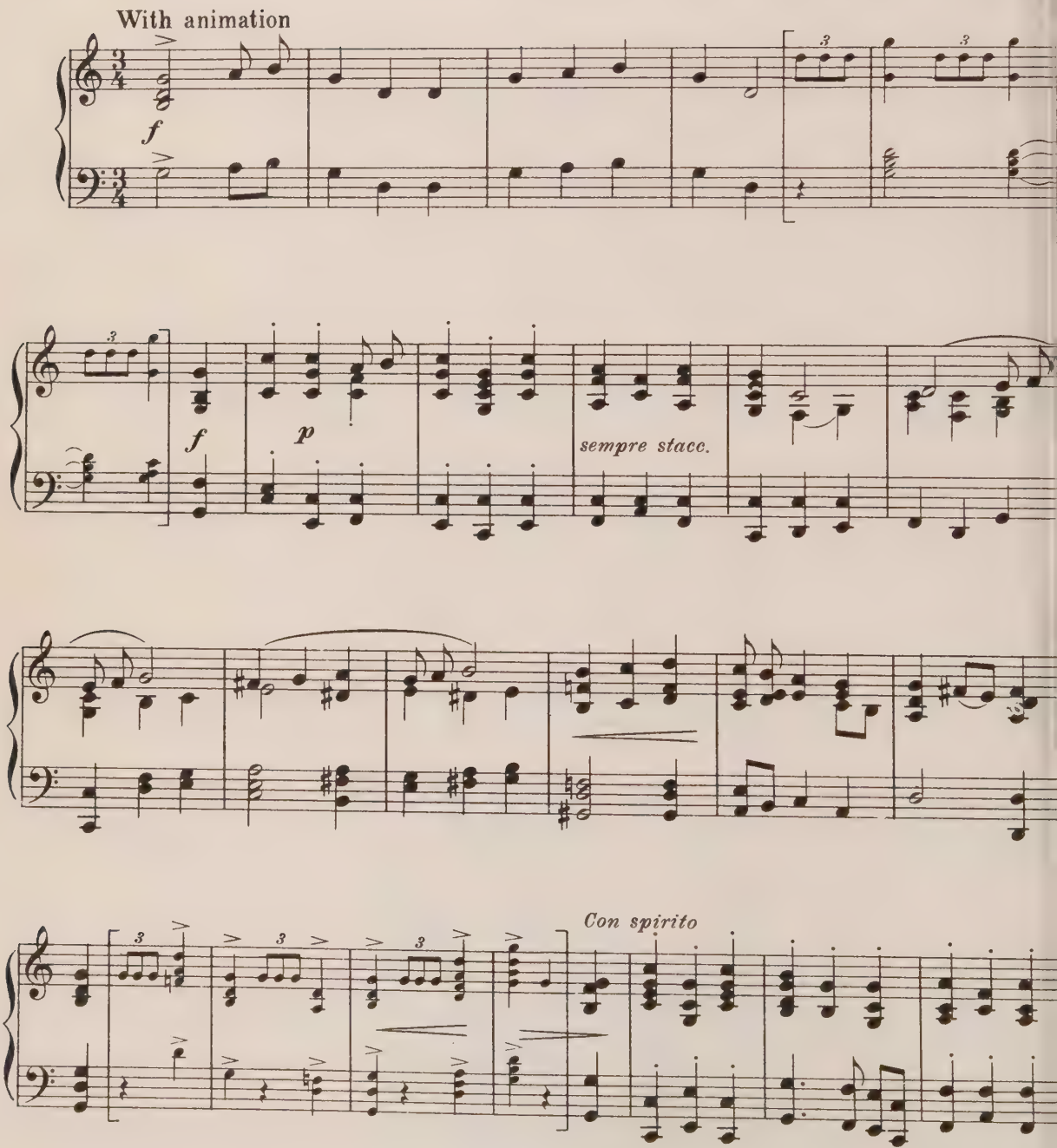
Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore
When the stormy winds do blow,–
When the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow.

4

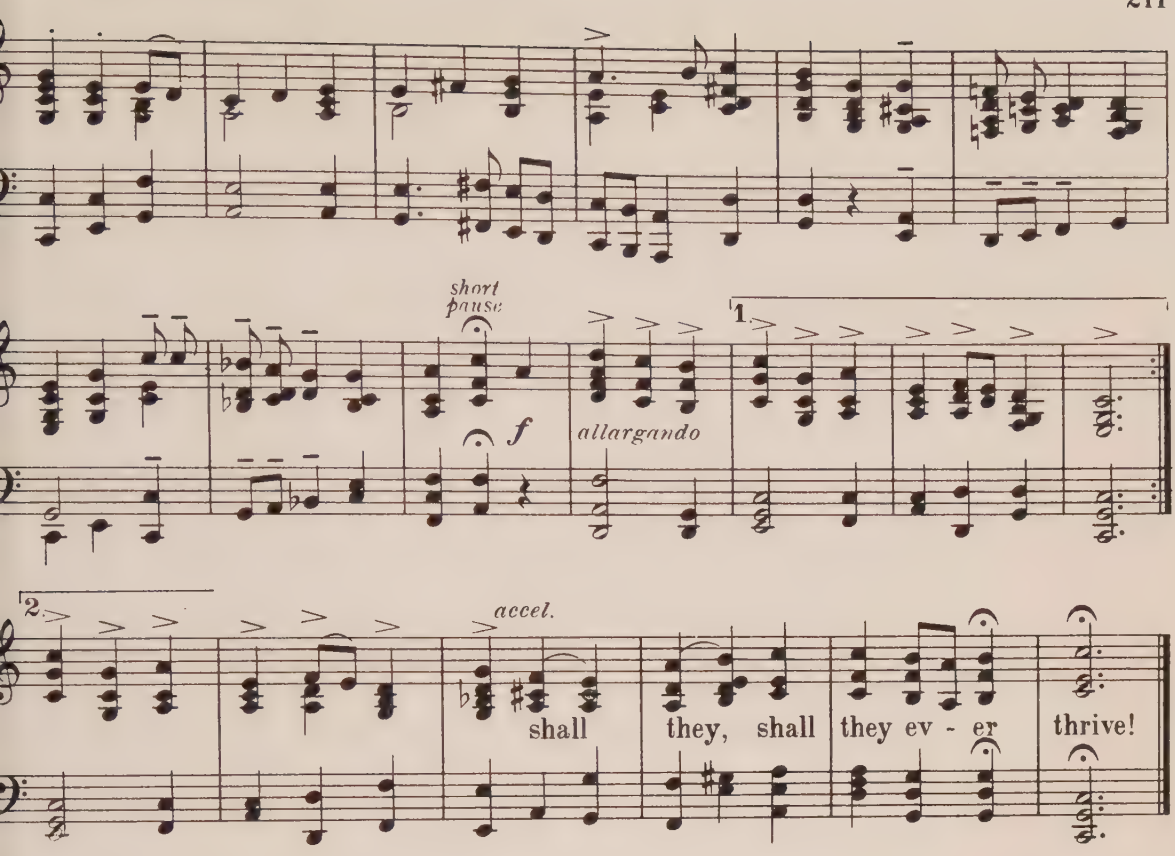
The meteor-flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn,
Till danger's troubled night depart
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow,–
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

128 THE YEOMEN OF ENGLAND*

Basil Hood — Edward German



*From *Merrie England*, arranged and printed by kind permission of Messrs Chappell and the Composer. When sung as a solo the original accompaniment should be used (published by Chappell.



1

Who were the Yeomen, the Yeomen of England?
The freemen were the Yeomen, the freemen of England!
Stout were the bows they bore
When they went out to war,
Stouter their courage for the honour of England!
And Spaniards and Dutchmen,
And Frenchmen and such men,
As foemen did curse them,
The bowmen of England!
No other land could nurse them
But their motherland, Old England!
And on her broad bosom did they ever thrive!

2

Where are the Yeomen, the Yeomen of England?
In homestead and in cottage they still dwell in England!
Stained with the ruddy tan,
God's air doth give a man,
Free as the winds that fan the broad breast of England!
And Spaniards and Dutchmen,
And Frenchmen and such men,
As foemen may curse them,
The Yeomen of England!
No other land can nurse them,
But their motherland, Old England!
And on her broad bosom shall they ever thrive!

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